

Disclaimer: I don't own anything. If this story sounds/feels familiar, please tell me. I'll gladly cite you. I swear I wrote this without intending to plagiarize anyone. Similarities are absolutely unintended.

Summary: Super(?) Harry. Evil Dumbledore. Bratty Ron. Nice Draco. Elves, Time-warp, Spiders, Monarch heir, Duke of Magic, London School of Magic, AU, Elements. HarryxOC. Harry learns how to learn fast. With it comes knowledge that helps him succeed in his new school. But school isn't the only player in town. He also has a corrupt Ministry to deal with. And a dark lord named Voldemort. And a village of elves. And a monarchy on his back. And St. Mungo's to save. Is he really eleven?

"Harry, breakfast!" Petunia Dursley yelled at the top of her lungs. It wasn't meant to call Harry into eating breakfast. It was meant to order Harry into making breakfast. The eleven year old green-eyed boy was used to it. He woke up hours before. He couldn't sleep. He was celebrating his birthday with the spider in his cupboard since midnight.

Happy birthday Ciruwen.

Who's there? Harry asked. He thought he was hallucinating since he didn't think he actually heard anything.

It's me kid. I think you call me spider?

Sorry. I wasn't aware you could talk to me. Thank you for the greeting. Why Ciruwen? The boy said meekly. He was surprised and afraid of the new find. It was even freakier that they were talking in his head rather than with sound from his mouth.

Ciruwen means treasured child in our language. We haven't talked to you before because it wasn't time yet. At your eleventh birthday, some of your powers were unlocked. You'll continue to unlock them over the next few years. I do know that even before this you have unlocked powers. Right?

Powers? And what should I called you Miss? Harry asked. He assumed it was a she because of the voice.

Melina. And yes powers. Don't you ever wonder why you're able to do things other people can't do?

I thought they were just my imagination or some freak accident. Is that why my relatives hate me? He asked childishly.

Oh Ciruwen, your relatives are despicable beings. They have no right to hate you or treat you the way they do. You're very special, said the spider.

Thank you.

I'm sure one of these days, someone who knows your kind better will come and explain things. Harry and Melina spent the rest of the night talking about life, spiders, humans, magic and family.

Harry smiled while he cooked as he remembered Melina's words. She made Harry feel loved and that was the best present he could ever receive.

Around lunch time several black cars arrived in front of the Dursley's home. Harry was out gardening, occasionally talking to the garden snake named Eve when he was sure no one was looking. He was now working on the small vegetable patch in the backyard.

"Vernon! There are a bunch of official looking people outside our house." Petunia Dursley shoutedly whispered.

"What did the freak do now?"

DING DONG.

"Vernon?"

"I'll take care of it." Vernon said. He walked to the door and answered.

"How may I help you gentlemen?"

"We are looking for a Harry James Potter? Reports say he's in your care?" The man spoke formally. His face was impassive, made ever more so by the sunglasses that he wore. He wore a simple black tie to accent his business attire. He looked like he came out of the

muggle movie called Men in Black. They looked like trouble to Vernon. Then again, anything related to Harry Potter looked like trouble to Vernon.

"We've never heard of a what was it you said? Harold Potts?"

"Harry James Potter."

"Yes. Him."

"I see. We'll if you hear anything please call us. We're sorry for the inconvenience."

"Thank you. Have a good day gentlemen."

"You as well, good sir."

The men in black left the Dursley premises and once Vernon was sure they were gone, he roared and called the boy.

"YOU! What did you do?"

"I don't understand Uncle. I didn't do anything." Harry protested.

"We'll see about that!" Vernon screamed angrily and proceeded to beat Harry. At first it was only spanking. It eventually escalated to harsher beatings once he was sure that Harry would never tell. That happened after Harry's teacher noticed Harry's inability to seat on his chair uncomfortably. She called child services and somehow the Dursleys were left off without any penalty. Harry, however, was soundly beaten for the trouble. He never told after.

After dozens of bruises and cuts from being Vernon and Dudley's punching bag and a sore red behind from Petunia's caning, While he was cooking that evening, Dudley pushed him causing him to stumble towards the stove. He tried to stop himself but unfortunately, in an effort to stop his inertia, his hands landed on the iron coils that conducted electricity. He yelped. Petunia did not take pity and did not allow him a reprieve from cooking. In fact, Harry was given another round of spanking for 'wasting' bacon and for yelping. ("The neighbours could have heard you!"). It wasn't his fault he lost hold of the pan. It was Dudley's. Harry gratefully went to his cupboard after cooking. He didn't want to be hurt anymore. It no longer mattered to

him that he wasn't allowed any food and was to stay in his cupboard for the next three days; all this for something he probably didn't do.

Why? He thought as he cried himself to sleep.

Oh Ciruwen. Melina wanted to help but she couldn't. She was a mere spider. Right?

Right?

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Please tell me if you think I should change the rating of the story. I'm not a good judge of that.

My writing style is more on dialog. Feel free to imagine what the Dursleys' house looks like. Sorry, I'm not good at descriptions.

Please Review!

Sometime after dinner, policemen came. Yes, police; complete with their red and blue sirens that made an awful lot of noise. An ambulance came as well.

"POLICE! OPEN THE DOOR!"

The Dursleys were dumbstruck. Why would the police want them? The door opened with a bang after an officer kicked his way through.

"EVERYONE ON THE GROUND NOW!" He screamed.

"What's the meaning of this?" Vernon demanded. He refused to go on the ground. One of the policemen tackled him to the ground.

"You and one Petunia Dursley are under arrest for child endangerment, neglect and child abuse. You have the right to remain silent. All you say will and can be used against you in a court of law. Where is Harry James Potter?" The policeman asked as he cuffed Vernon.

"LET GO OF MY DAD!" Dudley screamed. Immediately, two policemen came and restricted him, too. Another policeman cuffed Petunia Dursley.

"LET GO OF ME!" Dudley screamed as he punched a police officer in his face.

"You too are under arrest for assaulting an officer." said the officer who wasn't hit.

"YOU CAN'T DO THAT. I'M A MINOR!"

"Yes we can. We might not be able to send you to prison, but we CAN send you to JUVIE!"

"We don't know anyone named Harry James Potter!" Vernon protested.

"Remembered his name now?" Another man said. He was in a black business suit, just like the man they met a few days ago. "Roger Careigh. Head inspector from the Scotland Yard."

"You have no proof!"

"We'll have proof soon enough. Yates, Keiffer, Bowler, search the premises. Where is that social worker I asked for?"

"She's on her way. ETA is 3 minutes."

"Alright." He said as he heard several clears on the second floor. They went back down and continued with their search.

"We can't find him."

"Did you check every closet, every hiding place? Check outside?"

"Outside check was done before we entered the house, sir." Bowler replied.

"We checked every closet and hiding place that we know of sir." Yates said.

"No we didn't." Keiffer said after some thinking. He went towards the cupboard.

"You can't be serious. Surely he won't be in there," Bowler protested. "It's too small for an eleven-year old to fit in!"

"What's in there Dursley?" Careigh asked.

"Nothing. Just junk."

"Junk huh. We have permission to search the premises. Keiffer, if you will."

"I'll need something to destroy this huge lock."

He was handed a huge scissor-like thing by a policeman.

"Perfect."

THUD! was heard as the metal fell on the floor.

They were met by a semi-conscious boy who was too small to be eleven and too bruised to be a kid.

"Please... no more Uncle Vernon." The boy muttered with a croaked voice.

"You're safe kid." Keiffer said. His words did nothing to ease the boy's pain, nor smooth any of his frowns.

"Boss, found him! He needs medical attention!" A few radio waves later, and Harry found himself on a stretcher. The paramedics tried to be as gentle as possible, but they couldn't touch him anywhere without hurting him. Harry grimaced in pain but kept quiet.

"Take them away!" Careigh ordered and the men in blue took the Dursleys downtown.

Careigh shook his head. Someone is soon going to loose their hearing. Damn bureaucrats!

Harry woke up a few days later in a huge bed - a huge four poster bed, that is. He squinted and grabbed his glasses from the side table. When his eyesight was improved, he went into a state of shock. He was in a grand room, much bigger than any he'd seen. He tried standing up but found that he couldn't. So, he settled with observing his surroundings. The bed had ornate carvings on its posts. He couldn't identify all of the animals but he could see an owl, a lion, a stag, a dog, a wolf and a raven among the many. Harry wondered where he was until he realized why he couldn't move. He couldn't move because he was too badly shaken and too badly injured by what his "family" did to him. Harry sighed and wondered for the nth time what he did to incite the wrath of the Dursleys.

Ciruwen, are you awake?

Melina! He thought. Where am I?

You're safe. You're, well I don't really know where this is. I've seen my friend around a few times, though. Melina answered. She was on the table where his glasses were previously found. Harry took her to his palm and brought her in front of his face.

Your friend? Harry asked.

You don't think only humans make friend, do you?

Sorry. Harry replied sheepishly. He did think that only humans made friends. Other creatures formed a different sort of relationship, in his mind.

Anyway, my friend spider came by to thank me for telling her.

Telling her?

I told her about you. I know your human name is Harry Potter and I've heard that they were looking for you. I wasn't able to tell you, but the reason you were badly beaten this past few days was because a bunch of men came looking for you. They looked very official. I don't know how, but I knew they won't harm you and that you were safe with them. They left though, after your uncle said he didn't know any Harry James Potter. I guess they didn't have the right to forcibly search. So I told a friend who you were, and soon enough all the spiders knew to come to me if they knew how we could inform the

humans. One day, a spider came and told me that she was an animagus and that she worked at the MI-6. Whatever MI-6 means.

Animagus? Harry asked.

Humans who can turn into animals. I wouldn't have understood her if she wasn't. I could feel she wanted to help you so I led her to you. She was shocked. She couldn't understand why someone would hurt their young. She pointed a stick at you and lights came out. I don't know what it did so I asked her. She said she tried healing you but failed. She didn't know why. That evening the "bunch of men" from before came back. They bound your relatives with those metal circle thingies and took you here to heal.

Tell her thank you. Harry thought. Harry yawned.

Of course, though I think you should stay awake.

Why?

I could feel magics. Your green magic seem to work better while you're awake. It's highly unusual since green magics usually work better sleeping.

Green magic? And how do you know all of this?

Melina was glad to continue their conversation. It would keep Harry awake.

Green magic is for taking care. I think you humans call it healing. You'll feel better if you let your body continue... healing. I'll tell you when to sleep, though if you really need to sleep, then I suggest you sleep.

I'll be fine.

Melina looked at Harry worriedly. She started to pace to calm down. Harry childishly giggled.

Stop that, you're tickling me.

Nice to hear you laugh even after all this. As for how I know all of this, you're not the first Leanwen I've met.

Leanwen?

Spider-speaker, though really we project our thoughts, but that's beside the point. The last Leanwen I've met allowed me to stay with him. Let's just say I learned a lot being with him.

How did you get here? Harry asked as politely as he could. Melina laughed.

I rode on your clothes, scared the hell out of one of the paramedics. I think he was a trainee. His senior tried to dispose of me, but I'm not that easy to dispose off. I scuttled and hid under the seat and rode you again once I was sure they weren't looking.

I'm glad you did. Thanks for staying with me. I thought you would have left.

Why would I do that my dear Ciruwen?

B-because I'm a freak.

Oh my dear Ciruwen. Those you call family is probably more of a freak than you are. You are a very good person. You take care of your family even if they don't treat you right. You take care of "creatures" like me and that garden snake of yours.

You know Eve?

I don't always stay inside the house. I happened upon her and after some struggling-she wanted to eat me- we ended up talking about you. She's very proud of you and how you try to protect other younglings from your rather huge youngling of a cahzin

Dudley?

Yeah, whatever his name is.

Do you know where Eve is?

Sorry Ciruwen, I don't. I'd offer to go back and tell her, but I don't want to leave you alone and I think your relatives' dwelling is very far from here.

How do you know?

Well first, they took you to a hospeetal, and then sent you back to the ambyoolans which drove you here. In all, you probably took an hour to get here and that was on that humongus creature they call ambyoolans.

It's not actually a creature. It's called a vehicle.

Beeheekel then. I think you can sleep now. Your green magics stopped working.

Is there something wrong?

I don't think so. I think they're just resting. You should thank your green magics.

How?

Just think it and be sincere.

I am sincerely grateful.

Focus on the green magics and send that thought.

Harry followed Melina's instructions and was rewarded with a warm feeling that made him blissfully happy. He fell asleep a few seconds later.

He immediately stiffened when he next woke as he felt another's presence.

"Easy, Harry. You're safe here." A man said. Harry cautiously looked at him

"I'm Roger Careigh. I work at the Scotland Yard. I'm just here to check that you're alright. You gave us quite a were afraid you wouldn't make it. Much to the doctors' surprise, you're recovering quite well and quite rapidly, I might add."

"Where am I?"

"I'd love to tell you, but I'd probably bungle up the explanation. Someone else will come later to explain everything. I assure you, you're safe. No one here will hurt you and if they do, they will be severely punished."

"Will I have to go back?" Harry asked meekly. He felt he could trust the man that was before him. The man exuded feelings of care and concern. How did I know that?

"Back? Where?"

"To my relatives."

"Goodness, no. No one in their right minds would send you back to that abominable place. Your uncle and aunt were charged a few days ago. No worries, you won't have to testify and such. We took enough evidence to make a solid case, though if that isn't enough, the most we'd make you do is to write an affidavit."

"Affidavit?"

"Sorry. It's your statement of what happened in your relatives' home."

"And Dudley?"

"He's a minor. He won't be sent to prison, but he'll be disciplined. I'm not an expert in youth offences. We've had various reports of bullying, including physical violence, from some of your neighbours. You won't need to testify either, unless you want to."

Harry shook his head. He wanted to be done with the Dursleys and they did take him in.

"What will happen to me?" Harry asked bravely.

"The person who explains where you are will explain that to you as well. I'm sorry. I want to tell you, but I'm under orders not to because I don't know the whole story."

"It's alright. I understand."

"Now, we searched your previous house. We didn't find any of your belongings."

"I- I don't really have anything."

"Clothes? Toys? School Projects you treasure?"

"I get Dudley's hand-me-downs. Dudley never shares his toys. Any school project I bring home is immediately sent to the bin."

"I'm sorry Emrys." Roger said sincerely. Harry just shrugged trying to ignore the pity that he felt from the man.

"We have found something you might want though. We searched your records and found that your mother's name is Lily Evans. We happened on a trunk in the attic with her name engraved. We can't seem to open it though." Roger said apologetically as he pointed to the trunk that was now beside the dresser.

"Thank you for saving me."

"Anytime, kid. I'm sorry, I think we caused your most recent beating."

Harry shook his head. He knew that Vernon would have found another reason to beat him anyway.

"The first time we came to Privet Drive, we didn't have powers to search the premises because some idiotic bureaucrat...anyway, we managed to get the papers we need to search a few days later. A few days too late, it seems."

"Please don't blame yourself. Uncle Vernon would have found another reason anyway."

"That man doesn't deserve to be called Uncle!" Roger seethed. Harry winced. He felt Roger's anger. Roger noticed the wince and calmed.

"I'm sorry. I'm not angry at you. I'm angry at your so-called relatives. I have children of my own. Terry is 13 while Emily is 11, like you. I'm sure you'll meet one of these days."

"I'd love to meet them."

They were interrupted when a regally dressed lady came in. She was wearing a dark red knee-length dress. She was adorned with a pearl necklace, diamond earings, bracelet and a wedding ring. She came in with a man that looked to be her wife and an old woman. The old woman looked very grandmotherly and wore modest business looking clothes. She exuded confidence and her children, Harry assumed, respected her. Harry could feel a muted contempt that wasn't directed at him. Instead what he felt from them to him was a feeling of care, concern and love.

Roger Careigh stood to leave, but not before bowing to the three. Harry was thoroughly confused. The grandma, as Harry started calling her, dismissed all of the attendants. Attendants? Where did they come from? Harry never noticed them before. The man drew her mother, Harry assumed, a seat and placed it beside the bed Harry now resided. He did the same to his wife, before drawing one for himself.

"How are you feeling child?" Grandma asked.

"I'm feeling better, thank you very much."

"Do you know who we are?" She asked.

Harry looked at them then racked his brains. Should he know them?

"No sorry madam." Harry replied, this time being more careful and polite.

"Interesting. I would've thought all school boys would recognize us," the wife said.

"I'm sorry." Harry replied. In truth, he stopped attending school when he was 8. He learned just enough to read, write and do math. He was confined to the house doing house work and various "jobs" once he did.

"Tell me about your schooling." The husband asked.

"I went to St. Patrick's for two years."

"Then?" the wife asked with urgency.

"That was it madam." Harry felt a flash of anger from the three.

"I'm sorry. I would've liked to continue, but Aunt Petunia did not want to pay for my uniforms. They couldn't give me Dudley's since he went to St. Stephens. They told me I had to contribute to my upkeep so they made me do some jobs. They said it was the perfect solution, that I'd do odd jobs instead of school."

"Jobs? What did you do?" the grandma asked.

"I stuffed envelopes and such. When I wasn't doing that, I was doing some chores."

"What were your chores?" she again asked.

"I cooked, I did laundry once or twice a week, I gardened, cleaned the house, washed the dishes and such."

"And such. You mean you did all of the chores around the house and stuffed envelopes for pay?" the wife asked.

"Aunt Petunia and Uncle Vernon said I had to pay my keep."

"What did your cousin do?" the man said in an effort to try to calm his wife.

Harry had a confused face.

"I meant, what were his chores?"

"I don't remember him having to do chores." The man's plan failed. The wife was more agitated than ever.

"How much did you get for working?" She asked with dark eyes.

"I didn't get anything. I had to pay for my keep," Harry said, trying to explain. He was getting frustrated that the adults didn't understand him. "Those miserable—" The woman started, but was cut off by the man.

"Harry, I have to explain something." The man said.

"We've been looking for you," he said.

"May I ask why?" Harry asked.

"Simply put, your mother." The man replied. "Your mother is my sister."

Please Review! ^_^

"But, I thought Aunt Petunia was her only sibling."

"It is a family tradition. When we turn 8, we're sent to another family for 3 years to experience... normalcy. We'll get to that later. Anyway, she was supposed to come back on her 11th birthday. But on her birthday, she received a letter from Hogwarts. We didn't ex-" Charles was cut by Harry. Usually, he minded, but one look at Harry's curious eyes melted any annoyance that he had at being interrupted.

"Sorry, sir. Hogwarts?"

"Goodness, you haven't been told. What do you know about your parents?"

"The only thing Aunt Petunia would tell me is that they died in a car crash. Any questions after that..." Harry abruptly stopped.

"It's alright Harry." The wife said.

"Anyway, it should be here." He said as he stood up and went to the table. He found what he was looking for along with several others that had seals of Durmstrang, Beauxbaton, London School of Magic, Salem, and the Asian Institute of the Magical Arts.

"This is one of several letters from schools. The letter will probably explain it better." The man said.

"Um, Is it alright if I learn of your names. It's getting awkward calling you man, wife and grandma in my head." Harry asked and then suddenly said, "I'm sorry that was rude of me."

"It wasn't rude. I'm happy you called me grandma. It implies a sense of familiarity. You can continue calling me Grandma- Grandma Elizabeth but Grandma is more than enough."

"You can call me Aunt Camilla."

"You can call me Uncle Charles." The man said as he handed Harry his Hogwarts letter. Harry was immediately engrossed in the letter, completely missing the implication of who his "uncle", "aunt" and Grandma were.

From the office of Albus Dumbledore, Headmaster of Hogwarts,
Supreme Mugwump

Dear Mr Potter,

You are hereby invited to attend Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, Britain's oldest learning institution for the magic arts.

Attached is a list of required text and materials. Should you wish to enrol, please reply to this offer by no later than August 15th. Once we receive your reply, you will be owled with a ticket and instructions on how to board the Hogwarts Express.

We await for your reply. Thank you very much.

Sincerely,

Minerva McGonagall

Deputy Headmistress

P.S. I personally await your reply. Your mother and father were like the children I never had.

"Magic." Harry whispered.

"Yes, Magic. Lily was quite ecstatic when she had you. She would often visit us and would write to us everyday of your progress, whether it's your first words, first steps. She would even tell us about it in her letter, even if we had witnessed the facts." Uncle Charles said with a lot of love, longing and sadness.

Those were the happy days. Lily was a good sister and a good person as a whole. Lily was the type that couldn't be bothered with maintaining image. Instead of a distant aristocrat, she held herself as a friendly neighbour to everyone- servants, royals, common folk alike. Lily's disappearance to Hogwarts was remedied by saying to the press that she was going on an extended leave to explore cultures around the world. When she died, they released a statement stating that she died of cancer. A state funeral was held for her, using her real body. It was done secretly through the magic division of MI-6, so Lily Evans was kept separate from the royal Lily.

The palace was gratefully surprised that no one important made the connection between Lily Evans and Royal Lily.

"In any case, you don't have to choose Hogwarts. There are several letters of invitations here, which we can go through once we finish our discussion. Anyway, Lily, on her eleventh birthday got a letter from Hogwarts. She was so excited, mum decided to let her go. The Evans were more than happy to continue to care for her. She was in constant contact with us, as well. Sometimes, coming for weeks. Mom was constantly dismayed because even though she spent weeks here on vacation, she still insisted on doing her royal duties-appearing in the public and volunteering and such. However, in the end, she chose a private life. She married your father and had you as Lily Evans. We were welcome, but the public wasn't. Unfortunately, a bad wizard came and killed your parents. We would have taken you in, but Lily's headmaster got to you first. We couldn't find you for some reason. I'm guessing it's because of magic. We continued to search. It just so happens that one of my guards' family moved to Privet Drive. They heard talk of an errant boy named Harry Potter that the Dursleys took care of."

Harry blushed at being called errant. "I assure you, we don't think you're in any way errant. The guard knew how long we've been searching for you. We had a few leads, most of them leading to a wrong Harry Potter. He told us anyway. One day, I asked him if I could watch the Dursley's house from their house. He was surprised and had a pretty funny face but agreed. They spent half an hour apologizing for the state of their house, but that is of no consequence, sorry," Uncle Charles said as he got glares from his wife and his mother.

"I watched and nothing happened. The guard, his name is Tim, suddenly said, 'that's Harry' and pointed, I'm assuming you. I was baffled. I couldn't see anyone. Tim's wife is magical. She confirmed she saw Harry and told me that not seeing you must be caused by magic. I was there again on your eleventh birthday and I saw you. I clearly saw you. I called a friend, Roger Careigh from the Scotland Yard to take you in for me. I was outraged when he came out empty. He told me your uncle denied your existence and I became angrier. An agent named Lia went in undercover and tried to heal you after hearing you were beaten from her sources. She couldn't heal you though. The doctors said you don't heal when you're unconscious.

Anyway, we secured search warrants a few days later and Roger's team came and rescued you."

"It doesn't explain why I'm here and not in a hospital, though." Harry replied.

"The simplest answer is that you're at Balmoral Castle." Charles continued to explain.

"Balmoral Castle? Why?" Castle? Harry thought.

"We really need to educate you," Uncle Charles said then mumbled, "stupid Dursleys."

"I'm sure you can come up with a better insult than that Charles," Grandma said.

"Sorry mother."

"Your mother is my sister. I'm am Charles, Prince of Wales. This is my wife, Camelia, Duchess of Cornwall. This is my mum, Queen Elizabeth II." Harry's eyes widened. What? Duchess? Prince? Queen? Sister? Mum? Oh gosh, I was rude!

"I am terribly sorry for my rudeness!" Harry exclaimed.

The Queen laughed. Harry liked her laugh. It was very composed, yet hearty. The Dursleys' laugh were filled with malice. Then again, Harry only ever heard them laugh when they were laughing at him or fake-laughing with or, possibly, at their guests.

"You're excused. You're family, after all," said the Queen.

"Anyway. Your mother is my sister, making you royal. Our family historian traced your genealogy. It appears that your father, James Potter is of royal blood as well. He's my many degrees away cousin many times removed, but noble nonetheless." replied Charles.

"Why do you think I allowed them to marry?" The Queen asked.

"Sorry mum, didn't mean to doubt you."

"As part of the royal family and since your parents have passed from this life, you are legally an adult. You inherit the title of Duke of Magic, Margrave of Edinburgh. The Margrave of Edinburgh is your non-wizarding title. Don't worry, there's records of the post in history books." Uncle Charles explained.

"So you've always had a Duke of Magic?" Harry asked.

"Yeah. Ariana, Merlin's first apprentice, was the first Duchess of Magic. She was of royal blood and had magic. You will be my representative to the magic world. They are still British subjects after all. There hasn't been a Duke/Duchess of Magic in years. Lily wanted to wait until she was out of school. The last magical member of the direct line died about 75 years before her birth. It is more likely than not that most of the wizarding world do not know of the Dukedom's existence." The queen said.

"Is my name really Harry James Potter?"

"Your full name is Harold Emrys James Arthur. We technically don't have a last name so Potter is not included in your official name. When needed, we supply the last name of Windsor." The Queen supplied.

"Do people know this?"

"They don't know you're royal, if that's what you're asking." She replied. "Lily never got to announce your birth because she stayed away, remember?"

"What happens now?"

"Well, you'll live here until the end of August. We'll catch you up on the lessons you missed because of those despicable excuses... sorry. Anyway, we'll help you choose a school. It's entirely up to you though. If there's time we'll teach you more than your normal school subjects such as etiquette, dance, horse-riding etcetera." Aunt Camelia replied.

"You seem to have Lily's disposition. You could have screamed and panicked with all these revelations. Instead, you accepted them calmly." Uncle Charles commented.

"I'm sorry. I think I'm still processing or that it hasn't hit me yet. You're all very nice and so you don't make me anxious. You're all pretty... normal, if I may say so." Charles laughed.

"Nice to know that program worked." The Queen commented.

"I'd probably wake up confused tomorrow or something." Harry added.

"We'll understand." Charles assured him

Answers:

athenakitty: Uh, I actually didn't write anything about Dudley (yes, he's in juvie) Maybe I'll write an interlude chapter? Thanks!

Trogo: No, they're not animagi. Thanks!

Mikee: The snake will disappear for a year or two. In all honesty, I shouldn't have given her a name. She doesn't have a huge role in the story as it stands; maybe in the future. Present tense, is a mistake on my part. Sorry! Thanks!

Thanks for the support! Please review ^_^.

Disclaimer: Don't own anything. Royalty is AU. Any similarities to other Royal Harry stories is unintentional. I just love the genre! Lots to play with ^_^\n

A/N: Hmm, I'm thinking the chapters are filler-y. Sorry. I think I originally styled this to be a daily (weekly?) challenge. But it's not really working since I'm sporadically updating. It doesn't help that it's mostly conversations. But that's the way I write.

Thanks to:

eternalvampire(I think I'm disposing Dumbledore too soon... hmm...)

athenakitty (Marge doesn't exist, how much bashing do you want the Dursleys to endure? *evil grin*, Dumbledore... well... hmm...)

cuteknight101(no,not Emily. That's just me naming unimportant characters again. Sorry!)

FroBoy (Thank you)

Mikee (I like Royal Harry stories. Aww, Missed it again! I apologize
bows head)

enjoy!

"Tomorrow, we'll engage in my favourite past-time." Camelia said.
Charles, however, winced.

"What is that?" Harry asked.

"Shopping!" Camilla exclaimed gleefully. Harry could see her eyes unfocus as if she was already planning his wardrobe.

"Now, Harry. You're not a prisoner. Once you feel up to it and once the doctor says so, you can wander. I do ask that you do so with either Maria or Liam. They are your personal assistants and will take care of your needs. If you need anything, just ask them." The Queen said.

"Terry and Emily, Roger's children, will probably swing by sometime. I asked him to since I figured you'd probably be bored lying there recovering. As well, Tim's children might come. They live far, though,

so maybe not. Harry and William will probably drop by and meet their cousin one of these days." Uncle Charles said.

"When they get a break from dating," Camelia said with a wink.

"Maybe you'll be a good example for them. Honestly, they're on the tabloids almost everyday!" The Queen fumed in annoyance. "You're doing nothing to help!" She reprimanded.

"Anyway, we should probably leave now. We have to get back to London for some mundane function." Charles said with a sigh.
"Mother is lucky she can stay with you tonight."

Elizabeth just smirked.

"I am the Queen," She simply said.

Charles gave me a hug goodbye causing Harry to flinch. Harry blushed and flinched when Camelia kissed me on the cheek goodbye.

"We'll remedy that," Elizabeth said.

"Remedy what Grandma?" Grandma. It feels good calling someone Grandma, Harry thought.

"This flinching thing you do."

"Sorry."

"Not your fault."

"Mind if I join you?"

Harry shook his head. She climbed on the bed and held him like a treasured child. Ciruwen.

"Why don't we read over the mail sent to you over your birthday?" She pulled a string beside the bed and immediately three people came in.

"Harry this is Liam," She said as a tall man bowed to his knees. He had dark hair and blue eyes. He looked very composed. He was

very youthful but also exuded an air of no-nonsense. He was muscular, but not enough to be bulky. He was... sturdy. He looked like someone Harry could depend on. Harry didn't know what to do so he inclined his head to him. Liam stood up and took a spot near the door.

"This is Maria." Maria looked very young. Unlike Liam, she looked very cheerful (as opposed to Liam's blank face). Her shoulder-length blond hair was braided to the side. Like Liam, she had blue eyes that made her look insightful and caring. She bowed to her knees as well. Harry inclined his head again. This was all too weird for Harry - going from the Dursley's personal slave to royalty; only happens in movies and in books, and in fanfictions.

"This is Cherry, my personal assistant for the moment. Loen is out probably arranging my briefs for the morning. Cherry can you get me those stacks of paper on the table please?"

They looked at the letters that were sent to Harry.

They were all official, though.

"How come they are all official?" the Queen asked. "Any letters from your friends would have been acquired. We can even trace and collect their calls, but no one called." Harry blushed ashamedly.

"I-I don't have friends. Dudley beat up people who tried to be my friend so after a while, I just pushed them away before Dudley could beat them. It stopped being a problem when I stopped going to school."

Elizabeth's eyes darkened. Those damn Dursleys!

"How about let's look at the letters?" Harry suggested, trying to distract the Queen from her anger.

Harry's grandma had an opinion on all of them.

"I don't trust the headmaster after he hid you from us," she replied to the Hogwarts letter. Harry agreed.

"I don't think you know enough French to go to Beauxbatons even if we tutored you."

"I don't like Durmstrang's reputation. If you are to be my representative, people have to trust you."

"I don't want you to lose your British accent. I don't feel comfortable sending you an ocean away either." She said to both the Salem and the Asian Institute of Magic.

"It's too new. I'm not sure about their reputation," she said to the London School of Magic. London School of Magic opened 5 years ago offering Hogwarts curriculum and then some. They offered combat, muggle subjects, healing, nature magic and other obscure magics not offered at Hogwarts. They also had a university; well, more like mastery and apprenticeships. "To me, though, it's the best option, assuming they deliver on what they write down here. What do you think?"

"I agree with everything you've said Grandma."

"I like that they also make you take non-wizarding subjects. You can go to a university, that way. It will also help your non-wizarding cover. We'll announce you sometime. It is far too early right now and I believe you do not want to be publicized as of yet. You have till the 15th to answer. I do suggest that you send a reply to all of them, even if it's just to say you refuse. Don't tell them where you're going though. I wouldn't put it past Dumbledore to try and pull you out and force you into Hogwarts. By the way, before you send a reply to Dumbledore, please let me know. I have a few words to say myself."

There were three more letters, one from the office of the Muggle Prime Minister(I've been informed, my congratulations on your new position, look forward to working with you), one from Gringotts(reading of Potter wills) and another from Tripe and Solder.

"Tripe and Solder?" Harry asked as he opened it.

Dear Mister Potter,

We hope this letter finds you in good health. We have been trying to contact you for the past ten years, each letter being returned to us unopened. We do know you're still alive as the life globe in our office indicates.

We have a life globe for each of our clients' families. If they stop glowing, then it means that the line is dead, that is to say, none of the family is alive. As your family's life globe is still glowing, we know that you're still alive. Your parents have left us with their wills. Upon their death, we expected the life globe to turn yellow, indicating that the heir is underage and that we were to wait until it glows silver. To our amazement, it remained silver. To us, that means you are of age and their wills can be enacted upon once we find you.

You may think we're disclosing information that are too sensitive in a letter that can be read by anyone. Fear not, Mr. Potter. This paper is charmed to only allow you to open it. It can be read by others as long as you say 'I allow insert name to read this parchment' while holding the parchment.

If you do read this, please contact us at your earliest convenience using the enclosed parchment. It is charmed to only let us, Tripe and Solder, read what's within. No other persons may read any letter you send us through the enclosed parchment.

Just to tell you in advance, the will reading can only be done at Gringotts, Diagon Alley. We can accompany you to Gringotts if you so desire. We know that you may not know how to get to Diagon Alley.

Once the will is read, you may chose to dismiss our services. We would rather you allow us to continue serving you. However, we will hold no ill feeling and will continue to keep any Potter secret that we hold to ourselves should you choose to dismiss our services. We have been the Potter Family's solicitors for over 15 generations and have maintained a good bond with your family until your father died. We are very sorry about your loss.

Thank you and if you don't recieve this letter, we'll try again next year.

Sincerely,

Fruity Tripe and Metallic Solder.

"Weird names." Harry commented.

"I agree. Can you feel magic from it like they said?" The Queen asked curiously.

"Yes. The parchment is magicked somehow." Harry said. He just felt it.

It is. They are telling the truth, Melina said. Harry jumped.

Melina! Where have you been?

I've been talking to the spiders here. There are a few in the garden. Besides, I wanted to let you spend time with your family.

I'm just glad you're safe.

Probably not for long. The humans kill spiders here. Once you're settled, I'd probably go somewhere else.

Please don't. I'm sure I could protect you somehow.

Please do try.

"Harry?" The Queen asked. To her, Harry spaced out and it worried her.

"Sorry. I was talking to Melina."

"Who?"

"A spider. She's hidden right now. She's afraid you'd kill her."

"A spider. Please tell her to come out. I promise I won't kill her." The Queen said bravely.

Harry held out his hand as Melina jumped on his palm.

"Oh my a Black Widow," the Queen exclaimed as she cautiously watched the spider.

"Please tell her not to bite anyone here." Elizabeth asked.

"She said she promise she won't bite, but if someone harms me, then she will." Harry said, slightly worried that Melina would be sent away.

"If someone tries to harm her?" the Queen asked.

"She said she'll try not to attack back, but if it's her only choice to live, then she'll paralyze."

"Your majesty, I'll procure medicine to heal Black Widow bites then." Cherry said.

"She thanks you. She said she doesn't want anyone to die or get injured." Harry translated.

"Does she have family?" the Queen asked. The last thing she needed was a colony of Black Widows. She didn't have the heart to tell Harry to...dispose... of Melina, though.

"She says her family's been killed by the Dursleys and that she was injured in the attack. She cannot reproduce anymore."

I sense that your fellow humans are afraid. I'll go and hide now. Melina said. Harry nodded in reply.

"Where did she go?"

"She sensed that you were afraid and so she said she'll leave."

"Please thank her for me," Grandma said.

"I already did."

"She's very poisonous you know? How did you know she would not harm you?" The Queen said gently.

"Ever since I was a child, I've been talking to her. She doesn't reply back, but somehow I had this feeling of being cared for, of someone being concerned about me. I thought it was my imagination. On my eleventh birthday, she spoke to me and I knew that she was indeed concerned about me. I think I can feel emotions if they're strong enough. I could feel the Dursley's anger even before their face showed it. I could feel Melina's care. I could feel your love and anger.

I just can't discern who the emotions are for without knowing the circumstances."

"That's very interesting. I hope we can find someone who can help you hone that ability." The Queen replied.

"I hope so too."

Harry told more about his life due to the Queen's insistence.

"But Grandma, they're not pleasant. Why would you want to hear them?"

"Hearing them would require you to talk about them. It's the first step to healing. You're being healed physically, we have to let you heal emotionally as well. No child should ever endure abuse. Your case is one of the most brutal in over a decade. They'll lose importance in your memories once you talk about them."

"Will the press know about the Dursleys? I mean I'm your grandchild and..."

"I promise they won't. No photos of your face will surface. Photos of some of your bruises will be used as evidence, but none that will identify you. Your scars are healing, I'm told. To the public, Harry James Potter and Harold Emrys James Arthur are entirely different people."

"Thanks."

"These cases are always handled with extreme confidentiality to protect the children."

Harry did feel better after he talked about the abuse. He slept in the arms of his Grandma and for the first time, he wasn't plagued with nightmares of Vernon beating him up but rather of being loved and cared for.

He woke up at six-fourty five to find that his Grandmother was still beside him sleeping. He found that he wasn't as sore as the day before.

Green magics healed you properly this time. Melina commented.

Properly?

I meant while you were sleeping. It also healed you while you were awake talking to your...grandma?

Yeah grandma. She's the mother of my mother.

Ah. There's no such thing in our spider world.

Why?

Grandma usually dies before a child is born.

Oh. I'm sorry.

Such is life. Melina shrugged.

Harry stood up and went to the bathroom. He found a bathrobe and decided to bathe.

Liam, Cherry, Maria and Loen entered to find that Harry was gone.

"Oh no. Master Harry is missing!" Maria panicked. Cherry woke up her majesty who slightly panicked when she realized Harry was not in bed.

"Where's Harry?"

"We're sorry your majesty. He was not here when we arrived," Liam said with a bow. Maria was fidgeting.

"Maria calm down. He can't have gotten that far. Maybe he's in the bathroom?" She said as she took the stack of documents from Loen. Cherry opened the curtains to let light in.

Liam went to the bathroom and tried to open the door. It was locked.

"Master Harry?" He greeted as he knocked.

"Yes?" Harry replied.

"Do you need assistance?"

"I'm fine, thanks, Liam."

"Your majesty, your Master Harry is in the bathroom.

"Good. Maria can you calm down enough to prepare some clothes?"

She went to the dresser. Maria frowned. There was only one set of clothes.

"I took some of Prince Harry's old clothes for now. Prince Harry seems to have no appropriate clothes from his trunk." said Liam.

"That is going to get confusing. Call the Harry that's in the bathroom Emrys, please." Her majesty said.

"Yes your majesty."

"Yes, Harry needs to shop. I've contacted Camila. She's taking Harry shopping today. The tailor is also coming tonight, at 4 to measure Harry and go over designs. Liam, I need you to greet him when the time comes." By greet him, the Queen meant escort him to Harry, or rather Emrys.

"Good morning everyone." Harry greeted.

"Good morning Prince Emrys."

"I told them to call you Emrys since your cousin is also called Harry." The Queen explained, noting the confused look on Harry's face.

"Good choice. I like Emrys." Harry replied. Oops, I meant Emrys.

The next day, Camilla arrived for breakfast. Upon which, she, her assistant, Liam and Emrys drove down to London. It was early and was a weekday so the shops were practically empty. Emrys was overwhelmed with the prices of everything they picked out. He couldn't do anything though, since Camilla insisted.

For the next few hours he became Camila and the shop assistants' mannequin. Liam pitied him. Emrys found that Liam, despite his stoic appearance, was actually really friendly. He gave Emrys encouragements as he endured the Duchess of Clotheswall- oops, I meant Cornwall.

They ate lunch at Clarence House, where he met Harry and William.

"Hey Harry II," Prince Harry joked.

"Please call me Emrys, sir. I'm sure that's bound to be confusing." Emrys replied amusedly. He liked the brothers. They were very... brotherly; or at least, as brotherly as Harry could tell.

"Welcome to the family, I'm William, he's Harry," Prince William said with a manly hug.

"So have you been treated to the works?" Prince Harry stage whispered.

"The works?" Emrys asked.

"They meant shopping. Really boys, it's not that bad." Camilla noted.

"Sure it's not. I quite enjoy it... when I'm ALONE." Prince Harry retorted back.

"We'll take you out shopping this afternoon. Mom has duties." Prince William said.

"As much as I hate to say it, William is correct. They'll be taking you around London to see the sights as well."

"Thank you," Emrys told Harry and William covertly. They just smiled knowingly. Camilla can be quite overbearing, sometimes. Emrys wasn't used to the immense attention from Camilla. His Aunt Petunia either left him alone, or paid attention to him when she

thought he needed to be reprimanded, or worse. Emrys could feel brotherly care from the brothers. He could also feel protectiveness. It made him feel safe.

"I'd prefer to shop in Paris, but we can't. Maybe sometime in the future." Prince William thought aloud.

"You just miss that girl, Fleur." Prince Harry teased.

"Shut up." William said as he shoved Prince Harry.

Emrys smiled at them. Sometimes, he wished he had some siblings.

The afternoon shopping went better. Emrys was glad that he actually had a say. He had long since stopped looking at the price tags(WHAT? THIS IS 2000 POUNDS?, Harry thought) since he knew he won't be able to buy nothing if he continued.

As promised, he was given a tour of London. It was short, though since they had to go back to Balmoral for the appointment with the tailor. Harry enjoyed it thoroughly. It was his first time seeing anything beyond Surrey and Balmoral.

"Say hi to grandmum for us." Prince William said as he hugged Emrys goodbye.

"Take care, little cousin. If you are ever in need of anything brotherly, don't hesitate to call us." Prince Harry said cheerfully. "Hopefully we can hang out more soon!"

Emrys gave a last wave as Liam drove him back to Balmoral.

They were just in time for the tailor. In fact, they arrived at the same time.

"Monsieur Pierre?" Liam asked.

"Yes?"

"This is Prince Emrys, your client for today." M. Pierre gave a bow which Emrys returned politely.

"How are you dear sir? We're sorry we ran late from our trip from London. I hope you did not have to wait long," Emrys said, remembering his Grandmother's short lessons and missing the pride and approval of Liam.

"That's alright, your highness. I know how traffic it is right now. I almost missed my previous appointment." Monsieur Pierre replied with a smile.

"If you would follow us." Liam said.

Again, Emrys felt awkward at being attended to. Monsieur Pierre was very professional, though. He looked like measuring people was a routine job and alleviated the guilt and awkwardness Emrys felt.

The next day, clothed in a business suit, Liam and Emrys went to the Tripe and Solder office.

"Good morning, sir." The receptionist greeted.

"Harry Potter, here for his appointment," Liam said. The office had been secured by royal guards previously.

"Please go right in. Mr. Tripe and Mr. Solder are waiting for you."

Emrys entered the office behind the huge mahogany doors. It was a fairly medium sized office. There were two walls (+ the wall with the door) and a wall made of glass. They were on the 25th floor of a building in London. On the glass side, there were two tables facing the door. Between the door and the tables were couches and a coffee table. Along the two walls were life globes. Emrys was surprised to see that Tripe and Solder weren't quite human.

"They're goblins," said Liam.

"Yes, I'm magical. That's a huge reason why I was chosen for you," Liam replied in response to Emrys's wide eyes.

"Good morning Mr. Potter and companion."

"Please call me Liam."

"Good morning Mr. Liam."

"Thank you for coming. We're glad to finally be able to meet you. I am Tripe. My associate is Solder."

"The pleasure is mine," Emrys replied. He had been given a few lessons on conversing with people by his grandmother over meals. Tripe was a bit smaller than Solder and had less severe features, making her look amiable. Their looks reflected their personalities as well. Tripe was the friendlier type while Solder was the more business type. They were a good pair. They had a good balance.

"Let's get to work. First is the will, we have informed Gringotts that the will is to be read at 10 am, ten minutes from now. We have a portkey that will take us to the chamber of wills." Solder said in a no-nonsense voice.

"Will there be other people there?"

"Yes. Among the attendees are Sirius Black who has been cleared of all charges a year prior, Remus Lupin, Augusta Longbottom, Minerva McGonagall, Severus Snape and Albus Dumbledore."

"Is it possible to disguise me or something? I don't want to be noticed, as we suspect that the headmaster wishes to keep me in the Dursley's home." Emrys asked politely but worriedly.

"Not to worry. We have heard about the incident. As far as he knows, you're still at the Dursley's. The will is being read as per instructed. He doesn't know that there's no clause that says it has to be read once you reach 11. We lied. We hope you don't mind," Solder said with a grin. Emrys shook his head and merely smiled.

"Your case hasn't been publicized. For now, it's need-to-know only. The officers, the jury and the judge involved are sworn to secrecy. Privet Drive was oblivious of anything that pertains to Harry Potter, courtesy of our friends in the Unspeakable department," Tripe added.

"I'm impressed." Liam whispered.

"Thank you." Tripe replied. Liam was surprised, he said it under his breath, not even Harry heard it.

"If you'll allow me to disguise you," Solder asked. Emrys looked at Liam who nodded.

"When asked, don't speak. We'll say you're our assistants and that you're disillusioned so as not to be a bother," Solder instructed.

"Thank you." Harry said once he was in disguise. He had blond hair that was tied back in a ponytail. Long side bangs hid his scar. He was tanner than he originally was and his nose became crooked. His eyes became blue. They also transformed his double eyelids into single ones. He looked like a different person. He didn't even look British.

"Everyone pleast hold the hoop." Tripe said as he held out a small wooden hoop. Liam and Emrys held it and were immediately transported to Gringotts.

"After the will reading, you can go to Diagon Alley if you wish. We'll have to do some paperwork for about an hour. You can also leave immediately after and we can come to you to talk about future business and such."

"That's alright we'll wander around the Alley," Emrys said after Liam nodded ok.

The hall of wills was not very impressive. They were surrounded with stone walls. There was a small altar-like area in the middle and a bunch of chairs surrounding it.

Tripe and Solder formally represented Emrys Potter. They could make decisions for him. They didn't have to since Emrys sat beside Tripe and could tell them anything he wanted to. Liam sat beside Emrys while Solder sat beside Liam.

They saw Dumbledore walking toward them.

"Who are you?" he asked as he pointed his wand at Emrys, mainly. Liam was inwardly panicking. No one points their wand at his charge. He took out his wand and pointed it at Dumbledore. He opted to let Tripe and Solder handle it though.

"Mr. Dumbledore, please lower your wand. This is my apprentice. The other boy there is my partner's apprentice."

"Why were they disillusioned?"

"We merely did not want them to interfere." Solder said coldly as he pushed down Liam's wand. "Now lower that wand, or I'll have you removed." He retorted at Dumbledore.

"On whose authority?" Dumbledore demanded.

"This is the will-reading of the Potters. We are the formal representatives of the Potters since no letter can seem to reach Harry Potter. Instead of letting the sharks take advantage of the Potter fortune, we decided to attend as is expected of the Potter's solicitors! Lower your wand unless you want to violate Goblin laws in Goblin jurisdiction."

Dumbledore grudgingly lowered his wand and returned to his seat.

"That was impressive," Sirius told them. He wasn't very happy with Dumbledore, right now. He did nothing to help him clear his name. In fact he almost didn't because of Dumbledore's insistence to move the trial dates, for the sake of the greater good, apparently. Sirius, couldn't understand why.

"Thank you Mr. Black."

"Do you happen to know where Harry is? I've been looking for him and haven't had any luck."

What do you think? Tripe asked Emrys.

What? Melina?

It's Tripe.

Oh, sorry Ms. Tripe. I didn't know you could communicate to me this way.

Eventually all creatures could. Goblins fall under that category. You have a rare gift. It just takes some unlocking. Anyway, about Black?

Who is he?

He's your godfather. He's a very good friend of James Potter. Remus Lupin, as well. He was wrongfully convicted of the murder of 13 muggles and of being your parent's secret keeper.

Secret keeper? I- I think I need to think about this more. I want to meet him but not this soon.

Alright.

Thank you.

"We haven't contacted him successfully yet. We'll be glad to let you know once we have."

"That's all I can ask. Thank you." Sirius said politely.

"Please return to your seats, the reading of the wills of James and Lily Potter will now commence," announced the presiding goblin.

Disclaimer: Don't own anything. Real life is AU. Similarities unintended.

Thanks to:

MrsSnape2u: Thank you! ^_^ Hope I didn't make you wait for too long.

The DI: Sorry, but I mangled up the timeline. I could have used Princess Diana, as well. But it felt wrong to write about someone who already passed away. (It feels wrong to write about a real person too, but less so than a real person who already passed away.) Hope I didn't offend or anything.

As for when the story is...um, I think it's 2002. I mangled it really badly. The royals are AU. It's just a nice reference as to how they look like. Though, my image of Camilla and Charles are younger than what they look like today. In my head, they're in their late thirties, early fourties. Yes, I know, that's very far off from reality. Basically, I'm just using the names, it would be easier for people to remember who's the cousin, the aunt, the uncle etc. There'll be other royals, they'll be original for the most part.

scara1: Royal Hurray! ^_^ Thank you!

athenakitty: I love your reviews. They always make me think ^_^. The Dursleys chapter will come soon. I've actually written quite a bit of this story(and that's why I can update fast) and well, the Dursleys chapter, I had to write from scratch(and that's why it's taking a bit more time). It's sort of a side-story because the story's main POV is Harry's. But I love your ideas/concerns!

ceara1888: Thank you! Hopefully it's not the last twist :D

eternal vampire: Thank you! Have a great night as well! Are you going to live up to your name and stay up all night? Get enough sleep ok?

Phynixfire: Thank you. Love the spelling of your name.

Hanzo of the Salamander: Thank you very much! 3

We, James and Lily Potter, of sound mind and body do hereby certify that this is our one true and most recent will and wish to execute it.

Great now that that's done we can get on with the party, James said.

James!

Yes dear. Sorry dear. James said much to the amusement of everyone in the room, except for Severus Snape. James continued:

First, we give memory orbs to one Harry James Potter, one Severus Snape, one Remus Lupin and one Sirius Black. If Sirius Black is currently incarcerated, by virtue and right of the Ancient and Noble House of Potter we demand a trial preceding this reading of the will. Memory orb number 4 is to be used as evidence. If he is free, then please give 4 to one Harry James Potter instead. 4 contained the memory of how good Sirius was to the Potters and the casting of the Fidelius charm with Peter Pettigrew as the secret keeper. The goblin, who introduced himself as Griphook handed the orbs to their respective owners, or in Harry's case, representatives.

Lily took over:

Secondly, in no way is Harry to live with the Dursleys. They hate magic. They hate me and will probably hurt Harry. If he is with the Dursleys, then everything that was to be given to one Albus Dumbledore is now given to Harry James Potter. Further, he is also to be thrown out of the room. Albus, we gave very explicit instructions to leave him with someone else, like Remus, Sirius, Augusta or Minerva. By godparents rights, Harry should go to Sirius or the Longbottoms. If not, then Minerva or Remus. I've already asked, they've all agreed to take him in, in case anything happens to us. If you violated that then pray that we never meet because I swear I'll castrate you then I'll heal you and castrate you over and over again.

And I'll do the same with your heart. I know their cruelty and no child deserves that. The goblins kicked him out. Lily continued.

Is he still here? I'm assuming no. He never did listen. If you're still here, Albus, I'm glad you changed. If you're still here, we give you 1 million galleons; half of which is to be used for the library at

Hogwarts and the muggleborn fund. Anyway, next item of business: One Severus Snape. Severus, we forgive you. Please stop tormenting yourself. You've compensated more than enough with being the Light side's spy. I shudder at the thought of how many Crucios you've endured. We're giving you one million galleons to use for something potions related. I know you've always wanted to open an apothecary or work for St. Mungos. I hope you're not stuck with some stupid position such as a Potions professor. That would just be horrible for you. I sound as if Voldemort's defeated already don't I? Truthfully, I saw it in a vision. We would die in exchange for 20 years of peace assuming Albus doesn't do something stupid like send Harry to the death eaters or the deatheaters finding... Anyway before I forget, Severus, please drink this potion I'm giving to you. Actually it's up to you if you drink it or not. It's highly experimental and I've only tested it on one subject. I won't tell you what it is. You just have to trust me. Severus did trust Lily. He drank the potion and immediately grimaced in utter pain as he held onto his left arm.

"Severus!" Minerva exclaimed. After a few tense minutes, (the will was paused), Severus took a huge breath and took one of the potions in his robe pocket. He drank it and was suddenly relieved of pain.

"What was it?" Minerva asked. I don't dare hope. Severus thought. He slowly lifted up his sleeves and was surprised. Pale clear skin now replaced the remnants of black liquid-like substance that once swam in his arm.

"Minerva," He breathed as he showed his arm. Minerva was shocked as well. She did a few charms and couldn't detect the dark mark.

What was that? Harry asked.

Severus Snape was a death eater. Your parents was killed by a man who goes by the name of Voldemort. His followers are called death eaters. In the first war he turned and became a spy for the Light side. Dark marks were believed to be permanent. It's a horrible punishment for a childhood mistake. I'm guessing your mum's potion erased the Dark Mark. Tripe explained.

That's great! I'm glad for him.

You are a very noble young man. Others might have been bitter and might have blamed him for their parents' death.

Well, mum and dad seem to trust him. I should too right?

"Congratulations Severus," Remus Lupin said sincerely. Sirius was quiet. Liam and Harry had smiles on their faces.

"Severus, I know you'd never forgive me but I apologize for what I did, what we did when we were in school. Over the years, specially in Azkaban, I realized how I was channeling my anger towards my family and for what they represented at you. You didn't deserve it and I, we have no excuses. I also agree with James and Lily, you have compensated more than enough so please if opportunity arises to become a spy again, don't take it." Sirius said solemnly. Severus looked at his arm. Second chances, indeed.

"It will take time, but thank you. I promise I won't waste this second chance."

"Shall we resume?" the goblin in charge asked. They went back to their seats.

I'm sorry I didn't tell you what the potion was. I was afraid you'd refuse. Before you ask, I didn't write down the recipe. Rather, I placed it on a journal only accessible to Harry. That way no one can force it out of you and if you ever need it to save one of your misguided students, Harry can make it. So you better make sure he's good at potions! None of your bullying! Lily reprimanded. I know you're a professor because Albus told us he'd offer the position to you to protect you. I know with that mark on your arm, you wouldn't be able to say no to Albus' offer. Now that it's gone, you can hopefully lead the life you wish and not the life Albus wants you to live.

I also give you my potions journal. There's a potion I'm trying to develop that will help Alice and Frank. Before you ask, this will as made just a few hours before our impending doom. How do I know? Harry's acting up. He's constantly crying. We've changed his diapers, we've fed him we've carried him, nothing can seem to console him. He's very insightful and so I feel he can feel our impending doom. We're sending this to our solicitors by the will sack. Once we die, the sack will be portkeyed to them. Alice and Frank was tortured just a

few days ago. I've been working non-stop on this. James is reprimanding me for not sleeping. Anyway, I don't care what other projects you decide to take on, the only thing I ask is that you make this your first. Neville deserves his parents back.

James started speaking: Augusta, dear Aunt, I'm sorry for cousin Frank and Alice. My wife is working on it. She doesn't think she'll finish in time but she trusts Severus' ability. We leave Neville 500 thousand galleons. He'll be a good playmate to Harry, assuming Albus didn't go bonkers and send him to the Dursleys. Don't be too hard on Neville. I know how you can be. He'll be a fine lad, don't you doubt it. He just needs the right push. If Neville is anything like Frank or Alice, what he needs is positive reinforcement, not your strict training Auntie. We also give you an album of pictures we have of Alice and Frank. Let Neville know of their bravery and courage. Let him know of their love of him.

Lily again took over:

Minerva, Professor McGonagall, I hope you continue to keep Hogwarts and Albus in line. We give you 500 thousand galleons to do as you wish. Thanks for being an Aunt and close friend to me and to James. If you ever meet Harry, please take care of him. I don't want to believe it but I really do think Albus will place Harry with the Dursleys. In which case, please let him know love.

Hey Min dearie... you should be proud that you had at least one animagi under your tutelage. James commented.

James!

Sorry. But anyway, I'm a stag animagus. Those vague questions about animagi weren't just for theoretical purposes. We actually used them. Please allow Sirius access to being unregistered. When the next war comes, it would come in handy.

Speaking of Sirius. Sirius you old dog! James exclaimed. Hopefully you didn't do anything stupid like go after Peter if he does betray us.

Sadly, he will. Lily said.

Who are you talking about? James asked.

Both of them.

Being clairvoyant must really suck. No Peter in this will, then. Anyway, I hope I don't have to remind you that you're Harry's godfather. If he's with the Dursleys get him the hell out of there! You're rich enough so I give you 500 thousand galleons and that trunk of items we developed in school. I also give you Godric's Hollow. Sirius started to protest. The floating form of James held out his hand. I know you're protesting (I'd be disappointed if you didn't, James said with a wink). You think it should go to Harry. But if you're adopting or taking in Harry then it wouldn't matter who owns it on paper. You can just let him inherit it in your will.

Remus Lupin! I give you 3 million galleons. No return, no exchange. This is NOT charity as much as it might seem to you. Think of it as a concerned citizen's apology to the way the wizarding world treats "creatures" like you. If you ask me, you're human for all intents and purposes. You just have a monthly furry problem just like women have their monthly... mood swings.

James!

Sorry dear. Anyway, I also give you a cottage. I bought it and was going to give it to you on your birthday(any other day and you would have flat out refused, though you're probably still refusing; just remember no return, no exchange!) If you ask me, I think you can rope in Sirius and Severus into some sort of furry help society or something. Severus will probably be able to develop a potion to help with your monthly pms sometime soon. Lily thinks that by the time you hear this will, he will already have. Severus, please be nice. I know we weren't and I do apologize sincerely. I offer no excuses for there are no excuses to our bullying.

Anyway, Remus, with three million at your disposal, you can probably set up a business then hire your furry friends.

To Sirius and Remus, I assign you as executors of the smile trust. The goal of the Smile Trust is to support future bringers of laughter. Please educate them on choosing victims wisely. No more of our bullying. Teach them to only target known parasites and not suspected ones. Make sure they're brilliant as well. And I hope I don't have to tell you to ensure that they're part of our zoo before giving them the money. There's 10 thousand galleons in the smile

trust. By support, I mean help them ensure that Zonko's is not the only player in town. Competition drives Innovation right? It probably grew to some amount by the time you read this will. And now for the most important part. Lily if you would.

Lily started to speak.

Last but not the least. Harry James Potter. Watch the orbs. They're very informative and very important. We're sorry we couldn't be there. If you're with the Dursley's get the hell out of there. How? The orbs will tell you. I don't trust Albus anymore, so if you decide not to go to Hogwarts, then I understand. Your dad does too. Know that we love you and that while we are anxious to be with you again, we also don't want that to happen in at least 100 years ok? The orbs will tell you a lot that we can't say here.

Sorry Family Secret. James interjected.

Anyway, you have a trust vault holding a million galleons. It should be more than enough to last for seven years, at which point you get access to the Potter vault, unless you get legal adult status early for some reason or another.

There are books in the trust vaults we want you to read. Due to your status as the Chosen one, a lot of people will try to manipulate you. If I am somehow wrong and Neville is the Chosen one, then I hope you protect him. You are cousins from the Potter line. If I'm not wrong then please prepare yourself. As I've said Orbs. I hope you watch the orbs after this will reading. I've talked to Ragnok and he has agreed to let you use one of the secure offices. Lily explained.

We love you Harry, never forget that. Always hold your head high as expected of someone of your pedigree. Live your life to the fullest and don't let anything stop you. James said finally.

Severus, Sirius, Remus, Augusta, Minerva we love you all. Take care of yourselves. Lily said with teary eyes.

Goodbye.

Harry/Emrys cried. Even if they were mere projections, he could feel the love from his parents. Tripe had cast some charms on Harry so he wouldn't be noticed. Harry wiped his face and Liam renewed his

glamour to erase the puffy red eyes. They all exchanged handshakes.

"Congratulations on being free, Mr. Snape. My mentor explained your predicament to me. I'm sorry for prying," Harry greeted.

"Thank you Mr."

"Emrys."

"Mr. Emrys. I'm glad as well. You seem awfully young to be an apprentice."

"They all say that. Not my fault I look young. I thank my parents." Harry said.

"I hope to meet you again."

"And I hope to hear of your future discoveries." Harry replied.

"You put too much faith in me." Severus said gloomily. To his eyes, he wasn't to be trusted. The mark may be gone, but Lily's potion can't erase all the crimes he had committed as a death eater. Harry simply smiled in return as Severus had moved on to someone else.

Yay! Snape's not a DE anymore! The death eaters will be on hiatus for now. Maybe I should stop using a Harry-centric POV.

^_^ Please review! Thanks in advance! ^_^

Disclaimer: Don't own anything. Real life is AU. Similarities unintended.

There's a few more chapters before Dumbledore's ...appropriate word here...

Does it seem filler-y? I guess that's what you get when you mostly write dialogues and not descriptions. Sorry~

Thanks to:

Primal Chaos: Thank you. ^_^

Jaimol: Dumbledore will create chaos soon. I have to re-write it as it lacks detail right now.

zarkan: Is this soon enough? ^_^ hehehehe. He'll get his just desserts soon. Chaos is coming.

eternal vampire: I love Snape's character and so I'm making him happy! ^_^

mitremlap: Thank you. Here you go ^_^

My Solitude: Thank you ^_^

Hanzo the Salamander: Thank you ^_^

Mikee: Welcome back! He'll appear during the summer, but not as a tutor. ^_^ Any guesses?

Chapter 9: Warning Harry

They left and followed Tripe and Solder to a form room.

It's really a good thing we chose your disguises to be apprentices. We have good reason to wander into a secure room with you. You can watch the orbs there while we arrange some things. There's also food prepared. Please eat some lunch. Tripe commented.

Thank you.

They entered the secure room and the goblins respectfully left the room. Liam and Emrys ate some lunch before looking at the orb.

"Master, I will take my leave then. If you need me, I will be just outside the door." Liam asked.

"It's alright. You can stay."

"Thank you Master Emrys."

"Please don't call me Master. It sounds wrong. Can't you just call me Emrys?"

"I can't Lord Emrys."

"That's worse and it's Emrys remember?"

"Ah yes. Should I use your highness?"

"I can't talk you out of this can't I?"

"It is protocol. If I break it, I might lose my job."

"Oh alright."

"Thank you your highness."

"This is so weird." Emrys fumed and he immediately felt an apology exuding from Liam. He turned his attention to the globe.

Hi Harry. I guess the will is read and all. James said. As with the will, an image of James and Lily were projected from the orb. Liam bowed to the projection. Emrys found it weird.

Harry, you're not just Harry James Potter. You're Harold Emrys James Arthur, fourth in line to the throne, unless history changed a lot. You're the Duke of Magic. You're the representative of the Queen in the magical world. Hopefully you know this by now, if not, then now you know. James started.

Think of Canada and the governor-general except you're not just a figurehead. In the muggle world, the royal family has been reduced to something ceremonial. In the wizarding world you hold veto. Yes,

veto. You can turn the ministry upside down and no one can stop you because of ancient magics. You can override any law and essentially be the Minister. I would advise against it since you're young and it's a hard busy life. If the Minister is idiotic, you could hold a vote of non-confidence. The current minister can run again, hopefully he doesn't win. That's why I advise you to buy the Daily Prophet and make them more credible and more principled. We would have done it but we chose to invest in St. Mungo's at that time. St. Mungo's is the wizarding hospital. I hope you help them expand. Having just one central hospital is bad, especially during wartime. Attack it and half of all the hope is lost. I know you're young, but I'm sure you'll have a lot of helpers. Just contact the palace by means of Roger Careigh. He went to Hogwarts. He also knows the royals. Lily explained. Emrys and Liam smiled.

Lily continued: A royal with no parents is immediately considered a legal adult upon their death. You can claim the Potter heritage right now. I'd advise you to. Once you do, all the contents of the trust vault are transferred to the Potter vault. There are a lot of useful heirlooms in the vault: battle robes, enchanted trunks, jewelry, gold etc. The important part is the books. I want you to take all of them. There's a trunk that says for books. Take it and put all the books in there. They will fit, I promise. It will immediately create copies. The originals always stay in the vaults. There's books on politics, decorum, duelling, and your heritage in your vault. I want you to read the heritage one. It explains further your powers and duties as the Duke of Magic. In public though, you're called Margrave of Edinburgh. Take the decorum books as well. They will help you learn how to carry yourself as the Duke of Magic.

Voldemort targeted you because of a prophecy that says only you could defeat him. In my opinion prophecies are bull. Your mom is a seer, but not a prophetess. There's a difference. Prophets predict what may happen, while seers see what will happen. The prophecy tying you and Voldemort talks of what may happen. There might be other prophecies out there about you and Voldemort; alternate scenarios, if you would. James explained.

Lily continued: Albus will probably force you to fulfill Trelawney's prophecy anyway. If you have your father's tendencies, then I think you'll go after him anyway. Please not anytime soon. Before you do, you need to find seven of his horcruxes. It is little known fact that I'm a necromancer. I have a better grasp of death and that is why I am a

powerful seer. I know Voldemort, otherwise known as Tom Marvolo Riddle, has 7 horcruxes. Since I'm a necromancer, I know how to get rid of them. It's dark magic and is considered illegal. Don't let anyone know what you're doing. My journal is in the vaults. They list the horcruxes and how to destroy them.

We've also placed a pensieve in our vault. It contains our memories of us and of you. We can't be there physically, but know that we loved you and we will always love you.

Goodbye.

As with the will, the projections exuded warmth and love. Emrys cried again. Liam hugged him, a bit awkwardly, to comfort him.

"Thanks," Emrys said when he finally stopped. He let go of Liam who knelt in front of him to wipe his tears.

"I don't understand your tormentors. How can anyone hurt someone so loveable like you. They will pay. Her Majesty is not an enemy to be trifled with. Nor are her servants any way more lenient." He muttered. Emrys felt warmth and love again.

"Thank you." Emrys said, somewhat embarrassed of what he endured.

"Don't be embarrassed. It's not something a child should've ever endured. All the servants of the palace agree on that. Everyone who have heard of the story of Harry James Potter will most likely agree. If anyone should be embarrassed, it is us, the adults, who failed to protect a child such as you are. I'll serve you for the rest of my life, even if you stop being the Duke of Magic, even if you stop being of the royal line, even if you become 'just Harry'."

"Y-you don't have to."

"I know I don't. I want to."

"Thank you." Emrys said with a hug that surprised Liam.

They went out to find Tripe and Solder.

"I'd like to claim the Potter inheritance." They smiled.

"Don't worry, we know of your mother's status. If you would follow me." Solder said. They went to one of the senior managers.

"Harry James Potter, here to claim the Potter Inheritance."

"He can't he's too young," the goblin protested.

"He's of legal age due to certain provisions that are on need-to-know. Besides, the Orb of Inheritance can decide."

"If he fails, he'll die."

"He'll die if he wasn't of Potter blood. Those of Potter blood merely passes out for a few hours. Should I take this to the council?" Solder threatened.

"No, of course not."

While we don't work for Gringotts anymore, due to internal conflicts, we still hold rank in the Goblin nation. We outrank this... idiot. Tripe commented to Emrys. Emrys didn't have time to reply as the goblin asked him to place his hand on the globe. It melted and "ate" Emrys's hand. He didn't feel pain, though, so he didn't panic. The globe regurgitated his hand which now played host to the Potter ring and 5 others. The Potter ring was a simple ring with a circular ornament. It was on his middle finger. Inside were two lions fighting. There were 5 other rings. 4 of the rings were very simple. They were just bands that were red, green, blue and yellow. They were on his ring finger. The last had a sceptre surrounded by diamonds. It was on his point finger. Tripe and Solder looked smug.

"Congratulations Mister Potter," Tripe, Solder and Gregoth greeted. Gregoth eyeing the rings.

"Thank you." He said. Tripe, Solder, Emrys and Liam exited the office.

"Mr. Potter, would you like to visit your vaults?" Solder asked.

"Yes please."

"Griphook!" Solder ordered.

"Solder, sir! Welcome back!" the small goblin greeted.

"Please escort my client to his vault. Vaults 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6."

Griphook's eyes widened.

"Immediately sir. Good morning sir. I am Griphook." He said in greeting to Emrys and Liam. He did a bow by putting his right hand towards his heart and bowing at a 60 degree angle, just like Liam does for normal occasions.

They were led to fast moving carts that made both Liam and Emrys want to hurl.

"Griphook, sir, I thought I only had one vault. Would you know anything about the other vaults?"

Any guesses what the other vaults are? Hint: I did say he was Super.

Please Review ^_^

Disclaimer: Don't own anything. Real Life/Royals are AU. Similarities unintended. I'm not British.

A/N: Should I add a bit of the previous chapter to the current chapter? Like a recap? Or is that unnecessary?

A/N2: Thank you to everyone who reviewed. I know that there are inconsistencies with reality. But it's AU. I used the names and the places simply because I lack the patience to describe(I like dialogue too much). They're basically just references. I actually only just found out that Balmoral is far away (thank you to those who pointed that out), but I think Balmoral is a better setting since it's not as big as Windsor Castle. It feels homier, at least as hom-y as castles can be.

With the timeline, well, I must admit that I would have bungled it up even without the references to the royals. I've always thought HP was set in early 2000s and not early 90s. I apologize for any confusion or distress I've caused.

I used Princess Camilla mainly because it felt wrong writing about a person who passed away, even if it's AU; especially because it's AU. Plus, the image I have of Princess Camilla is older than the image I have of Princess Diana. I needed the wife character to be older, and so using Princess Camilla seemed like the right decision.

The Queen and her husband are just like they are right now (whatever their age is right now.)

Prince Charles and Princess Camilla are just like they are right now (whatever their age is right now).

Prince Harry and Prince William are 18 and 22 respectively.

Harry is 11.

Liam, Maria and Cherry are in their twenties.

Leon looks like he's in his twenties, but is actually in his thirties.

Thanks for reviewing and subscribing. Everytime I open my inbox, there's a new message from fan fiction saying there's a new review or a new alert! You guys are awesome! Thank you very much!

"From the rings, you have the Potter which is vault 6, Duke of Magic vault 5, Hufflepuff vault 4, Ravenclaw vault 3, Gryffindor vault 2 and Slytherin vault 1." Griphook replied. His respect for the boy just skyrocketed from the knowledge that Emrys inherited the founder's vaults.

"Oh shit," Liam cursed. Then immediately he said, "I apologize Master Emrys."

"It's alright. But who are they? I mean I obviously know Potter and Duke of Magic, who are the others."

"They're the founders of Hogwarts," Liam replied.

"What how can that be?" Harry asked with wide eyes. "Are the Potters or the Royals related to the Founders?"

"The vaults go to a worthy person. The globe you put your hand into is imbued with a bit of the Founders' spirits. They "chose" their heir. You're not actually their heir by blood, just by spirit. I guess they chose you as worthy. One thing you get from being their heir are their vaults. As for any other things you may inherit, even goblins don't know. I pity your enemies," Griphook commented. "You are going to be one very powerful young man. By the way, you don't have to worry about secrecy. Gringotts will keep the secrets of the first ten vaults to our deaths or else we'll feel the wrath of magic. You own 6 of the ten."

"Can I ask who are the other four?" Emrys said.

"I can't. Sorry."

"I understand."

"To enter the vaults, you just have to touch the door. As long as you have the ring on, they will open. I'm sure you can make the rings hide by telling them. Just concentrate on them and they surely will."

"Can I use them if they're hidden?" Emrys asked.

"Yes, of course."

"Thank you."

Hide please. He told the rings. One by one they 'hid'.

Thank you. Emrys greeted.

Your wish is our command, they replied surprising Emrys.

Thank you nonetheless.

They arrived at vault 6. True enough, Emrys found the trunk. He took all of the books, with Liam's help, and put them in the trunk. He took a set of throwing knives and stars, a sword and a shield that seemed to call him. He put it in another compartment of the enchanted trunk that held his books.

I wonder if you can shrink. Emrys thought. He was surprised when the trunk replied.

I can. I can also be featherweight instead.

You can talk! Harry exclaimed in his head.

Of course I can. I was masterfully crafted from M'nara Tree. It's a sentient tree. Technically I'm that tree. Nice to meet you I'm Mara.

Nice to meet you Mara. Thank you. I'm sorry if I hurt you in any way.

No worries. It's nice to be full again.

Glad I could be of assistance.

Do you want me to shrink?

Yes, please.

Emrys placed Mara in his pocket.

"Enchanted trunk, Master Harry?" Liam askd.

"Redefines the meaning of enchanted, I think. It talked to me."

"You're a very interesting Master. Talking to spiders, goblins and trunks."

"How did you know I could talk to goblins?"

"You had this look and I asked Lady Tripe and since she knew you trusted me she affirmed my suspicions."

"I don't think I'll ever be normal." I'm such a freak.

"Yes, you won't. Not even with wizarding standards. But YOU ARE NOT A FREAK! Got that?" Liam asked.

"Yes. Thank you. How did you know what I was thinking?"

"You looked like it."

"I'm glad you're finally talking to me as you wish."

"I'm sorry for my outburst your highness."

"Here I thought you were reformed." Emrys joked. Liam chuckled silently to himself but gave a smile to Emrys.

They next went to the Duke of Magic vault. It had a lot of journals and a lot of galleons. Emrys took the most latest one before Liam stopped him.

"Master Emrys, it might be better to take this one."

Ultimate Journal. Access any journal with this. Write your own journal with this.

"Good idea. Thanks Liam," Emrys said.

There were also a lot of gold.

"Griphook is there a way to get money without having to go down the vaults?"

"Yes. We sell an money pouch and wallet for 20 galleons each. The pouch will allow you to withdraw from your vaults. It's keyed to your rings so only you can take from it since no one can take your rings,

unless you willingly give it away. They can only be removed by death or abdication, at which point they'll go to next in line. The wallet contains a credit card that can be used in the muggle world. It is also keyed to your magic. The wallet will come back to you if you call it. The exchange rate is 100 pounds to a galleon."

"That's an amazing rate!" Emrys exclaimed.

"Gold is worth a lot."

"I pity the muggleborns!"

"Actually, they get a rate of 20 pounds to a galleon thanks to the Phoenix fund by Sir Gryffindor, Lady Ravenclaw and Lady Hufflepuff."

"I see. What would adding a million galleons to that fund do?"

"It will decrease the rate to 10 pounds to a galleon."

"Please do so." Emrys knew the value of money. He may not have received his pay from his work-from-home job, but he did know the general price of different kinds of foods from his cooking "job" at home.

"I'm sorry. I don't have that authority. You'll have to talk to your solicitors," replied Griphook.

"I apologize for assuming. You're a great advisor. I hope you get promoted soon." Emrys greeted. He really liked Griphook. He wasn't nasty like the other goblins.

"Thank you." Griphook replied.

They looked at the founders' vaults but decided not to disturb the gold inside. Their continued existence ensured the phoenix fund's existence. Emrys took copies of the books they held though. It appears as though the trunk was really a photocopy machine.

I work for any book in any library. I'll copy the contents and return the book to the library. I have an endless amount of paper thanks to

being originally a tree and being enchanted to produce paper endlessly.

You have an impressive creator Mara! You're very beautiful. The carvings just accentuate your beauty.

Hush you. You're making me blush. True enough, the trunk was turning red.

"What's wrong with the trunk, Master Emrys?"

"I complimented her." Emrys said.

"Only you could make a trunk blush, Master Emrys."

Mara, do you know how I can make a list of all the books that I have?

Just say 'Book List' while holding me and when you open the seventh compartment, you'll have a blank parchment. Think 'Complete' and it will show you all your books. Think of a specific title and it will tell you if you have it or not. Think of a topic and it will list books that could help.

You're awesome Mara!

The trunk turned red again. Liam laughed.

"It is probably not my place to say this, but your trunk is very adorable."

The trunk became redder.

Can you understand us?

Of course I can. Tell your companion thank you, I'll take it as a compliment. It's not my fault I easily blush.

We love you anyway Mara.

As if on cue, Mara blushed again.

"She says thanks and that she takes it as a compliment."

"It is." Liam told Mara.

Once out, Griphook went to his station, filled some papers and gave him the wallet and the pouch. "To call them back to you just think of them. Do you want to key them into all the vaults?"

"No just vault 6. I can come back and key the others right?"

"Yes for the pouch. The credit card can only be keyed to one vault. Now I just need a few drops of your blood."

Emrys pricked his finger and allowed a drop of blood to drip to the pouch and another to the card and another to the wallet. Liam healed his finger after.

A few seconds later, Griphook sent them off with the pouch and the wallet. They met Tripe and Solder at the lobby.

"Ready to go back or do you want to tour the Alley?" Tripe asked.

"I'd like to tour the Alley but if that's an inconvenience-

"Don't mention it. We'll be fine. We have other paperwork to do. When you are ready to go back, just touch your Potter Ring and think 'Tripe and Solder associates' and we'll be notified." Tripe replied. It really wasn't an inconvenience.

"How?"

"The life globes will signal us."

"I see. Thank you." With that Tripe and Solder disappeared. Liam led Emrys to the shops.

"We need to get you a wand first Master Harry. There's Ollivanders which sells ready-made wands. There's Ranglois in Knockturn Alley. He sells customized wands."

"Are customized wands better?"

"It will be more attuned to your magic and will make learning magic easier. Ollivander wands will probably have one material as core.

Ranglois wands can have as many as your magic wants. Monsieur Ranglois doesn't put trace charms on his wands. At Hogwarts, there's a rule that says you can't practice magic during summer. Mister Ollivander is mandated by the ministry and by Hogwarts to add these trace charms. Without the charm, no one will know."

"Ranglois then, please." Emrys answered.

"Alright. I need you to stay close to me. Knockturn Alley is a bit shady." He transfigured Emry's cloak into a hooded one and did the same to himself. He pulled up their hoods. Liam then, put a slight hand on Emrys' shoulder making Emrys flinch and Liam take his hand back.

"I'm sorry. It's ok, you can put your hand on my shoulder. I should probably get used to it." Emrys replied.

"Are you sure Master Emrys?"

"Yes." Emrys said with determination. He had to try hard to get used to contact and crowds, especially if he were to be made public. Emrys could just imagine the many parties he'd surely be forced to attend. It made him slightly shiver at the thought.

Knocturn Alley was shady, just like Liam said. They were approached by men who were asking for money, prostitutes who were offering their services and would-be thieves had Liam not put his don't-mess-with-me face. Emrys was just about ready to bolt, but Liam's presence assured him he was relatively safe; at least as long as he is with Liam.

They entered Ranglois.

"Monsieur Ranglois?" Liam called out. Suddenly, he pushed Emrys down as a throwing star headed their direction.

"Liam, impeccable as always." Monsieur Ranglois greeted as Liam drew back his hood.

"And you're jumpy as always Andre."

"When you work in this alley, you have to be. I would have preferred Diagon Alley but Ollivanders have friends in high places. Besides,

making ready-made wands like he does is an insult to magic." Ranglois waved his hand and the door shut tight and blinds were drawn. "Now, who is this young man you're escorting?"

"I need an oath." Liam said sternly making Ranglois roll his eyes. Liam always brought the ones he had to swear an oath for.

"I solemnly swear upon my magics and my craft that I shall keep to myself the events the will occur from now until Liam Wensley and his companion leaves my shop with a wand. So mote it be." They all felt a flash of magic. Liam whispered to Emrys if he was ok with lowering his hood. Emrys nodded and did what was asked.

"Harry Potter." Liam replied. Emrys was still in disguise, but Ranglois was able to see the scar when Liam told him of Emrys' half-true identity.

"Harry Potter, the Chosen One. No wonder you wanted an oath. I would've thought you'd have gone to Ollivanders though."

"Sorry to interrupt, what's with the chosen one anyway?" Harry asked while eyeing Ranglois suspiciously.

"Sorry I explain later. I do hope you understand why you need to be discreet?" Liam asked Ranglois.

"I'm always discreet."

"Sure."

"I am! Anyway, a wand or two."

"Two wands please," Liam replied.

"Now boy, Feel out around the room. Point to what feels right."

Emrys closed his eyes and let his magic guide his feet. He pointed to several things. He never knew what they were. When he felt his magic settle he opened his eyes. Liam had this face of surprise while Ranglois was frowning.

"You boy have given me the best challenge yet. Cherry, M'nara, Royal Elvish Oak, Blackwood for wood. Phoenix feather, Runespoor

heartstring, Nundu hair, Dementor cloak, Hungarian Horntail blood, Basilisk venom and phoenix tears. It's as if your magic can't decide whether to be destructive or whether to heal."

"Can you combine two opposing forces?"

"That will probably be better since I doubt you'd want separate wands for harming and healing. If I went the easy way, you'd have a M'nara Oak wand with Phoenix feather and tears core. You can't harm anyone with it and can only heal. While the other will not allow you to heal, not to mention it will probably be outlawed. You cannot do neutral magic nor any easy magic with any of the two wands. That means you'll have trouble in school. No, I'll make it work somehow. Your wand will be able to handle two opposing forces."

Tell the maker, he can't combine Basilisk venom nor Dementor cloak with me. I'll die.

Are you the M'nara?

Yes, my name is Cherry.

"Um. Monsieur Ranglois?"

"Yes?"

"The M'nara said you can't combine her with the Basilisk blood nor the Dementor cloak as it will kill her." Emrys said. Ranglois stared at him. Then laughed.

"Liam, you never change. You always bring me the interesting ones. You boy, are the first to be able to talk to the M'nara. I've always wanted to know what they're saying but I don't understand them. Anyway, ask her if I could remedy that with the dragon blood or the phoenix tears."

I'm not sure. If he really wants to, then he has to make sure the venom doesn't touch any part of me.

"She said if you insist, then you have to make sure the venom doesn't touch her."

"I see. Thank you for your assistance, I'll be ready with your wands in two hours."

"We'll be back Andre. Try not to kill us next time?"

"Can't promise anything."

Liam and Emrys went back to Diagon Alley.

Emrys looked at some brooms and bought the latest model, Nimbus 2000. He also went to the Owlery and bought a snow owl who he named Hedwig. He told her their address and told her to stay there hidden. He bought an owl perch and a year's supply of treats for her and kept it in his trunk. He also went to the apothecary where he met Snape.

"Mr. Snape."

"Mr. Emrys. I would have thought you'd have left with your instructors."

"They gave us the rest of the day off to wander around the alley. It's our first time here."

"I wasn't aware you weren't from here." Severus said, growing slightly suspicious.

"We're from Australia," Liam supplied quickly.

"What are you doing in the Apothecary?"

"I wanted to buy some ingredients. I've never been trained in potions so I plan on studying the art." Emrys replied.

"You never studied it?"

"I studied in a muggle institute. I only just recently discovered I was magical."

"I see. And you?" He asked Liam

"I was never really good at potions. I'm just accompanying M-Emrys here. We were told to stay together to lessen the risk of being lost." Liam replied.

"A wise idea."

"Indeed." Liam said with a nod.

"Well Mr. Emrys do you know any potions you wish to try?"

"I'm not sure, but I'd like to brew some healing potions just in case." Emrys said, eyes shining with excitement.

"This apothecary sells an apprentice healer's brewing kit. I also suggest the book basics of potions making by Salverio. It teaches the difference between chopped, ground and such and explains each ingredient and their effects."

"Sounds like a useful book. I'll be sure to look for it."

"If you'll excuse me, I have duties to attend to."

"Thank you for the assistance Mr. Snape."

He inclined his head and left. Emrys bought the apprentice healer's brewing kit and the full healer's brewing kit. It cost him a total of 30 galleons. The owner thanked him for his purchase. Finally, they went to Flourish and Blotts.

"Welcome to Flourish and Blotts. If you need any help please don't hesitate to ask."

"Do you have a list of all the books you're selling right now? I'm trying to stock a library."

"We do actually. It lists all of the books found in the regular shelves."

"Regular shelves?"

"I have books that are rather rare and fetch a high price."

"I'd like to look at those later." Flourish just nodded dumbly. Inwardly, he was wondering where the lad would get the money.

Mara is there a way to compare a list with the master list?

Yes. Ask Liam to perform the copy spell. Tell him to copy what's on the store's list to the master list.

"Hey Liam, can you copy this to the master list? It should show us what books I currently don't have."

Liam did as told and Emrys was rewarded with a list of 200 books. With Liam and Flourish's help, he was able to obtain all of them in thirty minutes.

Before paying, Emrys went with Liam and Flourish to the backstore. Emrys read the titles and they started appearing on the master list with either a check or a cross.

He ended up with 30 of Flourish's rare one, leaving Flourish with 20.

The 200 books cost a total of about 4000 galleons while the 30 rare ones sold for at least 200 a piece. Emrys made Flourish 10 000 galleons richer.

"I should give you a discount."

"It's alright Mr. Flourish. You don't have to. Think of it as a bonus for ensuring that children are well-educated."

"Thank you."

"I would ask for the use of your backroom though. I have a trunk and I'd like to put my purchases away."

"Of course."

Mara keep the new ones. I'd like to put them into our vault.

Actually, I have permanent access to the Potter vault. If you want I can send the originals there.

Yes, please.

I took 30 minutes for Emrys to place all of his newly purchased books. He returned the master list as well. Not that he had to. Mara could always make new ones and the master list only obeys Emrys anyway.

"Do you have a catalogue or a newsletter of new books that you sell?"

"Yes. We have a newsletter. Shall I owl you one?"

"Yes. Just send it to Liam Wensley."

"Not to you?"

"I live under his address."

"Alright."

"Thank you."

"No, Thank you." Flourish said. After Flourish, they went to buy ice cream. Emrys order green tea while Liam ordered strawberry. Liam wasn't going to order but Emrys insisted so much he ordered Liam to order ice cream. Emrys learned more about Liam that afternoon. He wasn't married. He didn't think he was ever going to marry. If he was going to marry it would have to be another one of the palace employees since his job as a butler is almost full time. If he wanted a day off, Maria would have to take over and vice versa, except each of them had duties of their own. They can't take too much day offs. His parents were still alive and were both muggles. They were at a small home just off of Balmoral. They served the palace as well.

"With all due respect, is your employment inherited?" Emrys asked.

"It used to be. When HM rose to the throne, she abolished such practice. We're now employed normally. We have very excellent pay with lavish bonuses and benefits. My job is one that so many fight for. Some of them even risk their own money to go into a prestigious butler school. Coming out of Hogwarts, I knew I wanted to continue my parents' work so I talked to them and they talked to her majesty. Her Majesty sent me to the most prestigious butler school. I graduated top of the class."

"When you were at Hogwarts, did you meet my parents." Emrys asked, hopeful that he could learn more about his parents.

"No sorry your highness. I was a good ten years younger than them."

"Oh my gosh, I'm sorry." Emrys replied, embarrassed at getting Liam's age wrong.

"No worries your highness. It's an easy mistake to make. They looked young in the will reading, but it's a recording they made ten years ago, Master Emrys."

Emrys finished his ice cream and they walked out of the shop to see Severus Snape talking to one Albus Dumbledore. Liam immediately pulled Emrys into an alley to hide. He then put several charms and wards to avoid detection. He would have preferred to leave immediately, but the pair of professors were blocking the way.

Thanks to everyone who reviewed/subscribed!

jabarber69: Thank you! Wow, what a coincidence and Nope, not Heir of Merlin. That would be too much for me to handle. ^_^.

athenakitty: Thank you for making me realize that people might not be able to find it if I change the title. Wow, I feel like I never get to address any of your questions in the story. I'm sorry. Dursley insert chapter is about 80% done.

MrsSnape2u: Thank you. Hope you liked this chapter as well.

zarkan: Thank you. Here you go. ^_^

Teufel1987: Sorry for the inconsistencies. Hope you continue reading despite the inconsistencies.

Kiefercarlos: Actual royal family? Just references to real people, I guess. I can't make conclusions on how the real royal family are. I don't know them. Glad you enjoyed it!

Hanzo of the Salamander: Thank you! I'd draw hearts but haven't quite figured out how to do it on this laptop.

stonegnome1: I'm sorry about the mistake. I think that's what I meant and somehow missed it. I apologize. Thank you for pointing it out!

Haunt of twilight: Horcruxes, not for a while, eventually. Part of the reason I'm postponing Sirius is because I don't think I can juggle all the characters I have now with the right balance. Once I figure it out, I'll bring in Sirius(Then again, I'm chapters ahead of you, so it might take a while). Thanks for reading and reviewing!

Lady Evans Potter: Hmm, good point. I guess I was naïve to think that a child that was shown real love after abuse could be so trusting. But you're right, I might not have given enough thought to Harry's emotions. As well, I might have made Harry a bit too super. I don't know. You'll have to tell me ok? What's defined as too super?

LilyJames addict: How did you like Mara? Thanks for reading!

Sweet-single: Sorry bout that. Hope you enjoyed the story anyway.

ObsidianFrost: Thank you! I'll try to continue updating often. School might catch up to me *biting fingers in anxiety*.

Lezia: I'll PM you soon(most likely over the weekend). I'll have to check first. Most of the stories I've read are lost to me. Most of them are discontinued (I think) as well too. Thanks for the cookies! ^_^ I love Choco Chips... hehehe.. I love Other Schools, Dark (but not evil) and Powerful Harry too!

researchgirl: I see you're living up to your name :D . I'm sorry about the inconsistencies. I didn't research enough.

bananacupcakes: Is this soon enough? ^_^

IchigoRenji: Thank you and no not Merlin :D Of course Dukes have vaults! Hehehe...

StefanInVienna: Sorry, I just like the name Emrys. I'm not as sophisticated of a writer as you think. Sorry about the inconsistencies. It's really based on my image of the royals and HP - they're in a mixed timeline right now. Sorry is all I can say and do right now. Glad you liked my story anyway!

Potterdownthestreet: Thank you! ^_^

Please review! ^_^

Question 1

Do you want me to have a beta for this story(I don't know what that will do to story production rate)?

Question 2:

Do you want to beta?

Disclaimers:

I don't own anything.

Any parallel to real life, such as royal names and castles, are AU. They defy the laws of nature, physics and reality.

Any parallel to another fanfic is unintentional.

I'm a simpleton, don't over-think the story. I'm not that intelligent.

I apologize, I didn't update last weekend. The chapter wasn't fully ready.

Emrys = Harry Potter

Liam = Emrys' butler

Maria = Emrys' maid

Monsieur Ranglois = Knockturn Alley wand maker

Emrys finished his ice cream and they walked out of the shop to see Severus Snape talking to one Albus Dumbledore. Liam immediately pulled Emrys into an alley to hide. He then put several charms and wards to avoid detection. He would have preferred to leave immediately, but the pair of professors were blocking the way.

"Severus, Harry must be found! He is not safe anywhere else. He has to go to Hogwarts!"

"Headmaster, there's still a few days until the deadline. I'm sure he'd reply by then. By the way, you'll need to find a new potions master, Slytherin HOH and Potions professor after this school year. I'm

leaving." Severus said in a bored tone. He was sick of being the receiver of Albus' rants.

"You're leaving? It's not safe. There are a lot of death eaters still out there; and he did reply to say he's not going to Hogwarts. He didn't say where he's going instead."

"Yes I'm leaving. I'm going to open an apothecary and hire some apprentices and do a lot of research."

"I didn't know you've saved a lot of money and what of you problems with the past?" Albus reminded him. He can't have Severus leave. Severus is his spy, his personal potions master.

"A green-eyed angel gave me a second chance and erased my embarrassing past. She gave me money to boot. I will leave by the end of this school year, whether you like it or not." Snape said with a hidden contempt towards the man he thought was as despicable as Voldemort. Over the years, he slowly realized the extent of Dumbledore's manipulation. He slowly realized how much of a pawn he is to Dumbledore. He already knew before, but he didn't know how extensive Dumbledore's hold on him was; at least until now.

"I could still send you to a trial." That just proves my point. Dark Lord, Light Lord- it doesn't matter. You're all just using me, Snape bitterly thought.

"And convict me on what?"

"Murder, being a death eater, rape, torture."

"The only evidence you had was for the death eater charge. As of today, that's gone too." Albus' eyes widened, but immediately hid his emotions. He was no match for a spy's reading abilities, though. Snape saw every twitch of Albus' being.

"We'll see and I'm sure your friends would want to rendezvous with you."

"My house is well-warded. Even you couldn't enter it."

"You're not safe." Albus tried again.

"Being a spy isn't safe either. I'm leaving, end of discussion. Push it further and I will show no mercy and leave right now."

"Alright. I'll stop." Albus said in panic, raising his hands in surrender.\

You better. Hiring a Potions professor this late does not bode well. There are very few that can teach the very dangerous subject, Snape thought.

"You need to help me find Harry."

"Why? The Golden Boy obviously does not want to be found. Besides, aren't you the one who placed him at the Dursleys and made all the wards? You even warded him against his mutt of a godfather, the werewolf and others related to him. How did you know Petunia wasn't his real Aunt anyway?"

"I did a test that would show if they're family. I'm surprised they weren't. I still don't know who his real family is. I think Lily put some really strong charms or maybe wards on him." Emrys was shaking with rage. It was Dumbledore's fault! On the other hand, Snape's eyes darkened.

"I won't help you."

"You have to!"

"Why?" Snape asked.

"Because you're the only one I can depend on."

"Filius is the charms master and as far as I remember locating a person is usually done with Charms and not potions!" Snape said as if he was talking to a first-year and not the headmaster.

"Filius has declined after Minerva talked to him. They both think I made a mistake sending Harry there. Minerva has always been against it. She just won't do anything about it. I never understood why. But you have to. They won't listen to me."

"Oh and I will? I personally knew Petunia! I wouldn't sic her on anyone!"

"Alright I made a mistake, won't you allow me to remedy it? Help me find Potter?"

"If you want to remedy it, send him a letter to apologize. Or better yet, wait until he shows up and apologize. Leave me alone or I swear I'll leave Hogwarts!"

"Fine, be that way!" Albus whined. He left for the Leaky Cauldron while Snape shook his head and went to Flourish and Blotts.

"Master Emrys." Liam tried. Emrys had gone into shock with the revelation.

"Master Emrys." He tried again.

Ciruwen. CIRUWEN! Melina exclaimed taking Emrys out of his shock.

Melina? What are you doing here?

I wanted to explore so I hid in your pocket. Interesting day. I added my venom to the Basilisk venom.

Will that cause problems?

Of course not.

Sorry, I just thought that if Rangois didn't notice, something bad might happen.

It won't. My venom can kill but it can also heal. I use it to heal myself. Anyway, ignore that white man for now. Get your revenge later. Right now, be a kid, enjoy life, enjoy family, enjoy what you have. Melina said as she projected feelings of love, care and protection.

Thank you.

"Sorry about that Liam. I was just surprised and hurt." Emrys said once he calmed down.

Liam hugged him again. "He will pay. He'll never hurt you again."

Emrys hugged back silently hiding his tears.

He'll cry later in private. No, he'll bury them down deep inside him - was what he decided.

"We need to get back to Rangois. We still need to go back to the solicitor's office and your Grandmother expects you back for dinner. It's now four."

They went back to Rangois.

"Just in time. Here give it a go." Rangois said as he presented the wands.

"12 inches, Cherry-Elf Royal Oak wood with Runespoor heartstring, Nundu hair and phoenix tears." He said as Emrys held the wand with deep curiosity.

Hello Master! A sudden voice appeared in Emrys's head. It sounded like a small playful girl.

Who is this?

You're holding me in your hand.

What's your name?

I'm Cherry. Me and Blackie over there have already picked our names. I'll be your main wand since I'm weaker than Blackie. Our creator doesn't know but we can turn into a ring.

How?

He did some enchantments that he thought didn't work. Except, they didn't work because I held the magics and allowed it to become a spell that would transform me into a ring. Blackie did the same.

How come I can talk to you?

Runespoor heartstring with phoenix tears, mainly. The combination made me semi-sentient. Though the Nundu is part of me as well. Let's talk later. They're looking at you funny.

Please turn into a ring.

"Let me guess, it can talk to you too?" Liam said. Emrys blushed. Emrys ignored him in favour of picking up Blackie.

Master Emrys. I hope Cherry has introduced me, said a rather deep no-nonsense voice.

She has. She said she was to be my main wand because you're more powerful?

Yes, she is correct. Please use me when you are in danger or are in battle. Otherwise, I might be too powerful. I'd suggest giving me a test run in an area where I can hurt no one before using me against another being. I don't want to hurt anyone unless they are a threat to humanity. Of course if your intent is to heal, then everything's fine. I'll heal someone perfectly.

Thank you for telling me. Please feel free to scold me and tell me that I'm an idiot if I'm being reckless.

Will do, Master Emrys.

I'm curious. How come I can talk to you?

Hungarian Horntail blood and Dementor cloak. By the way, I'm very good at defeating Dementors, as well. You need to learn about them. You can be protected by muggles against humans, but not against creatures like Dementors.

I will learn about them soon, I promise. Please turn into a ring.

"That wand was tricky. For it to work, I had to coagulate the Horntail blood, turn them into a gel and encase the venom and the cloak inside it. Thankfully, the phoenix feather particles suspended in the blood keeps it in its form. Otherwise, the M'nara will indeed die. That was tricky too. I made the M'nara surround the Blackwood for increased protection from the venom and the cloak. Were you really talking to the wands?" Monsieur Ranglois asked.

"Yeah," Emrys replied sheepishly.

"Here, hold this." Ranglois said as he threw Emrys a wand.

Hey what's the big idea? Unhand me you scoundrel or face the consequence! Emrys immediately let go of Ranglois' wand.

"He doesn't want me to hold him."

"Can you understand him without touching him?"

"No."

"Can you let my friend touch you. I want to understand what your saying." Ranglois told the wand and nodded at Emrys. Emrys cautiously touched the wand.

Sorry bout that kiddo, I am probably too loyal to my master.

"Anything you want to ask?"

"Ask him if he needs anything. Ask him how I can improve him."

Did you understand him?

Of course I did. I don't need anything, just a bit of polishing. As for how can I improve, tell him to soak me in phoenix tears for 24 hours. I'll be better for healing and wand making too. Oh, and tell him the name's Basque.

"His name is Basque. He needs a bit of polishing and he says he'll be better for healing and wand making if you soak him for 24 hours in phoenix tears."

Tell him to talk to me more. I may not be able to answer him in his language, but I understand him. Tell him if he wants to understand me, he needs to hold me and lower his shields. Then he needs to focus on me hard. We need to bond man! He's not superman like you!

Emrys slightly choked on being called superman. "He asks you to talk to him more. He says if you want to talk to him, you need to hold him and lower your shield. Then you need to focus on him. He says you need to bond." Emrys said as he tried to fight the blush rising in his cheeks from being called superman.

Now that he knows my name, it should be easier. It will become easier the more you talk to him. You should tell your other friend to talk to his lovely partner named Georgina as well. She was protesting at the fact that she's the only one out of us four not being acknowledged.

"He says it should be easier now that you know his name. It will become easier the more you talk to him. He also says you have to talk to...er...Georgina," Emrys said, directing the last to Liam. Liam took out his wand. Emrys touched it.

Finally! I'm hurt. I feel ignored. You know Master used to talk to me a lot when he was younger. He stopped sometime later. With the amount of conversations we've had he should be able to talk to me once he lowers his shields. If he held me with both hands we'd have a closer connection.

"Georgina said she feels ignored. She said you used to talk to her a lot, but you stopped. She said with the conversations you've had, you should be able to talk to her once you lower your shield. She also says you'll have a better connection if you held her with both your hands."

"Interesting," Rangois commented. He was trying to communicate with Basque. "I can discern some words, but not enough to understand. I guess I have to talk to him more."

Liam, on the other hand, seemed to be having a conversation.

"I take it you understood her?"

"Not fully, but I could understand what she was trying to say. Mostly, she was reprimanding me for ignoring her. I said I'm sorry!" Liam told the wand, then he sighed.

"So how much do I owe you?"

"14 galleons." Rangois replied. Liam was surprised.

"14? I'm surprised. With the rarity of the ingredients..." Liam said.

"Well, with the rarity of your charge's talent, I was willing to give a discount."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I am."

Once they were out of the store Emrys asked Liam how much Ranglois usually charge.

"Depends on the wand. Usually the base is 10 galleons for one wand plus at least 5 galleons for every ingredient. You have 11 ingredients. Your total would have been 75 galleons."

"And he only charged 14?"

"Yeah. I think he matched Ollivander's price. At Ollivander's the average price is 7 galleons. A wand that was simpler or larger would fetch for less. Smaller fetch for more, as well as wands with more magical cores. Don't worry, Ranglois doesn't need the money. He's pretty rich. He's doing this for fun. That's why he likes me. I bring in interesting customers. Time to go."

They went to the steps of Gringotts and Emrys thought 'Tripe and Solder associates' to his Potter ring. They were immediately transported to the offices of Tripe and Solder.

"Welcome back. I trust you had a good shopping trip?"

"Indeed. It was very interesting. Anyway, what do we need to talk about?"

"We've consolidated a list of all of your assets, here in this folder. We have the details and paperwork with us. This folder merely contains summaries, otherwise they won't fit. If you need specifics, please feel free to contact us. I'd suggest you look at the shares you own right now."

Between the six vaults he had 20 homes and 150 million galleons in shares and 75 million galleons cash.

from Founders:

20 Million Galleons, Hogwarts, Slytherin Castle, Gryffindor Castle,

from Duke of Magic:

15 million cash, 90 million shares, three properties in Britain, one in France, one in Germany, one in Australia, one in Spain, one in India

from the Potters:

40 million cash, 60 million shares, three properties in Britain, one in Portugal, two in France, one in Russia, one in Canada, one in Switzerland

"Oh about that. Donate a million galleons to the Phoenix fund, please. As well, I want to buy majority shares of the Daily Prophet. Donate 5 million galleons to St. Mungo's expansion. I want to oversee how they use the money." Emrys said. Liam was beaming approvingly at how his charge was handling things. The Queen's lessons over meals were effective.

"We can track that. Do you have specific orders?"

"Not really. I just want the hospital to be a good one. Simply put, I want it to be driven by healers since they're the ones who know what they need. I also want to make sure it doesn't just go to someone's pocket and such."

"We can do that. We'll talk to the healers."

"Thank you."

"Anything else?"

"If Remus Lupin ends up establishing something for the werewolves, I want to donate 2 million to that too. Put all donations in the name of the Duke of Magic. I'd like to invest on some magical and muggle investments. I'm not an expert though. Can I trust you with the decisions for the investments?"

"Yes. We have good intelligence thanks to our connections with the goblins. We'll send our suggestions and you can consult the adults around you, if you wish. We won't invest without your approval."

"Thank you. Please invest 7 million. I want all the money to come out of the Potter vault. Any profits should be divided by 7. One part

will be reinvested, while the others will go into each of the six vaults."

"Anything else?"

"I know goblin wards are the best there is. Can we hire them to ward several castles?"

"Which ones?"

"The 21 castles of the Monarch that are still inhabited. I'll have a list, but how much would that cost?"

"Since they are castles and you want the best, I'd say a good million for each."

"Do you think that's reasonable? Do you think it's worthit?"

"Yes. We'll compile a list of recommended wards. We'll consult the Gringotts warders as well. We'll ask them for an estimate as well. Goblin wards are hard to break because they are of a different form of magic. They not only protect, they also preserve."

"Thank you."

"Pardon me, Master Emrys, but Master Tripe, would it interefere with muggle electronics?" Liam asked.

"Maybe for a day or two. Once the magic settles, it should be fine," Tripe replied. Emrys nodded.

"Thank you. Please consult Gringotts." Emrys said politely.

"Our pleasure. Anything else?"

"None at the moment. A pleasure doing business with you Tripe, Solder."

"A pleasure as well, your highness," they said with a grin. Emrys smiled awkwardly. They were given a ring that would allow them to portkey back and forth to the reception. They said they had long since dismissed the car and told the driver to return to Balmoral. The

portkey would take them to Emrys's room as long as he envisioned and willed it. The passkey was royal blood.

Maria shrieked when they arrived.

"Oh my gosh. I'm sorry Master Emrys. You startled me." Maria explained.

"Master Emrys, Maria is also a witch." Liam explained.

"Ah I see. Who else do I know is magical?" Emrys asked.

"Loen is a wizard. Cherry is muggle, though."

"Enough chitchat Liam. Master needs to freshen up and get ready for dinner. It's only an hour away!" Maria said as he pushed Emrys to the bathroom. It was already ready and made for him. He was thankful but he couldn't help but feel awkward about it. Not long ago, he was preparing the Dursleys' bath.

Kiefercarlos: Thank you. Here you go! ^_^

beth: Thank you!

athenakitty: I still haven't finished the dursley chapter(writer's block?). I might make an entry from Harry's journal, but not right now :D. I have to finish Dursley chapter first :D

eternal vampire: Thanks for the encouragement! I sometimes feel like the whole story is just a stream of consciousness. Hopefully it still makes sense!

Bittersweet Dream: Hi Dami. Yup. Harry will be paired with a girl named Anna, or was it Mischa? ^_^

peruser: I love grandma too, probably because I love my grandma!
^_^

saphiresnowlady: Woops, sorry. I was careless. See, I kept writing Harry instead of Emrys after that point of name evolution. I'm trying to catch all of them and change them, but I miss them. You're right I need a beta.

ObsidianFrost: Long chapter = might not be able to update for a while, just like this week. Ahem, training will be interrupted.

Lezia: I change my mind. I want Ice cream instead! hahaha. Hope you're enjoying those stories!

kin-kinna: Thank you! There are a couple of Harry's a prince stories. They're usually elvish Harry too.

Lady Evans Potter: Hmm, I now think I might have made him too super in the story and I didn't explain it well. Hmm, needs more thought and maybe some deletion...

Ailuj: You give me too much credit. My writing still needs a lot of work. A big return hug from Canada! Muchos Gracias! (Was that right?)

Hanzo of the Salamander: Thank you. Your reviews are very unique ^_^

ROBERT-19588: Hagrid won't be in the story. Wow, you really hate Dumbledore ^_^. Thank you for the review! Hmm.. hard labour... *thinking mode*

Curalium Lacrimo: Thank you! Nope, not American. Yup, needs editing. By English writer, do you mean English as in British? I'll check on the conversations more carefully in the future (though, this chapter might still contain weird conversations).

Remusgrl01: Thank you! I thought it might be too fillery. But I'm glad you liked it! Your review made me chuckle. ^_^

mitremlap: Thank you! ^_^

loretta537: Thank you! Sorry, Dumbles' reckoning is still in the chapter queue.

Saturnblue: Thank you! Should the punishment be graphic(to a certain extent)?

Question 1

Do you want me to have a beta for this story(I don't know what that will do to story production rate)?

Question 2:

Do you want to beta?

Disclaimer:

Don't own anything. Parallel to real life is AU, that includes all royals, castles and any laws of physics, nature or society. It's magic!

Parallels to other stories are not intentional.

I'm a simpleton. Don't over think my story.

Emrys=Harry James Potter

Liam= Emrys' butler

Emrys is grandson to the Queen by way of Lily Evans. Lily Evans is the Queen's daughter.

By the time he finished his bath, he just wanted to go to sleep.

"Master Emrys, it's 20 to. You still need to get dressed and the dining hall is about 5 minutes of walking leisurely and 5 minutes of stairs."

Emrys went out. He dressed quickly with the help of Liam while Maria dried his hair.

"Sorry for taking too long in the bath," Emrys said.

"Technically, it's my duty to wait on you. It's of no consequence, I know you were distracted." Liam replied. Emrys gave Liam a grateful smile.

Emrys arrived first. He sat on the chair and waited. Then the doors opened to welcome the Queen. Emrys stood as was customary.

"Good evening Grandma." Harry said somberly.

"Good evening Emrys. How was your day?" The Queen cheerily asked. She was met with a rather pensieve and thoughtful Emrys.

"Eventful. I learned a lot of things, some of which are hard to accept." Emrys said bitterly.

"Like what?"

"It was Dumbledore's fault. All the wards were his and the idea of sending me to the Dursleys was his. There's also apparently a vault for the Duke of Magic. It had a sizeable sum of money and a lot of journals, as were the five other vaults."

Dumbledore will pay! No one messes with the royals. The Queen thought. She thought Emrys would appreciate not having to talk or think about Dumbledore so she chose to focus on something else.

"Five?" Grandma Liz asked with apt curiosity.

"Yeah. One is for the Potters. The other four are the vaults of the four founders of Hogwarts."

"Do you have to go there then?" the Queen asked with a slight bit of worry. It was Dumbledore's turf, after all.

"I don't know. I don't think so."

Emrys willed the rings to show and stared at them missing the surprise from his grandmother's face.

"You're wearing a lot of rings, what are they?"

"The coloured ones are the founders. This is the Potter's. This is the Duke of Magic's. These two are my wands."

"Interesting. I didn't know they could turn into rings."

"I didn't know either."

"How did you know then?"

"They... um... told me." The Queen was shocked. Silence filled the hall.

"You don't believe me. Next thing I know you'll be calling me freak," Emrys mumbled under his breath, except the Queen heard it, thanks to the acoustics of the room.

"Emrys, don't say that. I was just shocked and amused. Lily was never able to turn her wands into rings, nor could she talk to objects,

yet you could. Everything special seem to happen to you. That's not freak-ish, it's special and I'm honoured to have you as my grandchild."

Emrys stayed silent. The Queen stood up causing Emrys to flinch. It didn't stop the Queen from hugging Emrys.

"You'll always be my grandchild." Emrys stiffened but eventually leaned into the hug.

"Thank you," he said silently. "Where's grandpa?"

"He'll be here in a few minutes." The Queen said. Just then the door opened.

"Your Majesty, the Duke sends his regrets as he cannot attend tonight's dinner. The chef has suggested we convene to the breakfast hall." said a housekeeper. The breakfast hall was a smaller room.

"Alright. Emrys, come along." Her majesty ordered. Emrys obeyed and was suddenly wrapped around his grandmothers arms. After a few seconds she withdrew from the hug but kept her hand on Emrys's shoulder. The servant opened the door and suddenly there were pops which made Emrys jump.

"Surprise!" shouted Princess Camila, Prince Philip, Prince Harry, Prince William and Prince Charles.

"We meant to celebrate your birthday, but a lot of things happened. But we still wanted to, so here you go," Prince Harry explained. Emrys was surprised. Everyone else was beaming. Guess Grandma was in on it too, Emrys thought. (Emrys= Harry James Potter; Prince Harry=Prince Harry)

"First, dinner, then sweets, then presents!"

Dinner was filled with happy smiles and good-natured chats.

"Uncle, can royals invest?"

"Of course."

"Do you have investments?"

"Planning on investing?"

"Yes."

"We can discuss this at a later date. I'll give you some tips. I gather you've seen your portfolio manager?"

"Yes. They double as solicitors."

"How does it look?" Charles asked out of curiosity.

"Apparently, I have twenty properties, 15 billion in shares, 3.9 billion equivalent pounds of cash."

"Wow Emrys, that's more than I have." Harry said.

"Nevermind that, that's more than I have," Charles replied in awe.

"If it comforts you both, that's more than what I have," the Queen replied.

"It's only because our money is in gold. So their equivalent in the non-magical world is high. The rate is about 100 pounds to one galleon."

"Still Emrys, that's very impressive."

"I don't really understand how I inherited those 4 other vaults either. I'm not planning to touch it since the interest pays for a fund that keeps the exchange rate low. I'll try and not touch the Duke vault either."

"Who is giving your advice?"

"The Potter solicitors and Liam."

"Emrys, trust Liam. He's very smart about everything actually," Charles said.

"I do." Emrys said with a hint of pride. Emrys liked Liam. He was very dependable in almost everything.

"Do you like reading?" Charles asked.

"I actually do. I'm glad I have access to books now," Emrys replied. He felt a slight pang of guilt and anger from Charles.

Emrys yawned several time that evening, but he tried his best to hide it. Liam decided to take pity on him.

"Your Majesty, if I may?" Liam asked.

"Speak Liam."

"I think it is time to close the party. Young master is quite ready to fall on his feet." Liam whispered. The Queen looked at his grandson who looked happy but tired.

"Tell everyone discretely to bid their goodbyes and convene to the tea lounge if they wish to stay. I don't want Emrys to feel sorry for being tired."

Oblivious to Emrys, Liam approached the rest of the royal family and told them of Emrys'... predicament.

"We have to go back to London now, Emrys. We'll see you soon, ok?" William said.

"Thank you for the party. You really did not have to," Emrys replied.

"We wanted to," Camilla said lovingly with a hug. They gave their hugs and left (for the Tea Room). Prince Philip hugged Emrys goodnight as well. He was going to go to the tea room while the Queen tucked Emrys in.

"Thanks for the party, Grandma," Emrys said as he drifted off to sleep under the loving arms of the Queen. Once she was sure Emrys was sleeping, she went to the Tea Room and had lovely discussions with the rest of her family, most of them about the new addition.

Emrys woke up early again the next day.

"You wake up too early for someone so young. Sleeping more would do well for your healing and your... height." Liam pointed out as Emrys came out from the shower.

"It's not like I'm forcing myself to wake up. I just do! It's a habit!" Emrys said irritably.

"I apologize." Liam said in reply. It was obvious that his charge wasn't happy.

"What's on the day's agenda?" Emrys asked curtly. His mind has processed just how twisted his life was. "And you never did explain the Chosen One thing to me."

"As Lady Lily said, you are the centre of a prophecy. The prophecy about you being the only one to defeat Voldemort, or You-Know-Who to many people, is not widely known. Ranglois' comment about the Chosen One is because you are the boy-who-lived. When Voldemort attacked your parents, he also attacked you with a killing curse, except it didn't kill you. It rebounded on him and rid the world of Voldemort. I don't think it's permanent, judging from what your parents said in their wills."

"20 years of peace..."

"Yes. Anyway, today, you can do whatever you want. I'd suggest opening your presents, reading, or exploring the castle. Her majesty and his royal highness, the duke of Edinburgh are going to London on official business. They told me to let you rest for today." Liam said as Emrys dressed.

Emrys went to the pile of presents. He hid his excitement and surprise. He'd never had a party before, much less proper presents.

Camilla and Charles gave him a game console while Harry and William provided the games. Philip and Elizabeth gave Emrys a photo album of her mom and her experiences. Emrys looked through it, feeling a sense of nostalgia. The last page held a picture of Lily holding Emrys with James' arm around her waist. It reminded Emrys of Lily's trunk. He went to it and ran his fingers over it. He was surprised when it opened. Inside were a lot of old garments, another photobook and several journals. It was nice to finally have something of his parents'. Emrys vowed to look at them later as he

saw an owl bearing a letter. He untied the letter and touched the letter.

"Master no!" Liam exclaimed as Emrys was transported to Merlin-knocks where.

nightwing27: Thank you very much(x11^_^). Hope you enjoyed this chapter. Yes, craziness will occur. And Yes, he will find someone. Draco is one (though, not for many chapters away [a year in the story's timeline]). I love Luna's character... she's just so adorable, being her Luna-tic self

Lezia: Mango Melon please ^_^ Many more names to come(woops; But, I wanted Emrys to have a new life...). I'll write who's who in the beginning of every chapter if that helps. Elves' child is so sweet.

MrsSnape2u: Before I started this story, I read many Severitus. He grew on me ^_^.

farwalker: Thank you. I was cautioned by Lady Evans Potter about making him too powerful so I decided to just give him money. ^_^

ObsidianFrost: When you have that much money, you have to be generous or they'll be taken away from you. That's what I think. ^_^ Define "too bad". "Too bad" chapter coming next week ^_^

Lady Evans Potter: Same reason he can speak with the goblins. There's still a hole I have to fix with that ability. I don't quite know how to fix it yet. But... hmm... I don't want to spoil it. Thanks for you insight on how to fix "super Harry" without totally rewriting what I have so far.

Fez8745: Thank you very much. I'll try to do my best (yes, there's no try, just do or don't... but school gets in the way).

Black Winged Vampire Angel: Hello, my fellow Angel ^_^. Eventually people will know. I haven't quite fully figured out how to handle that. As far as I know, I offered no explanation on how they knew and how the aftermath was handled, but I think I'll figure it out by the time I post the chapter for it... Hopefully... I'll try my hardest.

Sunny: Thank you. I was worried that it was a typical story.

Hanzo of the Salamander: Aww, your review is not unique anymore. I kinda miss those hearts. ^_^ I can't do them on my netbook (I probably could but haven't figured out how).

athenakitty: Harry sent a polite letter saying he's not going to Hogwarts as he wrote a letter to accept the offer of another school. I'll probably not include Marge and Ripper. Or maybe I can. What do you think? I think child abuse is child abuse, royal or not. Yes, they'll be taken care of. He's already eating better under the watchful eyes of his grandmother, Loen (The Queen's butler) and Liam. But he'll still be smaller than his male peers, for now.

Should I get a beta? Anyone want to beta?

I don't own anything. Any similarity to Real Life is AU. Similarities to other fanfics unintentional.

I need coffee! ^_^ Just to let you know, I'm not updating this Thursday, nor this weekend? I have a paper due on Friday (and haven't finished it. I don't know what to write for the intro) and have a retreat on the weekend. Sorry! I know I promised a chapter a week... um... I'll aim for Tuesday? I feel so bad since this chapter and last chapter ended with cliffies and now I can't update as fast. Sorry!

So I deleted a section in the previous chapter where the founders rings started talking to Emrys. Well, they do. I guess I shouldn't have erased that part. The sad thing is... that small section is gone forever unless I write it again. I thought it was useless info that made the already fillery chapter even more fillery... V_V Sorry!

I just... wanted to post this and say I'm stuck, sort of. I could go two ways. One is to go with what I've already written... and the other is to be meaner(to Emrys) and write a new chapter. Still thinking. If you want to give me your input, feel free.

Thank you! ^_^

Sunny, Lady Evans Potter(reasons come later? Guess that's not much of an excuse), Kiefercarlos(cliffy! ^_^), farwalker(Liam is the safety measure, except Emrys got to the letter first), athenakitty(I don't think Dumbledore will listen to the Queen), RRW(This bad excuse for a writer is still working on it. I'm trying to decide if I'm mean enough or not), nightwing27(believe it or not, I haven't read the 7th book), Lezia(Yay, Ice Cream! Uh, I can be mean to Emrys as long as retribution comes right?), cuteknight101(Sorry. She'll come after all the chaos dies down [2-4chaps?]), Yana5(I wonder too. ^_^), Hanzo the Salamander(^_^), CatWriter(Great ideas, why didn't I think of that? Sirius and Remus might not be seen much in this story; even if Sirius is my favourite char before 5th book came out), ROBERT-19588(Hogwarts isn't that sentient.)ObsidianFrost(Sorry for being fillery. This chap is probably fillery too?)Sakura Lisel(Here's a short chap.) Jd Midnight(Can't claim credit. I'm sure the portkey abduction thing has been done by many other fanfics before mine.)MookFree07, Moony-as-a-girl

Thud. Emrys landed on a stone floor.

"Incarcereous!" Someone shouted and immediately Emrys was bound and gagged.

"You have been flighty, my boy." The man Emrys had come to identify as Albus Dumbledore said.

"You were supposed to stay at your relatives and come to Hogwarts come September! Instead, you left to Merlin knows where. Tell me did you meet Tripe and Solder yet? You did! I guess I can't trick you. I'll just force you into submission."

"I will never submit to you. I've already enrolled at another school!" Emrys protested as the gag was removed.

"We'll see about that. It's not like you can go anywhere. Once that potion is done and once it's ingested, I will have you under my control!" Albus exclaimed with a mad cackle and left the room. Or rather dungeon. When Albus left, the lights were extinguished. Emrys saw the door disappear before he was enclosed in total darkness. There were no windows. There were no cracks upon which light could enter. He was in a total stone box. It reminded him of his cupboard, except his cupboard was better, because he at least saw light and he at least had the spiders. Emrys started feeling claustrophobic. His stress took pity on him and knocked him out.

MASTER WAKE UP!

Emrys WAKE UP!

Emrys's rings pleaded. He was too tired though. He wondered why he was tired. He also felt pain, as if all his old injuries were back.

MASTER WAKE UP!

Emrys WAKE UP!

What's happening? What's this liquid running down my throat?

MASTER WAKE UP!

Emrys WAKE UP!

Where am I? Where's Liam?

MASTER WAKE UP!

Emrys WAKE UP! The founders pleaded.

DAMMIT! Harold Emrys James Arthur! WAKE THE HELL UP YOU DROOLING IMBECILE! A man with a silky voice shouted.

Ouch. Okay, okay, I'm up! Emrys froze. He was bound. Albus Dumbledore was so close to him and was feeding him a potion. Emrys started to resist but found that he was petrified.

What do I do? I can't move!

You can't finish that potion or the effect will be permanent. The man with a silky voice said. His name is Salazar Slytherin, an esteemed potions master.

Where's Melina? Blackie asked.

I don't know. Melina? Emrys No answer.

EMRYS, IF YOU DON'T STOP ALBUS, YOU'LL BE HIS PUPPET FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE! WHAT WOULD YOUR FAMILY SAY? YOU'LL BE FORCED TO DO HIS BIDDING. IF HE TELLS YOU TO KILL YOUR FAMILY, YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO RESIST!

To be enslaved or to be free? That is the question.

I apologize for the previous chapter's length. Since you told me not to enslave him, here you go. Thanks for digging me out of my dilemma.

Sal! Helga protested. Salazar continued his tirade though. Emrys started panicking and with a burst of magic, Albus was thrown into the wall. The potion smashed on the floor and spilled out.

SALAZAR WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME WERE YOU TRYING TO DO? Helga and Rowena protested.

I needed a burst of accidental magic from him! It worked didn't it?

Emrys, come back to us. You're safe for now. The potion's been spilled. He can't control you. That potion takes a month to brew so you're safe for now. Godric said pushing feelings of love, warmth and care to try to calm the young Duke.

"You insolent child! CRUCIO!" Albus exclaimed. Helga and Rowena gasped. Blackie and Cherry couldn't do anything but were worried as Emrys convulsed in pain.

How the mighty have fallen, Godric commented sadly.

Godric, Minerva! Rowena exclaimed.

Your portrait at Minerva's. Hurry before Emrys passes- And Emrys did indeed pass out. The founders couldn't do anything but wait until Emrys regains consciousness.

"Emrys what?" The Queen demanded.

"I apologize. I have no excuses. I should have been the one to grab the letter from the owl. I tried stopping Master, but it was too late." Liam replied as he hung his head.

"You were supposed to arrange his papers! How did it get past your screening?"

"He was awake when we entered. He was staring at the wall from his bed. I think he was thinking."

"I can't believe this. I trusted you!" The Queen scolded.

"Liz, darling. Liam obviously feels guilty. You've always said blamestorming does not help. Calm down dear." Philip tried.

"THIS IS MY GRANDSON, YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! I WILL NOT LOSE HIM LIKE I DID LILY!"

"Shouting will not help. We need action, dear," Philip tried again. The Queen took a breath.

"Contact MI-6. They have a magical unit. FIND MY GRANDSON!" She ordered as she left the room.

Back in their rooms, Philip hugged the Queen and muttered his assurances, even if he himself was worried sick about their grandson.

"Are you awake my sweet?" Albus mocked. He splashed water on Emrys's face causing him to cough and awaken.

"W-Why.. are you... doing this?" Emrys asked.

"Why? Because you're supposed to be my poster boy. Because the Potter fortune WAS supposed to go to me. Because I need absolute power controlling the Boy-Who-Lived is the best way to achieve that."

"L-let me go, please," Emrys pleaded, weak from his injuries and the recent Crucio he suffered.

"I don't think so. IMPERIO!"

Emrys felt bliss. His pain went away and he felt like floating. This feels nice. I wish I could stay here forever, a part of Harry thought.

Give me the Potter ring.

Huh? What's that?

Give me the Potter ring.

Why? I don't want to. It's mine.

Give me the Potter ring.

Feels nice. Maybe I should give him the Potter ring.

GIVE IT TO ME!

Emrys started taking it off.

Wait no! I shouldn't do this. It rightfully belongs to me! It belongs to my dad and his dad, and his dad's dad, and -

GIVE IT TO ME!

"NO!" Emrys screamed.

"My, my, a strong mind. We'll just have to destroy that. CRUCIO!" Emrys started writhing in pain. It was worse than what Vernon did. At least Emrys felt pain from an outside source. At least he had the option to dodge; though in doing so, he's risking more punishment. In this situation, he couldn't dodge as he was bound and the pain came from the inside since the Cruciatus was more of a mental ailment than a physical one. Emrys was held under Crucio for a long time before the pain made him pass out.

Tripe and Solder Associates,

I know you represent the Potters. I've been told by Godric's painting that he is held at Hogwarts against his will. I don't know where though, just that Albus has finally gone mad and kidnapped the child. I didn't know who to contact as I didn't know who Harry Potter is staying with. I hope you respond immediately. Godric sounded very worried.

Sincerely, Minerva McGonagall.

"You imbecile!" Salazar Slytherin exclaimed towards the sleeping form of one Severus Snape.

"Salazar?" Severus asked groggily. Severus was a light-sleeper, thanks to his double-agent life. Salazar easily woke him up. He used

to sometimes talk to the founder. Lately, though, the portrait stopped moving, as if the portrait stopped being magical.

"Yes, me you idiot! What possessed you to brew the Slavery potion for Albus?"

"He said he's trying to find a counter for it."

"Yeah, and you believed it? You're a Slytherin for Merlin's sake! Didn't it cross your mind that he could've used it against you! Be thankful he didn't! Besides, how can he find a counter for it? He's not even a potions master! Don't tell me you believed all that Albus the Alchemist bull!"

"Did...he use it?" Severus asked dreading the answer. From Salazar's tone, Albus must have used it.

"He tried to use it against my charge! Thankfully I riled him enough to force accidental magic out of him and spill that abomination! It's been outlawed and been called dark for a reason! Surely a potions master like you understands why!"

"Your charge?"

"Yes, Harry Po-" Salazar tried but his portrait went to sleep.

A frantic Minerva arrived at Snape's quarters.

"Severus. Albus has gone mad. He has kidnapped Harry Potter!"

"How did you know?" Severus asked.

"Godric's painting. He's never talked to me before. I never knew he was a magical portrait before today. I sent a message to Potter's solicitors."

"Min, Salazar did the same. He berated me for brewing the Slavery Potion for Albus."

"Severus? Of all the idiotic things!"

"I know. I didn't think. Thankfully, he didn't finish the potion. It has no effect on him."

"Albus will probably be back." Minerva warned.

"He already asked me for another. I was going to start it tomorrow but well..."

"Poor kid, first Voldemort and now Albus? Severus, someone's trying to floo me. I'll be back. May I use your floo to floo to my quarters?" Minerva asked.

"Of course." Severus replied. Minerva and Severus loved to banter, but they have always been friends since Severus became a professor; even if Minerva disapproved of his methods and his bias against Gryffindors.

Liam heard from Tripe and Solder about Minerva's letter. He immediately got Roger Careigh from Scotland Yard and Lia Tomlin from MI-6 and went to Hogwarts.

Emrys be strong.

Who are you? Emrys replied. Helga and Rowena silently wept. They didn't have much time though, so Salazar went into action.

Emrys, it doesn't matter who we are. Before you pass out, I need you to say 'I give permission to Severus Tobias Snape to find this dwelling. So mote it be,' said Salazar with deep sadness in his voice. Why? Emrys asked.

Please? I promise saying it won't hurt you or anything, a sweet melodic voice pleaded. Her name is Helga Hufflepuff. Emrys felt comfort from her and so trusted her.

Emrys obliged: I give permission to Severus Tobias Snape to find this dwelling. So mote it be.

Who is Emrys? Emrys asked before succumbing to darkness. Everytime Albus came, Albus imperio'd him trying to get the Potter ring. When he didn't give the ring, Albus crucioed him and tortured him in other ways. None of Emrys' older wounds were left unopened. Every single one became fresh once again. Emrys passed out several times due to blood loss. He survived every time but was constantly weak because of the amount of blood he lost. Emrys was

sure he had broken ribs. To top it off, he couldn't feel his legs. Albus' efforts didn't matter though, since the near-insane Emrys couldn't order the ring to appear anyway. He forgot how.

"Minerva!" Godric said in urgency.

"I don't have much time until Emrys passes out again. You need to scry him. Hogwarts listens to Emrys, I mean Harry Potter, and Salazar is working on getting one of you permission to find him since Albus placed his dungeon under Fidelius. Find him soon please. He's near-"

"Godric!"

"It's no use," Severus said. "Do you have anything of Harry's? Something from his body?"

"I'll go and search," Liam replied. He looked worn out, as if he hadn't been able to sleep.

"Poor lad. He feels responsible. It doesn't help that his employers blame him too." Roger replied.

"Who are his employers," Minerva asked.

"You'll know soon enough. I don't have clearance to tell anyone as of the moment." Minerva nodded. She had an idea who Liam worked for. She had an idea who Harry really was, she just needed confirmation. Right now, saving the kid was more important.

"I'll brew the scrying potion then." Severus said.

"Brew this please," Lia asked. "It's a modified scrying potion that wouldn't need a map. We don't have brewers at MI-6, we usually hire. I brought it over thinking that it might be useful."

Severus nodded. He owed it to Lily, and he did partially forgive the kid's father.

Liam came back with a hairbrush. It had a few of Harry's hairs.

Severus took it and added it to the potion and handed it to Lia. Lia dunked a necklace to the potion and muttered Locatoris. The

necklace sprung to life and started pointing. They were led to Albus' office.

"Minerva, Severus, who are your companions?"

"Stupefy!" Minerva, Severus, Roger and Liam chorused. Albus was thrown to one of his bookcases, stunned. Albus was powerful, but against four angry competent wizards, he was powerless.

"Minerva and I will watch him. Liam, you go with Severus and Lia," Roger ordered. Liam nodded, grateful that he got to go with the search party.

Lia stopped seeing the necklace and the direction it was pointing to.

"It's pointing to this wall of books." Liam and Severus tried to pry the bookcase away from the wall. Didn't work. They started pulling books. Liam touched one that shocked him.

"Ouch."

"What happened?" Severus asked.

"This book just shocked me, literally," Liam replied. Severus tried and it responded. The bookcase opened to a room. Emrys was slumped on the floor unconscious. His clothes were tattered, his hair disheveled and his face covered with blood and bruises.

"Master!" Liam exclaimed and tried to go in. He bounced back and stumbled to the floor.

Severus tried to push his hand in. Seeing that it worked, he entered. Albus used a modified Fidelius that allowed people to see but not access the dwelling unless they had permission. It was used in the old days in prisons. Nowadays, they had those horrible Dementors in Azkaban.

Severus picked up the boy that was too light to be eleven. It had been a week since Emrys first disappeared and Severus figured Albus didn't feed him.

Cherry and Blackie says, finally, took you long enough, said Georgina(Liam's wand) to Liam.

"I'm sorry Cherry, Blackie. I tried. But my magics weren't enough." Liam said. The rest of the room looked at him weirdly. He looked like he was talking to the air.

They said they understand. They're just glad you found him. He's not fully insane yet.

"Insane?" Liam asked. The rest of the room whipped their heads towards him.

He was put under crucio almost was a time when the white man was particularly angry. He was tired of not being able to Imperio Emrys. He held Emrys under crucio for a long time and with more intensity. Without a potion to counter the effects, they piled on and started to make him go insane. The pain from his other injuries doesn't help. Last time he was awake, he didn't know who Emrys was and didn't know who the rings were.

"He was put under Crucio. Albus was said to be particularly tenacious after Harry didn't succumb to his Imperio." Liam said with shame. He couldn't protect his charge even if he promised Emrys he would.

"How do you know this?" Minerva asked.

"He's right though," Severus replied. Severus had some healer training and could diagnose some ailments, especially curses.

"Wands talk. They talk among themselves too."

Fawkes seemed to be frozen in place. He was crying though. No one noticed him.

They sent Emrys to Poppy who gave him Anti-cruciatus. Roger went back to London to give a status report.

"It only works on fresh ones though." Poppy said about the anti-cruciatus potion to Lia, Roger and Liam.

"I just thought of something. You're Liam Wensley." Severus said.

"Yes. My companion that day was Master Harry, well, Master Emrys."

"So he attended the will reading?" Severus asked.

"Yes. He has the Potter Inheritance Ring with him. I gather Dumbledore wanted that."

"Who are you?" Severus asked with narrowed eyes.

"He's under the employ of the palace. I don't know for how much longer, though," said a stiff voice. It was Loen. Liam flinched. With him was the Queen and Prince Philip. Severus, Minerva, Poppy, Liam and Lia bowed.

"Roger told us he's been rescued and told us how to get here. How is he?" She demanded. Poor Poppy, the bearer of bad news.

"He was subjected under a spell called Cruciatus multiple times. We are not sure about the state of his mind. He's in magical coma which we forced onto him to help him heal. His old wounds and injuries reopened via a spell. He also has new ones, including several broken ribs, a broken leg and a shattered spleen. Fortunately, we have remedies for his physical injuries. I'd like to keep him here until he's healed, if you would allow it, your majesty."

The Queen nodded. She has heard of St. Mungo's but decided that it's better at the Hogwarts Infirmary since it's private.

"Where is the man that abducted my grandson?" Poppy pointed to another bed. Albus was still stunned. He had peculiar looking cuffs that held him to the bed.

Grandson? thought Severus and Minerva. Poppy knew of it since long ago. She was, after all, the matron. She took care of all of Hogwarts, including a Lily Evans - Lilian Catherine Sophia Victoria.

"What are these?" The Queen asked pointing to the metal bracelets on Dumbledore's wrists.

"Magic restrictors," Lia provided. "MI-6 developed them a year ago. With them on, he cannot perform any magic. Its use is highly regulated. Each cuff is keyed to every agent that has them. You

need sky level clearance to get one of them and they can only be obtained by being assigned them by the director. To assign them, he need the signatures of two other directors."

The Queen nodded in approval.

"Mr. Wensley, you continued employment will depend on your charge's decision. For now, though, you are suspended. You will be contacted once Emrys is healed. You may leave."

Liam did a final bow and left sulkily in a hurry.

"You're too harsh on him. I've heard he hasn't been able to sleep since the incident," Philip replied. He was silenced with a glare from the grandmother.

"How is he?" the Queen asked.

"I will not lie to you, your majesty. I've never seen anything as bad as this since the Longbottoms." Poppy replied. Severus' eyes widened.

"Severus, Lily's potions!" Minerva said remembering the will-reading. Lily had partially developed a cure from Cruciatus-induced insanity and asked Severus to finish them.

"I haven't finished them. They're still not fit for consumption."

"I suggest you work on them then. Feel free to hire assistants, we'll pay for them," the Queen replied.

I thought I told you not for another 100 years? a woman with red hair and green eyes demanded.

I'm sorry. Who are you? A young man with jet black messy hair and green eyes asked.

Oh dear. Lily, the red-haired green-eyed woman muttered.

Emrys what happened? James, her husband, asked.

I don't know. Who is Emrys? Why does everyone keep on calling me that? Is that my name?

General stuff:

Not going to answer reviews individually then T.T So mean...v.v

I`m not going to pull it just because it's short. I`m sorry you think it`s crappy. My chapters were supposed to be that short every time anyway. As I said, I was stuck. I wanted to post that chapter in hopes I`d get out of the slump and I did.

Royals are AU! I'm sorry my royals are not stuck up and stiff. When you`re talking to family, you lose the formality, in my humble opinion. I`m starting to think using the parallel was a bad idea.

Also, my royals are not so deeply entrenched in the magical world. Only the Duke of Magic is. They have wizards in their employ but they're not that advanced. People coming out from Hogwarts aren`t that advanced. Canon Hermione is an exception.

Dumbledore can't fool Emrys. Emrys was in the will-reading.

I`m a simpleton. Don`t over think me.

Ultimately, I think fanfics are AU.

end of rant.

Here you go. Thanks for your answers, I didn't enslave him as requested. Thank you for the reviews!

Disclaimer: I don't own anything. Royals are AU. Similarities unintended. Yes, Dumbledore's punishment is not enough.

A/N: Hey everyone! Thanks for the reviews! Hope you liked the Dursley chapter! I made a mistake. It was supposed to come after this chapter. I'll switch it when I update again.

I can't reply to reviews, but I'm confused. Why did you think it was the end of the story?

I lied. OCs are coming next chapter. Anna or Mischa? For any of you named Anna or Mischa, I apologize in advance. I have nothing against Annas or Mischas

As for how long Emrys was in a coma. I'm not going to say, because I messed up the timeline. I took out any references to time. If you see any, please let me know.

The Queen refused to leave Emrys's side sending Prince Philip to her appointments. Camilla, Charles, Harry and William visited several times.

Albus Dumbledore Arrested!

Harry Potter, Boy-Who-Lived found tortured by Hogwarts Headmaster

Wizengamot in Disarray over Supreme Mugwump's Actions

Albus' case was handled rapidly thanks to power-hungry politicians and solid evidence. He was sent to Azkaban because some politicians thought that it was worse than being kissed and that Dumbledore needed a full punishment. Lia was given new power inhibitor bracelets because, well, no one wanted to remove Dumbledore's new accessory. Not with the Queen in the room and also who would want to do so anyway?

The Queen had a long discussion with her advisors on Dumbledore and the Dursleys' punishments. Most of them suggested that she stay away from the Dumbledore case unless they wanted to go public with the Duke of Magicdom. As for the Dursleys, the advisors went and did research, found blackmail and published the said blackmail material. The Queen then went to visit the Dursleys in

prison and mocked them of their newfound fame. Someday Dumbledore will pay!

That night, Fawkes appeared on Emrys's headboard much to the surprise of the Queen.

Fawkes started crying on Emrys.

"Don't panic Madam. He's a phoenix and phoenix tears help heal. I'm sure it would be good for Master Emrys." Loen stated.

The Queen nodded and continued watching the magical bird. She was amazed as she saw Emrys's bruises, scars and cuts disappear; even the ones Poppy said she couldn't heal because of curses. Just then a snow white owl arrived. She seemed to converse with the phoenix and somehow nodded. To Loen, the Queen and Poppy's surprise, the phoenix stabbed the owl in the heart and the room was filled with white blinding light. Next thing they knew, there was a white adult phoenix emerging from a mist of red dust that was eventually scattered by the wind. Hedwig, the snow owl, became a phoenix. Fawkes was nowhere to be found.

Emrys opened his eyes expecting the lady named Lily and the man named James. They said they were his parents and that his mind was injured by a man and that's why he couldn't remember anything. Instead, he saw a royal-looking woman, a stiff butler-looking man, a man in black robes, a nurse and two magnificent bird on his headboard.

I'm Hedwig. I used to be your owl but Fawkes turned me into a Phoenix before he died. We'll talk later.

Welcome back Emrys! several voices chirped.

He didn't understand what was happening.

"Emrys?"

Emrys, I know that name. Emrys thought. Suddenly his mind was flooded with memories.

"Argh!" He exclaimed as he held his head. The Queen went to him but was held back by Loen.

"Do Something!"

"We can't. It would interfere with the potion. I'm sorry, your majesty." Severus solemnly replied.

"What's happening."

"The potion repaired the connections in his brain. I'd say he's having information overload right now." Severus explained.

Emrys fainted.

"He'll be fine. He just needs rest. We tested this already." Severus said trying to hide his anxiety.

"On who?"

"First rats, then the a few in the Mental ward at St. Mungos. Finally, the Longbottoms and now Harry. They all recovered within a few days."

"I'll hold you to that," the Queen said. Severus gulped.

Emrys woke up in a dark room. Huh? Then he felt pain from his legs and his backside, what the-?

Emrys tried remembering what happened... he couldn't. He heard some creaking.

"We're going out. You better behave or else! Well, not like you can do anything anyway. You're stuck there until we return!" A plump man screamed, through the small windowed bars on his door, or what Emrys thought was the door. Suddenly, Emrys seemed to be pulled. He felt nauseous as his vision blurred. The next thing he knew, he was in a large comfortable bed with several people looking at him.

"I'm glad you're awake how are you feeling?" a woman asked. Emrys was about to answer but he felt a wave of nausea again.

"Give me the Potter ring!" An old man with white hair demanded. He was about to get hit by a red light when he felt the nausea again. The scene-shifts started to become shorter and shorter until they all just went in a blur and Emrys passed out from exhaustion, remembering everything that happened in his life- even those that he wanted to forget.

Luckily for Severus, Emrys did recover.

"Grandma?" Emrys asked.

"Emrys! I'm glad you remember!" Grandma Liz exclaimed.

"Should I not?" Emrys asked as she was hugged tightly. "Grand-ma. Can't bre-"

"Your majesty, I think your suffocating your young charge."

"Oh Sorry, Emrys. I'm just very relieved," She said with tears in her eyes. Emrys was flooded with positive emotion.

"I know. I'm sorry I worried you. I shouldn't have opened that letter."

"You remember?"

"I remember everything," even things I don't want to remember, Emrys thought.

"What happened to Dumbledore?" Emrys asked.

"He's gone and won't be able to hurt you again." Poppy proceeded to check him over. She was glad with what she found. Emrys had a clean bill of health.

Emrys looked up to the phoenix who was still on his headboard.

"Hedwig?"

It's me! I thought you've forgotten about me. But when I finally felt you, you were injured. I followed your trace and arrived here. I asked Fawkes to turn me into phoenix.

"I can see that. Do you like it?"

Like it? I love it! Extra abilities, you know?

Emrys laughed inwardly.

Master! Cherry(Emry's first wand) exclaimed. Welcome back, Blackie(Emry's second wand) greeted.

Thank you. Thank you for keeping me sane longer than I should have.

Our pleasure, Cherry and Blackie said. Emrys was kept sane by their talks.

The founders say hi as well. They need to rest for now, they've been helping you recover. Cherry said.

Please thank them for me.

"So her name's Hedwig?" the Queen asked.

"Yes," Emrys said in reply.

"You can leave the wing anytime you want Harry. Of course you could also stay. But I give you a clean bill of health," The matron said.

"Thank you madam."

They went back to Balmoral that afternoon. They had a welcome back party for Emrys. Roger, Lia, Minerva and Severus came. Severus was awarded the status of friend of the palace. It was a step below being a knight.

"Where's Liam?" Emrys finally asked.

"He's suspended until further notice. He lapsed in his duties."

"He didn't. It's my fault. I shouldn't have touched that letter. I was the nosy one. Protocol says I should be given the letters. I shouldn't take them. I want him back, please. His loyalty is unparalleled, in my opinion."

"I can't take him back. He endangered you."

"I endangered myself!" Emrys protested.

"No and that's final!" The Queen shouted. Emrys froze. It was his first time experiencing an upset and overprotective grandma. He took it the wrong way and stormed out of the room. He ran and locked himself in his room.

"Please Master Emrys, open your door," Maria pleaded. She was tasked by the Queen to fetch the young prince, but he won't budge. Emrys was feeling guilty at making Liam lose his job. Liam was also a good friend and a trusty companion.

Maria continued knocking for an hour when suddenly the door opened. Emrys looked frazzled and distraught. It appealed to Maria's motherly instincts and she suddenly enveloped Emrys in a hug.

"I'm glad you're alright. I was worried sick when I heard about your abduction. I was very glad when I heard you returned, but was worried again when I didn't see you."

"I apologize for making you worry."

"It's my job to worry." Maria said.

"Everything will work out alright." Maria said, trying to comfort her charge.

"No it won't. Grandma blames Liam. I made him lose his job! I lost my friend! Grandma's angry at me too! I'm surprised she hasn't kicked me out yet." Emrys said. It was then that Maria noticed the closet. The closet doors were ajar, but what was more eye-catching was the inside of the closet. It was empty.

"Where are you going?" Maria asked.

"I don't know. Grandma doesn't want me anymore and so I was going to Tripe and Solder and see if I have a house I could use until the start of the school year." Emrys said.

"Master Emrys, that's preposterous. Your grandma wouldn't kick you out."

Emrys didn't say anything. He just started to walk towards the door. Maria followed him and led him to the dining hall. In the middle of the journey, Emrys reached for Maria's hand. Maria hid a motherly smile. To her, Emrys was a young child who was anxious and needed some comfort. When they reached their destination, she gave it a squeeze and opened the doors to the hall.

Dinner was a tense affair. The Queen had been waiting for Emrys. Dinner was already an hour late. She didn't speak and Emrys didn't either. The Queen finally spoke as the deserts came.

"Very well, take Loen tomorrow. He knows where Liam currently resides."

Emrys looked up at his grandmother's face. She wasn't smiling, obviously unhappy, but she wasn't angry either.

"Thank you Grandmother." Emrys replied after a few moments of deciphering what just happened. His grandmother just agreed to take Liam back.

"Be careful." She said with sincere worry.

"I promise. I'll get Liam to teach me some magic." Emrys exclaimed, completely forgetting about his thoughts about being thrown out.

"Good."

Loen and Emrys went to Liam's place. No one answered.

"Just a moment, your highness." Loen said. Emrys nodded. Loen took out his wand and unlocked the door. They were met with the smell of alcohol.

"I think you better stay out here with Cole." Cole, the guard, nodded to Loen. Loen went in and closed the door.

"What the hell are you doing you dimwit!" Loen yelled. "Drinking yourself to death is not the proper way to die! Your master is outside

waiting. I suggest cleaning your mess. You have five minutes."

Some mumbling was heard.

"Are you a wizard or not?" Loen finally said before leaving the apartment and banging the door. Emrys was trying not to laugh but failing badly.

"Remind me not to get drunk under your care." Emrys half-joke. He had a smile on his face that Loen was glad to see. It's amazing how you can still smile after all you've endured. Why does everything have to happen to you? Loen thought.

"Don't worry, I haven't scolded any royal for getting drunk yet. I've scolded a lot of the palace staff. Her Majesty does sometimes mutter about sacking me to the Princes."

"How old are they? Are they even allowed to drink?"

"Prince Harry is 18, Prince William is 21. They're allowed to drink."

"Is being magical advantageous as a butler?"

"Very. I graduated top of my class because of it. Liam too. There are a lot of household charms that allow us to get the work done faster and neater."

"Isn't that cheating?" Emrys accused.

"Maybe. But if you're gifted with the ability, it would be a waste if you do not use it. I see it as talent. Some people are more talented in, say, music. Most of them go into music. Is that cheating?"

"No."

"We're the same. We're talented in being a butler thanks to magic, so we go and become butlers."

"I see. Thank you."

"Anytime Master Emrys."

They heard the door open. "Please enter your highness," Liam greeted with a bow. He sounded so depressed. He cleaned up well.

Gone was the stink of alcohol or the clutter of bottles and broken vases. It was a perfectly styled and arranged bachelor's flat. Emrys sat on the sofa while Loen stood.

"I truly truly apologize Master Emrys. If it were not for me, you would not have had to endure what you did for the past few weeks. I fully accept any punishment you wish to dish out on this royal idiot." He said then bowed to the ground.

"Stand up," Emrys ordered. Emrys slapped him.

SLAP! The right side of Liam's face was glowing red. Emrys gave his all in that slap.

"Who do you think you are?" Emrys shouted. Loen was taken aback, he thought Emrys would forgive Liam. He kept a blank face though. It wasn't his place to judge. Liam stayed silent. "I'm the only one, the ONLY ONE... entitled to the title of royal idiot." Emrys said with a gentler tone. "There can only be one royal idiot. And that would be me." The generally composed Liam broke down and cried. He tried to stop but couldn't. "I'm sorry. I know I shouldn't be crying... but..." Emrys just pulled him into a hug. Loen thought it was interesting to see a fully trained butler being consoled by an 11 year old child.

"Work starts at 6:45." Emrys said. Liam was stunned. "I-I don't deserve to go back. I'm a failure at being a butler. I failed to protect you."

"Then atone for it. I want my butler back. I want my friend back." Emrys said in a tone that left no room for argument.

"How dare you refuse Master Emrys!" Loen added with a slight joking tone. Emrys could tell he was serious though.

"T-thank you. I'll be there at 6, I promise."

Emrys nodded. They left Liam as they went back to Emrys's room in the castle. Are you really eleven? Loen thought.

Loen took his post near the door while Emrys read. Or tried to. Harry felt awkward knowing he was being watched.

"Loen, I'm sure you have other duties to attend to. I will be fine in my room. There are just some books I want and need to read."

"It's my duty to stay." Loen replied.

"I'm sure you have others. I insist. If you wish to stay, get something to do, please."

"As you wish." Loen replied. Cherry was called. She brought in some paperwork for Loen while Loen transfigured a pencil into a table.

"Thank you Master Emrys."

"It's the logical thing to do." Emrys shrugged.

Emrys read history books first. He was surprised though that he retained as much as he did.

It allowed him to continue reading other books including one from Slytherin's vault, Theory of Magic. It explained magic well, including why wands helped, how magic can be performed without a wand, origin of magic and even how spells work. It was an easy read and explained magic so well. He felt something stir inside him, as if his magic was feeling happy as he thought about magic more. He was so engrossed in it, he didn't notice the time fly.

"Master Emrys, it's time for dinner."

"Really? Time flew."

"Indeed."

"Hello Emrys, how was your day?" The Queen greeted.

"Liam's coming back tomorrow. Is that alright?"

The Queen didn't say anything. She was still mad at Liam.

"Please forgive him," Emrys replied.

"Sorry. It's hard. He put you in danger." The Queen said gently.

"From what I've heard, I'll always be in danger."

"How so?"

"The reason mum died was because I was a part of a prophecy that says that I'm the only one who can kill this madman named Voldemort."

"I've been briefed about him."

"Yeah. I'm probably number one on his list if he appears again."

"He's not dead?"

"Not exactly. We'll have to put you into training then. You won't be defenseless."

"I won't. I'm reading up on magics that can help me. Healing magic too. They're very interesting, and very useful."

"A letter arrived from LSM a few days ago. I hope you don't mind if we opened it." Loen started upon the Queen's nod. Emrys shook his head. "Good. Thank you. There's an orientation week just before the start of classes. It's an introduction to the wizarding world. Likewise, they have a program for purebloods on muggles. There are also activities in the afternoon. You'll be put in groups with older students leading the groups. They wish for you to make friends before school starts. It ends at 5:30 in the afternoon at which point you are free. You don't have to attend the whole week. They only really need you to drop by for a while during the week to test your knowledge and your magics. Think of it as placement tests. They also do a scan on your magic see if you have potential in certain abilities like Animagus, Elementals, Greenthumb and others. If you do, they'll find you a tutor to coach you. You can stay in the dorms for the Orientation week."

"I think I'd like to go to the orientation."

"Do you want to live there or go back here?"

"Um... I want to go back for the first 4 days and then stay for the rest?" Emrys replied after some thinking. He was worried he'd get bullied again and wanted the comfort of home. The Queen nodded.

"I'm going to miss you!" exclaimed the Queen as she hugged Emrys, tightly. Emrys didn't mind, he could still breathe.

Emrys could sense her emotions and it was amplifying his emotions as they were the same. "I want you back as many weekends as you can, specially the long ones."

"Are we allowed to do that?" Emrys asked dubiously.

"No one dictates what the royals can do," The Queen replied curtly. Of course, Emrys thought.

"Permission has already been arranged. Liam has also been cleared to be in the premises. He won't always be with you, but he is one of your bodyguards for the duration of the school year. He will be employed as assistant history professor," Loen explained later in the evening.

Ciruwen?

Melina!

I heard what happened. I'm sorry I wasn't there.

Non-sense. A lot of people weren't there. Don't blame yourself please.

If I had been there, I could have killed him.

I don't want you to kill.

You were in danger.

What's past is past. The person who abducted me and gave me pain is in prison.

Emrys frowned as he continued to feel the spider's remorse.

Melina, please. I forgive you. Stop tormenting yourself.

I-I'll try. It's just that you're the only family I have left.

I'm honoured. I promise I won't be going away for quite some time.
Emrys said as he stroked the spider's back.

Emrys had lessons everyday on etiquette, decorum, politics and other royal subjects. His instructors were very delighted at his pace. He was learning a lot in a very short time. They might just make the school year.

They almost did.

"Grandma, I can handle it. Please let me continue the royal lessons. My instructors said I only need a weekend a few weekday sessions. I'll skip some of the afternoon sessions."

"Rys, you can continue your session during the weekends. There's a lot more to learn like music, art, horseback riding and all that."
Emrys bit his lip trying not to pout. He really wanted to finish the courses but could see the grannie wisdom.

"Alright."

"You're too cute," the Queen teased as she ruffled Emrys' hair. A few of the maids stifled their chuckles unsuccessfully.

Please Review! ^_^

Disclaimer: Don't own anything. Royals are AU. Similarities to other stories unintended.

A/N: Interlude chapter. I don't think I'm mean enough to the Dursleys. There might be a Dursleys part II, but not in a while. I know what I might do for that, but the story's timeline need to move forward for that to happen.

Emrys = Harry James Potter

Spoilers-but-not-really?:

Woohoo, LSM! But, not for a while since the story is slow. Emrys has to finish summer first. When LSM comes, a lot of you will probably think I made him to Super... I apologize. But he has to! The world is on his shoulders! When you have a good theoretical foundation, you'll have an easier time learning the more complex concepts simply because you have the basics secured on your belt.

The OC's name is Anna. Or maybe Mischa. ^_^ It will be in approximately three chapters from now.

I finished the paper. But I realized that, like this fanfic, I might not have explained my points thoroughly.

Thanks for all your reviews! Sadly, can't reply... against the rules.
TT_TT

Filler: Dursleys

A grandmotherly woman entered the 22nd division, Police Headquarters where the latest child abusers were housed. They had a son that was taken in by child services. He was enrolled in a military school to learn health, discipline, respect. As far as this grandmother has heard, the child endured punishment laps, obstacle runs and other more severe kinds of punishments from his superiors for his constant spoiled and bratty attitude.

The child abusers were husband and wife and were housed in different cells, with just one wall in between them. The grandmother talked to the highest officer, asking to meet the child abusers. She had a bone to pick. The couple abused her grandchild.

The grandmother sat patiently on a chair on the visiting chamber. Around her, police men and women were being reprimanded for ignoring their duties in favour of staring and goggling at the grandmother. Finally, the police chief and vice-chief entered with the two prisoners in tow. They had to do the job since all their juniors were too excited to be composed. Despite being the chief and vice-chief of the division, these two officers bowed, before leaving the grandmother and her aide. After all, they had to; she was the Queen of their sovereign.

"Your majesty!" the woman prisoner exclaimed as she curtsied. She had always idolized the monarchs. Their life of prestige, influence and money appealed to the very core of her being. It was her ideal life.

Beside her, her husband bowed as well. He wasn't as sincere as the woman. To him, the monarchs represented something he'd never be, a world he could never enter- the life of prestige, influence and money that he cannot ever achieve, specially not after being arrested. What's worse is that his wife wanted the monarch life and he, as a husband, couldn't give it to her. His insides were screaming, "If only monarchs didn't exist, then she wouldn't aspire for their glorious life."

The Queen inclined her head curtly in response. It was barely a nod. It was barely even noticeable. For the next ten minutes, she just stared at them. Did I say stare? I meant glared. The woman tried making conversation, but she merely ignored them.

Finally, she said gently, "What is the reason for your incarceration?"

The woman mistaking the Queen's gentle tone for symphony replied, "It's so horrible! They accuse us of being child abusers!"

"Oh how horrible. Exactly what did you do for this treatment?" The Queen asked in a tone laced with sarcasm. The abusers remained oblivious to the true meaning of her words.

"We clothed him and fed him. We may have disciplined him several times, but that was entirely the brat's fault!" The man exclaimed, speaking for the first time.

"How ungrateful. What was you relationship with the boy?"

"He just arrived at our doorstep! We did not want him as we had a son to look after." The man said with restrained disgust.

"Then why did you allow him to stay?" The Queen asked.

"We had to. We were dealing with people more powerful than us." The woman replied, faking fear.

"Is that so? Would you have loved the boy if you weren't dealing with people more powerful than you?" The Queen asked.

"Given the choice, we would have given him back! He's not our son and we don't want to be affiliated with these powerful people!" The woman exclaimed.

"What's the name of the boy?"

"Harry James Potter," Vernon said, this time with unhidden contempt.

"Oh, I've heard of him." Leon finally spoke, then gasped. "I'm sorry to interrupt, your majesty."

"No, do go on," the Queen said. They planned the whole conversation and the couple was falling for it.

"He's the saviour of the wizarding world!" Leon exclaimed. The criminals were surprised.

"W-what? T-there's no such thing as magic," the man stuttered.

"I disagree. I've personally met their Minister of Magic. I still prefer Tony, though. He's far more intelligent and has far more backbone than that Fudge." The Queen replied.

"When he was a baby, a killing curse rebounded off of him and destroyed the evil wizard of that time. Since then, the wizarding world has lived in times of peace. He's very famous in their world. Apparently, he's very rich too. The Potters are of Noble and Ancient descent. They are a very powerful, rich and influential family." Leon continued.

"Ah yes, the Potters. I remember now. James Potter?" The Queen asked.

"Yes," Leon replied.

"Is he of any relation to you?" The Queen asked.

"He is the boy's father." The woman

"And his mother?" The Queen asked.

"My adopted sister, Lily Evans."

"Lily, huh. I once had a daughter named Lily, Lilian actually. She was sent to normal life when she was 8. She was supposed to return on her 11th birthday, but we decided to let her continue her normal life. Do you want to know why?" The Queen asked. The criminals could just nod. No one denied the Queen, specially not criminals who were looking for a way out.

"She got accepted to this school of magic called Hogwarts. Unfortunately, she passed away when an evil wizard attacked them. Their son got away unscathed, other than a lightning bolt scar on his forehead. We were looking for years and recently we found him." The Queen said. Slowly her gentle tone became harsh and biting. "We found him, close to death, beaten by his so-called relatives. They weren't really his relatives, they were just guardians. It's quite horrifying, to see a noble so broken. I promised there and then that his tormentors would pay! Do you want to know what I would do?" The Queen asked but didn't wait for their answer.

"I'd dig up their history and have the newspapers report every atrocity they've committed. And then, they'd be fined so bad, they would go bankrupt. Of course, they'd have such a bad reputation that they wouldn't be able to find any decent jobs when they get out of prison, if they ever do get out at all. Of course, they'd probably try another country, but they wouldn't be able to. I'd put them on temporary restraining orders so they'd never be able to leave the country. Besides, with a criminal record, they wouldn't be able to go far. It's a good thing they didn't molest my grandson, because I'm sure they wouldn't survive prison otherwise. I heard the inmates were particularly nasty towards child molesters, though I know I have some idolizers in the prison system. I might just let it slip that

child abusers are awfully disgusting, specially ones with the last name of Dursley." She said with a sneer.

"Your majesty, we should probably leave. You have an appointment in half an hour." Leon finally said.

"Oh look at the time. Enjoy your stay!" The Queen said as she stood up. As she walked towards the door, Leon put a spell on the two criminals. The spell would make them relieve their accuser's punishment every night in their dreams. It will continue until all of the young boy's punishments were relieved.

They'd wake up perfectly fine. Fine, they'd probably be really fatigued. After all, Vernon's punishments were intense. The final blow was a newspaper he slammed on the table as he left.

A picture of the two criminals' mug shots were plastered on the front page.

Boy abused by his own "relatives"

An eleven-year old boy was found near death after his 'relatives', Vernon and Petunia Dursley, abused him for not being able to do chores properly. The incident was described by investigators as the worst case of child abuse in ten years. The boy sported various injuries both old and new. The list includes deep bruising and broken bones. He also had third degree burns on his hands.

Upon further investigation, it was found that the boy was pulled from school to 'earn his keep' by working from home as an envelope preparer. On top of that, he was also forced to do all the chores around the house.

The couple is now being investigate for several crimes including tax evasion, fraud, child neglect, child abuse, child labour, organized crime affiliation and kidnapping.

Vernon's parent company, Grunnings, are being sued for tax evasion, fraud and failure to report a crime. As of this afternoon, their stock prices have gone down by 50%. If the trend continues, the company might eventually go bankrupt.

Vernon and Petunia Dursley are currently in a holding cell at the 22nd Division awaiting their trial. Their son, Dudley Dursley is currently enrolled in the National Military Academy for Juveniles and Delinquents for attacking an officer and numerous reports of bullying. Please review! ^_^ Thank you!

A/N: Don't own anything. Fanfic is AU.

Emrys = Harry Potter

Harry = Prince Harry

Liam = Emrys' butler

Writing the Dursleys chap was fun. But now, we go back to our usual dialogue heavy story. Sorry, I'd revamp it, but I don't really have the time. Well, brain space rather than time.

Anyone want to beta?

They had two parties before Emrys left. One was private, only Charles, Camilla, William, Harry, were invited. The other was semi-private where nearly all of the royals were invited. They were going to announce Emry's rise to the Margrave of Edinburghship to extended family with express restriction of information. They'd know but they can't tell anyone or risk public humiliation and disownment. You didn't become the Queen without knowing blackmail information or having people owe you favours.

"Thank you ladies and gentlemen for coming," greeted the Queen. "As some of you may know, we have been searching for my daughter's son for a long time now. About a month ago, he was found. Today we celebrate his ascension to his rightful place in the throne. Please welcome Prince Harold Emrys James Arthur, Margrave of Edinburgh."

Emrys who was dressed in white slacks, white shoes and white army polo adorned with crests and medals entered the hall. The audience parted for him and bowed to him. He was technically higher than anyone other than Charles, Camilla, William and Harry. It was lost on the younger generation, though. Only those of the same age as Charles or greater knew. The elders bowed first with the younger ones following suit, after a bit of prodding.

He reached the podium, faced the crowd and gave a bow with his right hand on his heart, everyone clapped.

"I propose a toast, to the Margrave of Edinburgh!" Prince Phillip started.

"To the Margrave!" The crowd exclaimed in response.

Emrys opened the dance as per royal tradition.

The opening dance was a statement. Being chosen first was a huge honour. Eligible girls made a circle around Emrys with the other royals behind them. He was to pick one of them. He picked a modest looking girl wearing a red dress with flower ornaments. She had blond hair and blue eyes that made her look refined, but approachable. She looked like a nice girl. Emrys went up to her, bowed and offered his hand. The girl was surprised. She didn't think she'd get chosen for the first dance. She didn't hesitate as it was considered impolite. Instead, she took Emrys' hand still believing that she was in a dream.

Emrys was nervous about dancing but found that the girl was easy to dance with. She was very forgiving when Emrys stepped on her toe. She avoided looking at Emrys though.

"Is there something wrong with me? I been told that when dancing, I should keep eye contact, yet you try hard to avoid me," Emrys told the girl. In response, the girl looked up allowing Emrys to be mesmerized by the girl's sparkling blue eyes.

"My apologies, your highness. I was just surprised and did not want to see your expression." She replied. Her voice was so sweet and innocent.

"My expression?"

"Yes. I don't like how boys look at me. They look at me as a weird prize. Weird but a prize nonetheless. I thought you'd find me weird and regret your choice. I was sorely mistaken, judging from your expression right now."

"You looked surprised when I asked you to dance with me. I thought you were going to reject it," Emrys commented to her as they danced.

"I could never reject your request, I merely did not expect to be chosen by anyone, much less by you, your highness." She replied in a soft voice.

"Please, call me Emrys."

"As you wish, Prince Margrave Emrys." She replied. Emrys just looked at her in hopelessness and sighed.

"What do I call you?" Emrys asked.

"Anna is fine."

"Your title?"

"Lady Anna." she replied. Emrys sighed. He wished she had a longer title. That way she might be persuaded to drop his title. Oh well.

"Well, Lady Anna, I am surprised that a person of your beauty expects to be unclaimed this evening."

"I speak from experience. Men find me far too shy or far too noisy."

"Shy and noisy? How can you be both?"

"The men that do acknowledge me even with my shyness find that I'm a curious girl that loves to read, and engage in intelligent conversation."

"I find no fault in doing so."

"They wish for more lady-like women."

"More lady-like?"

"Yes, someone more into shopping, make up, all those girly things."

"You don't like them?"

"I do, but not enough. There's a time and place for everything."

"I agree. So my lady, when you're not being lady-like what do you do?" Emrys asked with a smile. They were dancing for a second song.

"I study. I wish to be a doctor."

"A noble profession."

"I also enjoy archery, fencing and martial arts." She said awaiting Emrys's reaction.

"Ah, lessons I hope to start soon. For now, remind me not to get on your bad side." Emrys said just as he stepped on Anna's feet.

"Ohmigosh! I'm so sorry. Please, don't maim me!" Ana tried hard not to chuckle.

"Please don't make me laugh. I'll be reprimanded for laughing so openly. I must say, though, you have very nice timing." She said half-seriously. Emrys chuckled.

Emrys found that her name is Anna Magdalena Sophia Germania, the only daughter of the Rosewoods, third cousins of the Hallflowers. She and Emrys were of the same age.

"Are you going to LSM?" she asked. Emrys was taken aback by her question.

"The title of the Margrave of Edinburgh is only given to the Duke of Magic." She replied as an explanation. Emrys was even more shocked.

"I was not aware royals knew what the title really meant."

"Usually, no. However, I've read about it in some book. I am magical as well. I am also entering LSM. I was going to go to Hogwarts but once her majesty found out, I was pulled out."

"We had a reason to believe Hogwarts was not safe. The headmaster had a bit too much interest in me. He was recently removed due to unfortunate events. If you really wanted to, I'm sure her majesty would allow you." Emrys explained.

"That is unnecessary. The only reason I did not consider LSM was that I was not sent an invitation. My home is not part of their jurisdiction. However, her majesty pulled some strings and got me an invitation. They have a superior and more progressive curriculum

than that of Hogwarts. It suits my needs better." Anna replied with muted excitement.

"Are there any others that are magical?" Emrys asked.

"There are a couple. I only know about Lady Mischa, Lady Stefania and Lady Emma. They are the ones we're going to pass, wearing red, green and blue dresses. They are going to LSM as well."

They passed them as they whispered to themselves.

"That tramp! She has some nerve monopolizing his highness." Anna flinched.

Emrys frowned. It was obvious Lady Anna was hurt but was trying to hide it.

"Ignore them. They are just jealous I chose you." Emrys told Anna.

"You really should dance with the other ladies." Anna replied half-heartedly.

"After this song, then. I like dancing with you. I look forward to going to LSM with you. If being like them is what it means to be lady-like, then I am overjoyed that you are not lady-like."

"Thank you, my lord."

"The pleasure is mine, my lady." Emrys said with an exaggerated bow trying to cheer up his new found friend. She was too bothered to notice. Emrys saw Lady Mischa approaching him with his two flunkies. He didn't want to dance with her, though, so he searched for Annabelle a 6-year old.

"May I have this dance?" Emrys asked with a bow to Annabelle as people started pouring in to the dance floor. The tradition was that, once the guest of honor moved on to his second partner, everyone else may dance.

Annabelle giggled, "It would be a pleasure, my dear sir."

Emrys took her hand and had to crouch down a bit and started to dance with her. Annabelle was clearly enjoying herself.

"Are you avoiding Lady Misch?" Annabelle asked.

"Am I too obvious?" Emrys asked.

"To me. She's probably too thick to realize it."

"Annabelle!" Emrys gently scolded.

"It's true. I don't like her either. She's mean."

"Was she mean to you?"

"She tried once, but Lady Anna saved me, except they became mean to her instead."

"I'm sorry."

"Not your fault. I'm glad you grew." Annabelle commented. The first time she saw Emrys, Emrys was stick thin and small for his size. Thanks to some training and the proper nutrition he had, his body grew to a fairly normal size. He was still a bit small, but he was getting there.

"I am glad too. That way I can do this!" Emrys replied as he took Annabelle in his arms and spun her around causing childish giggles to erupt. In the process, he also directed themselves away from Lady Mischa, Stefania and Emma. Annabelle noticed and giggled.

"Let's go to her majesty. You can dance with her next, or maybe with her highness, Princess Camilla."

Emrys continued to dance with the ladies of the court. Eventually, though, he was cornered by Lady Mischa and her goons.

"Have you been avoiding me, your highness?"

"Of course not my lady."

"It is not proper for a lady, but I would like to ask for a dance, your highness," Lady Mischa said. She was about the same age as Emrys. Emrys looked at her hand and raised an eyebrow. She grudgingly lifted it and Emrys took it as courtesy.

"It's an honour to have this dance with you. However, I am slightly disappointed that I was not chosen as your first."

Emrys chose not to reply.

"I do not understand, your highness. Why would someone of your stature want her?" Mischa asked.

"I fail to see what is wrong with Lady Anna." Emrys replied with a raised eyebrow.

"She is unlady-like, choosing to spend her time reading books and doing sports instead of learning etiquette and hosting. She refuses to socialize with us. I am sure she is quite incapable of being eloquent as the court demands."

"She reads many books, surely she, of all people, would be able to converse the best having many interests and topics at her disposal. It was quite refreshing to talk to her. I did not have any regrets with my decision."

"Surely you find other ladies around the room more attractive than her," Lady Mischa tried. It was obvious to Emrys that she was referring to herself.

"Like who?" Emrys challenged.

"It's not proper for a lady, but yes, I'm implying someone like me."

"We have different tastes then."

"You're absolutely smitten aren't you?" She accused harshly.

"Probably no. It is far too early to think about relationships right now."

"Well then, I promise you that I will get you," She said viciously.

"I'd like to see you try. I assure you, you won't succeed."

"We'll see. You may be the Margrave of Edinburgh, you may be really close to the direct line, but you don't know who you're dealing with."

Emrys went to the refreshments table to get a drink. He was approached by Harry.

"Emrys. Emrys. Emrys. Only 11 yet already conquering the ladies."

"You're not?" Emrys asked cheekily.

"Cheeky brat. For your information, I am."

"Oh really. It must be my imagination then, since I clearly saw that Prince William is the one doing the conquering."

"I am appalled at the suggestion," Prince Harry said with a face that made Emrys laugh. "So explain to me why Lady Mischa is complaining about you to me!"

"She is just bitter that I did not choose her for my first dance."

"Bitter is the right word. Be careful. Their family is quite powerful thanks to being the more richer of the nobles. In terms of rank, power and money, Lady Mischa outdoes Lady Anna. It does not help that Lady Anna's father has died a few years ago. Her mother is of royal blood but she is too far off the main line to have much clout."

"As I've told Lady Mischa, I think it's too early to talk about relationships, especially my relationships. I still have to fulfill my duties as the Margrave of Edinburgh."

"What is that supposed to mean?"

"A potential war is looming on my side of the kingdom. No one knows how long the peace will last. My parents said that their deaths would give us 20 years of peace but did not discount the possibility that we might have less than that.."

"I'm sorry to hear that. You know you can ask us for help, right. Anyway, excited for school?"

"I don't know. Lady Anna, Lady Mischa, Lady Stefania and Lady Emma are going to the same school as I am. There's bound to be explosions."

"I pity you, being hounded by four ladies."

"You only say that because you have none." [Em]Rys replied in jest.

"Shut it, or I'll invite a certain Lady Mischa for dinner everytime you dine with us."

"Alright, alright," Emrys said as he held out his hands in surrender.

"I heard you and Prince William are going to go with the army for the next two years. Promise me you'll stay safe." Emrys added somberly.

"Uh, hate to break it to you, but we're going to the army and then joining the war. We can hardly be safe."

"You know what I mean. Come back alive, will you."

"I promise."

Emrys was looking for Lady Anna. He found that she was the only person in the room that could hold an intelligent conversation. Emrys's grandparents were too busy entertaining, as were Prince Charles, Lady Camilla and their two Princes. The rest of the nobles were too busy with sucking up to Emrys.

Emrys heard some voices from the balcony. It sounded like a fight. When he arrived, he saw three girls surrounding another girl. The three girls were shouting insults and were tormenting the girl they were surrounding.

"What is going on here?" He demanded. The girls turned around. "Prince Emrys! How is the night so far?" They asked. Completely ignoring the girl. Emrys, however, wouldn't hear of it. They walked closer to Emrys. It was enough to let Emrys see Lady Anna whose clothes were falling out.

"Release Lady Anna now!" The girls turned defensive and started to have frowning faces.

"We were just teaching her a lesson. Care to join?"

"No. And now I will teach you. Get out of my sight before I do something drastic." Emrys said in his coldest voice. Under the moonlight, his green eyes shone scarily.

"Lady Anna, are you alright?"

"Please don't look at me. I'm not decent." She said. She was trying to hold her dress together and sat on the floor. If she stood up, she'd find that her dress was too short to be decent.

Liam came with a blanket to wrap her with. He had followed Emrys and left to get the blanket once he saw the situation. Liam gave the blanket to Emrys who unfolded it and draped it on Lady Anna's back. She hastily wrapped it around herself.

"Can you fix her dress?"

"No. Transfiguration is not my forte. Sorry my lord."

"Can you disillusion us and get us to my room?" Emrys asked. Liam frowned.

"It is probably not a good idea to go into your room. It would look suspicious. We can go to one of the guest rooms and I can probably find her a dress. I suggest you not come. Maria will take good care of her."

"Will you be alright without me?" Emrys asked Anna.

"Y-yes, your highness." Emrys nodded to Liam vowing to visit later.

Emrys re-entered the hall. William approached him.

"Grandmother wants to meet you. She seems pretty angry. What did you do?"

"I don't know. Where is she?"

"She's at the parlor, right through that door," William said as he pointed to a plain looking door.

"Harold Emrys James Arthur! Explain to me why these wonderful ladies came to me saying you threatened them!" the Queen exclaimed. Lady Mischa hid a smirk. "It is unproper behaviour for a lord to threaten a lady!"

"With all due respect, your majesty, it is also unproper behaviour for a lady to debase, insult and vandalize another! Your majesty, I threatened them, yes. But only after seeing them bullying Lady Anna. They insulted her and her family. They tore her clothes and clearly stated to me that they were teaching Lady Anna a lesson. They even asked me to join in on their 'festivities'." Emrys drawled sarcastically. "I am sorry your majesty for how rude I am being but I will only treat them as ladies once they start acting like it. I shudder to think how horrible life would be when school starts."

"Is this true?" The Queen asked the girls.

"His royal highness is lying. We would never debase another." Lady Mischa said with tears in her eyes. She's a good actress. "I don't know why the Prince is being so cruel."

"You have but to ask Liam."

"You'll believe a servant's word over a member of the court's?" Lady Mischa retorted.

"By the same logic, your majesty should believe my word over yours then, since I outrank you!"

"Where is Lady Anna?" the Queen asked.

"Liam brought her to one of the guest rooms to get decent. Liam is probably searching the castle for clothes that can fit her." Emrys replied.

The Queen pulled a silver cord on the wall.

A few minutes later, Loen came.

"You rang, your majesty." Loen greeted.

"Where is Liam?" The Queen ordered.

"Right here, your majesty," Liam said as he entered with a bow.

"Where is Lady Anna?"

"She is being taken care of by Maria in the Turquoise room."

"And her dress?" the Queen asked.

"Torn beyond repair, despite our special talents [A/N: *ahem* magic]. I have found a replacement from the Beige room." Liam replied.

"I gave Liam permission to take the dress for the Lady," Loen said.

"So she was indeed attacked?" The Queen inquired.

"Her clothes have been reduced to rags, your majesty." Loen said.

"Very well."

The parents were called. They apologized to the Queen and left with their children. The Queen warned the trio to behave as according to the customs of the court. They made their solemn promise not to attack again. Emrys doubted their sincerity.

"We need to teach you more diplomacy," The Queen remarked to Emrys. "Yes, they are in the wrong, but there are diplomatic ways to resolve conflict." Emrys just nodded in reply. He knew that. He's been given lessons on diplomacy, but he hated bullies more than anything.

Once the situation was settled. Emrys went to the Turquoise room.

"Are you alright?" Emrys asked Anna

"Yes, thank you for all you've done, your highness. I hope you did not get in trouble for my sake."

"I did not get in trouble." Emrys replied a bit too quickly.

"I suppose I should return to the hall. My mother must be worried." Lady Anna said dismissing Emrys' lie, even if she knew it was a lie

"Have no fear, the trio has been kicked out of the party."

"Thank you. That was unnecessary."

"I disagree." Emrys replied.

As a way of saying goodbye, Lady Anna hugged Emrys and gave him a kiss on the cheek.

"Thank you again."

"Gentleman's duty." Emrys replied, not meeting her eye. It was his first kiss from a girl his age, never mind the fact that it's only on the cheek.

athenakitty: Sorry bout Fawkes. In my head, Phoenixes can only side with good people because they filter out the evil in their bonded. Albus had too much and so he wouldn't have survived from all the negativity anyway. Instead of dying, he chose to pass his Phoenix essence to Hedwig. The inmates haven't gotten around to having their way with the Dursleys yet. The Dursleys are still in a holding cell. Dumbledore will be in Azkaban for a while. Yes, Severus can gulp ^_^ hehehe

Bandgsecurtiyaw: Interesting name.

Bitethepan: That's the first time I've heard of Dumbduck ^_^ Was I nice enough? Probably not ^_^

Brookslocklear: I killed him in first draft, but decided against it. With those bracelets on, he practically has no magic.

Cassandra30: Lapse of judgement? I guess I should have made Albus more Harry-obsessed.

CatWriter: Thanks, that would have been better yes(about Albus holding Harry for only a day). Would have salvaged the timeline discrepancies too. ^_^ Sending Albus to Azkie gives us at least a year of peace (without him). Actually, in the first draft... I gave him the kiss, but thought that's not very exciting. Sirius is already free. I don't know how to fit him into the story except to help Harry search for Horcruxes. Awesome ideas though.

Darkplayer35: Thank you. Hope you enjoy the rest of the story!

Embersshadow1988: I don't get it. Why did you think it was the end?

eternal vampire: Yay! You guys like it!

Farwalker: Thanks for reviewing!

Fifespice: Lily's bro is Charles, though you probably already know that ^_^

HanzotheSalamander: It's back! 3 I really wish I could make that heart on my keyboard.

Keifercarlos: Glad you loved the filler. Hehehe, I loved the filler too. I loved it more than the actual story chapters. Oh dear ~

Jd Midnight: Thanks for the support! Means a lot! Celina likes you too! ^_^

Jim Red Hawk: Was I too evil? Muahahaha

Lezia: Can I have chocolate and rainbow sprinkles as topping?
Ehhehe

moony-as-a-girl: Ok, I'll write another Dursley filler. But it won't appear until the timeline moves on to at least Christmas or so. I'm glad I made you laugh ^_^.

nightwing27: Well, he's in Azkaban. I'm sure he's... reminiscing. ^_^

ObsidianFrost: He will[learn how to defend himself], though I probably won't elaborate on it. Should I?

Peruser: Glad you liked it! Smackdown ^_^

Rainbow2007: Thank you for the review!

Robert19588: Ron will appear in the future as an antagonist [to a certain extent]. Haven't decided if he's going to be evil or just plain annoying

rotem: I guess I don't have to answer? Awesome guesses!

RRW: I agree. If it was me I'd put [this] dumbles on a stake and put him in a golfing range for golfers to use as target practice. Oh yeah, I'm the writer. Hehehe... I don't know if I'll do that though.

Sm1982: Thank you for your review!

Sunny: Woops. I guessed I channelled my inner evil too much. ^_^ Binns? Well... Binns is dead... if you get my drift... *ahem*new school*ahem*

Timber: I'm sorry for replying to reviews. I tried, but really can't help it. To me, writing to everyone is half the fun. I can't leave [asked] questions unanswered.

Yana5: Up to you whether they realized she was talking about Harry. But they do realize they're in deep sh** what with the article and bankruptcy and such.

Please Review. ^^

Disclaimer: Don't own anything. Fanfic as a whole is AU.

Emrys = Harry Potter

LSM looked like a university with many buildings surrounding a main building. They were all made of stone and all looked like castles. It was a pretty sight, especially with the blue backdrop offered by the clear sunny sky.

Out of all the royals attending LSM, Emrys was the last to arrive. It worked to his advantage since he was able to join Lady Anna's group. She had already made friends with a girl named Sarah Evans and a boy named Jeremy Pulltab. Emrys waved at her and she waved back.

"Prince Emrys, please meet Sarah and Jeremy," Lady Anna said.

"Sarah, Jeremy, please meet Prince Emrys."

"Please call me Emrys. Nice to meet you," Emrys said amiably.

"We can't do that Prince Emrys." Sarah replied. Several more sentences were exchanged with Emrys trying to get them to call him by his name. He finally gave up ten minutes later.

"Can you at least find another title to use?"

"If you insist, Lord Emrys." Jeremy replied.

"That's even worse." Emrys sulked. Liam silently chuckled to himself but bid goodbye to Emrys, saying he had to go be with the rest of the teachers but that he would keep an eye on Emrys.

The day started with a speech from the headmistress welcoming everyone. She laid out the rules and promised to repeat them in the opening feast at the conclusion of the orientation week. One of the rules she laid out managed to make a certain young one blush.

"This year, we have the honour of having several members of the British monarchy among our midst. Please do not badger them. They are not zoo animals to be stared at. If you wish to address them, please address them as Lady or Lord unless they tell you otherwise. Most importantly, you cannot let anyone know of this news, not even

your family. We have wards around the school that will automatically censor the mail. It is imperative for the school's safety. That is all."

"Have you heard of Hogwarts?" Jeremy asked over lunch. "My parents went there but decided to send me here after they read the brochure and attended the open house. They said a school where promotion based on merit and not age is better."

"What do you mean? I did not see that in any of the brochures."

"They said it on the open house," Jeremy replied. "They presented several students who skipped grades and were doing mastery of their subjects by being apprenticed."

"Interesting." Emrys replied.

"They're testing us on our skill and knowledge after the ability testing. I hope we're on the same levels."

"I hope so too," Anna replied. "They test again come January before the second semester starts, right?"

"Yeah. The good thing about LSM's system is that you can be taking different levels for different subjects." Jeremy said enthusiastically.

Of course their lunch wasn't entirely peaceful. Lady Mischa and her goons just had to make an appearance. They were coming from behind Emrys. Emrys saw Anna stiffen though she hid it well enough from Sarah and Jeremy. Emrys turned around and saw the three girls. She was still bothered by that incident in the balcony.

"Not again," Emrys groaned.

"Who are they?" Sarah asked.

"Royal pains in the-"

"Emrys!" Anna said. Emrys smiled at the slip. For once she called him without a title.

"How dare you regard Lord Emrys so callously!" Lady Mischa accused.

"Let it go, if anyone has the right to be offended, it's me or are you implying that I'm a defenseless sheep?" Emrys challenged.

"Of course not your highness." the pompous girl replied sweetly, if it was even possible.

"In any case, can I help you?" Emrys asked with a bored look on his face.

"We would just like to invite your highness to our table. It pains me to see someone of your stature sit with commoners," she said with utter distaste.

"Ye~aah," her goons drawled.

"This arrogance is unbecoming of a lady. It's absolutely tasteless," Emrys quoted.

"But surely you would be more comfortable at our table, a table inhabited by your peers."

"Are you implying that you have a right to make decisions for me?"

"Of course not, your highness."

"Then you should leave. Is it not obvious that I have already made up my mind, that I have already decided?" Emrys drawled aristocratically.

"I am sorry for taking up your time then. Remember, my promise, Emrys." She replied mockingly.

"Your highness, I apologize for my behaviour," Anna started.

"Shush. Ever since that ball, I've been telling you to call me Emrys and you just did. Why would that offend me? Hmm.. maybe I should insult people more. Maybe that would make the name calling permanent. Jeremy, Sarah, the same applies to you if you would. Call me Emrys. In fact, I was hoping you'd help me spread it around. I don't want to be called by any title. Just Emrys is fine. When I'm in LSM, I want to be just Emrys."

The afternoon, they were split into teams of four with an older student to supervise. They competed against other teams in games and sports over the week. The winner got prizes like books, vouchers, toys, games and such.

Emrys's team was strong, with Emrys being very strong in History both muggle and magical. He was also good at speaking and at track. Anna was very good in archery, fencing and tae kwon do. She also won in the literary category for their team. Sarah was good at swimming, math and with plants. Jeremy was good at trivia, science, Karate, gymnastics and diving. Their athletic abilities and their mental prowess won them many prizes for their team. Emrys gave all his winnings to the other three.

"You should accept some. How about this book?" Sarah tried.

"Already have it." Emrys replied with a shrug.

"That's impossible, it just came out!" Jeremy exclaimed.

"Uh, I have a deal with Mr. Flourish, from Diagon Alley. Any new publication is sold to me, even before release. He sends it to me by owl."

"Just how many books do you have?" Sarah asked.

"I don't know. Never really counted."

"Come on, an estimate." Jeremy prodded.

"Hmm, about 8000?"

"How many have you read?"

"About 25."

"Long way to go mate," Jeremy remarked.

"I know." Emrys replied with sadness.

After dinner, they were guided to their dorms. It was an apartment dorm where each person had a room. 4 rooms were in a suite connected by a living room and a kitchen. They had a grocery shop

in their campus. They could either cook or buy prepared food from the cafeteria.

He was rooming with Jeremy, Sarah and Anna. It came as a surprise.

"Well, they usually put the orientation groups into one room, unless they have objections. Do you?"

"No. I'm just surprised you allow co-ed suites," Emrys remarked to a guide.

"Enchantments Prince Emrys. The suites have enchantments that would bar the opposite sex to enter." the guide replied.

"Clever."

They were also shown common rooms, play rooms and music rooms in their floor. Each floor was a 'house'. They never get to build house-loyalty-beyond-graduation, though, since they get moved to a different house, and possibly different building every year. (in case you're confused: room(individual) dorm(4 people) house(whole floor/storey) building(collection of floors/storeys))

Emrys quite like the system.

After the tour, the four friends convened in the living room and exchanged aptitude test results.

Emrys Anna Sarah Jeremy

Transfig 1 1 1 1

Charms 1 1 1 1

DADA 1 1 1 1

Potions 2 1 2 1

Muggle History 5 4 2 2

Magical History 4 1 1 1

Math 1 1 3 1

Science 1 1 1 3

English 3 4 2 2

Music 1 1 3 1

Dance 2 4 2 1

Art 1 2 2 2

PhysEd 2 2 1 2

Abilities/Affinities:

Emrys:

Healing Magic

Battle Magic

Elemental Magic

Soul Magic

Emphatic Magic

Animagus

Creature Speak

Anna:

Elemental Magic

Animagus

Healing Magic

Soul Magic

Sarah

Green Thumb

Animagus

Elemental Magic

Soul Magic

Jeremy:

Elemental Magic

Animagus

Chaos Magic

Battle Magic

Soul Magic

*Note: The level listed is their current level.

Emrys found himself having an easy time in class. He had a better grasp of magic thanks to the Theory of Magic books and that made his lessons easy.

Liam was teaching Emrys Occlumency. To do so, one needed to organize his or her mind. Thanks to a more organized mind, Emrys was able to retain information faster and better.

By the second week, the instructors have isolated him and told him to read at his own pace while the teacher was explaining the day's lesson. First year classes usually ran normally for about a month and then went to self-paced mode to help the transition. Emrys didn't need that. When it was time for practicals, he was allowed to ask questions and practice the spells that he read about.

Six weeks into school, Sarah, Anna and Jeremy followed suit, thanks to Emrys. He explained what he knew about magic and that made them change how they use their magic. They started learning spells faster, just like Emrys.

Once they finished a book, the instructor always gave them another one. They occasionally got heckled by Mischa's group during lunch. They eventually remedied that by eating lunch from their dorms after they found out that Emrys was an excellent cook. They also earned the reputation of angelic tutors. Their door was always open to anyone who wanted help with their studies. Emrys was also open to sharing his more common library. It wasn't unusual to find several students of different ages hanging out with the four students in their living room. When the party became too big for their living room, they moved into the common room- a space for people to mingle, populated with foosball, table tennis and many couches. Sometimes, Emrys made food for everyone. For Jeremy's birthday, he baked a cake with the help of the two girls while Jeremy was out for diving practice. Emrys also made other foods to eat for the mini-party. The food was set up in the common room where the rest of their friends hid, waiting for the four.

"Hey Jems, everyone's moving to the common room. You alright? Would you prefer to rest? We're mass preparing for next week's tests, which I'm sure you're already prepared for," Emrys said. He already had his bag. The girls were in their rooms looking for something to hide to presents, I mean, books in. Jeremy went to his room and got his bag.

"It's alright. There's a few things I want to go over with you."

"Sure, no problem."

The four went to the common room.

"That's funny, why are the lights off?" Jeremy asked.

"I don't know." Emrys replied, the three of them deliberately falling a few steps behind. Jeremy opened the door and suddenly,

"Surprise!" cheered everyone as pops and confetti could be heard. Jeremy was shocked.

"Earth to Jeremy," Sarah teased as she waved her hand in front of Jeremy's face.

"Sorry. Thank you. Wow. I never expected this."

"Happy Birthday!" Everyone said as one. Anna lighted the cake and lifted it closer to Jeremy. Everyone sang him a Happy Birthday. Jeremy made a wish and blew the cake and tried to dodge Emrys's hand. Emrys was trying to smear icing on Jeremy's face.

"Emrys, noo!" Jeremy protested. Emrys was successful in convincing everyone in his building to call him Emrys instead of a Prince or lordship and whatnot. He gleefully chased Jeremy around the enlarged common room courtesy of the upper years.

They were interrupted in their play when a voice was heard, "Emrys, you didn't invite me." You could hear the pout oozing and gushing from her mouth. Emrys didn't have to turn to know who it was.

"I don't remember giving you permission to call me by name and you didn't get invited because I didn't want to invite you."

"Oh Emrys, you jester. As your fiancee, I deserve to be here."

"In your dreams." Emrys mumbled, suddenly a bit doubtful. Grandma wouldn't let her get her way right?

"In a few weeks, my dreams will turn into reality. I'll expect you to stop hanging out with tramps, beggars and orphans by then, ok darling?" She said as she calmly went to the food table. Emrys noticed his friends wince.

"You'll never be better than the people you just insulted."

"At least I'm wanted by my family," she said looking at Sarah. "At least they're not criminals like his parents," She continued as she pointed to Jeremy. "I am much more powerful, much more influential and much more richer than the people you hang out with."

"That maybe true, but I am still more powerful, more influential and much richer than you. Don't think you can bully me. Besides, the people I hang out with are way more pleasant and way more deserving of my attention than you are. Leave now, or I will report you to the prefects and to the Monarchs. I also happen to have many friends that YOU rely on."

"I doubt that."

"Oh really? Madame Lessaude ring a bell? I think I could arrange for her to meet a reporter friend." Madame Lessaude was Mischa's tutor in pretty much everything. She needed a tutor because she was a bit slow on the uptake. There's nothing wrong with being tutored, there's something wrong with being Mischa. Being the arrogant girl that she was, she didn't try. Madame Lessaude would constantly rant about her lack of effort to Maria. Madame Lessaude and Maria are friends back from high school. One time, Emrys walked into their conversation. He apologized profusely and made to leave but Maria stopped him and introduced him to Madame Lessaude. It was the start of a wonderful friendship.

"You wouldn't dare."

"Or I could always just tell your parents about your behaviour in school. I'm sure they are quite pleased with your marks."

"That is your fault! I don't know what you taught the other students, but it made them learn faster!"

"SO? Why don't you catch up? I thought royals were above commoners? What are you doing being worse than a commoner?" Emrys drawled.

"I'll complain to her majesty and get her to demand that you teach me!"

"Oh please do. I'm sure that would please her." Emrys said sarcastically. "Of course, in my return letter I'd tell her how you were doing and how you were acting. I vaguely remember her telling you that it's not proper for a lady to insult anyone? I'm sure she'd add that it's not proper for a lady of your stature to crash a party of my stature." Emrys was usually polite and humble, but something about Mischa makes him tick. It draws out the arrogance in him.

Lady Mischa fumed. He turned the food table causing all the food to crash, as her goons copied her actions.

Arresto Momentum! Emrys exclaimed. It stopped the food midair.

"Get out," Emrys said darkly.

"Emrys dear." Mischa tried, already losing her attitude. She has never seen Emrys so angry.

"I SAID GET OUT!" Emrys didn't know, but his voice was imbued with magic. It compelled Mischa and her goons to leave.

"Guys, the food please. I can only hold this spell for so long."

The guys righted the table while the girls grabbed the suspended food and placed them on the table.

"Thanks." Emrys said. They lost a third of the food, though.

"Hey, you alright?" Emrys asked upon seeing Jeremy so down. Damn you Mischa. It's supposed to be his birthday!

"I'm sorry, I have to be alone," he said as he fled the room for his own.

Everyone's spirits was down.

"I'm sorry this had to happen. I'll go try and bring Jems back. I doubt it, though, so I suggest you eat some dinner."

"Tell him, we don't care what his parents did, if it is even true."

"Thank you. I'll tell him that." Emrys replied.

Sarah and Anna came back with two plates of dinner for Emrys and Jems. They were met with a still pleading Emrys outside of Jems' door.

"Jeremy, please come out. We don't care about your past, if it is even true. The sins of the father should not be carried by the child."

Tried magic? Anna mouthed.

I don't want to invade his space like that. Emrys replied.

"At least eat some dinner. I made them for you. It was supposed to be perfect. The other students even planned some games. Please Jems, open up. We're here for you. It's not good to keep it inside like this. We don't care about you-

Emrys stopped rambling as he was faced with a downtrodden Jeremy.

"It's true. My parents were drug addicts and that's why I was entered into foster care."

Emrys hugged him. "Doesn't matter. You're Jems to me no matter what."

"You shouldn't hang with me. I'd probably be like them. Plus you're royalty. It's probably better to stay away from me. I'll file a room change. On second thought, I'll leave LSM for some other school. Yeah, that will be better."

"You most certainly will not!" Sarah said hotly while smacking Jems' head.

"You're not your parents." Anna offered.

"Besides, if you do start drugs, we'll beat you up until you come to your senses." Sarah added.

Jeremy coughed a smile. Emrys pulled everyone into a group hug.

"Thanks, what would I ever do without you?"

"You'd starve. Now, eat," Sarah ordered impatiently.

"You too, Ems or your grandmother will have my hide." Anna replied. The boys just obeyed, not wanting to face the wrath of their overprotective women counterparts. You don't mess with a lady, never mind they're only 11.

The next day, Jeremy was greeted by everyone who witnessed Lady Mischa's tirade. They assured him that they didn't think that he was a bad person and gave him their presents. Sarah and Anna offered to take the presents back to their place the previous night but some older students suggested that they give it the next day with words of encouragement. Sarah and Anna agreed with a thought of, "Why didn't we think of that?"

Emrys sent letters to his grandmother and Mischa's parents carefully wording the one to Mischa's parents with the help of Liam.

Dear Viscount and Viscountess of Ronsgrave,

Our warmest greetings to the Lords of Ronsgrave. We write to you in peace and goodwill, however serious the matter is.

We are very disappointed with the recent actions of your daughter, Lady Mischa and her friends, Lady Stefania of Fifenland and Lady Emma of Browns County. A similar letter has been sent to the Barons and Baronesses of Fifenland and Browns County. For many weeks now, we have ignored the insults they doled out to our companions, colleagues and friends. They not only inspired the ire of many students, most of whom are older, but also our ire. We grow tired of their insults and their insinuations.

Most recently, they have "crashed" one of the parties we arranged quite literally. They joined without invitation, insulted us and vandalized our property by turning a table hosting platters of food. It was only through quick action that we managed to save 2/3rds of the dishes. We take personal insult for not only were we addressed informally by someone outside of our inner circle, but also for the wasting of the food which we personally made.

We understand that you have done your best to educate your child and raise her up as a proper member of high society. Therefore, we cannot understand why she continually acts this way. We demand some disciplinary action against your charge for the blunders she committed against us.

We are grateful for we know that appropriate action will be taken by such good nobles as you are.

Sincerely yours,

Harold Emrys James Arthur

Margrave of Edinburgh

Emrys sent the letter to his grandmother first, who approved pending some word changes which he readily accepted.

Emrys didn't meet Lady Mischa for the next few weeks. He didn't see her in class either. He asked Liam about it.

"The Queen sent a similar letter to yours. The Ronsgraves, the Fifenlands and the Browns feel shamed and transferred their children to Hogwarts in order to avoid any further confrontation with you."

"So I never have to see them again?"

"You'll see them in functions."

"But in school?"

"Most likely not. Unless Hogwarts and LSM does a joint event or something."

The news was welcomed by the quartet and the rest of the school.

Thank you! FroBoy, Hanzo of the Salamander, jbfrtiz

CatWriter: Emrys is still humble, but situation calls...Yes, they'll meet. Neville in LSM... maybe in year 2 ^_^

Csaire Clairedelamer: Ooh an accented e. What's you're background? Hope you liked it!

Darlinggirl1263, Doxiesmom14: Woops, I'm sorry. Nice catch, though.

Farwalker: Problem solved :D ^_^

GinnyLover14: I guess I'm too lazy to reply through mail. Also, some of the answers have spoilers that I don't mind sharing to everyone.

Jim Red Hawk: I don't know yet. But any chance of him being a permanent fixture is about 10- 15 chaps away? Good job! Yes, Liam is "with" Emrys. He's the assistant History prof.

Lezia: No conflict, no story, I think. I'll try to make some lighter chaps when I finish midterms. I think I'm writing this from Emrys' POV (sort of). So does that mean I'm the opposite of a sadist? ^_^ When you

speak of the royals upholding dignity etc, who are you talking about?
Btw, they're 11.

Mj the angel: Woops, I'm sorry. Didn't mean to include his name in the article. No, sorry, not slash. So if he ends up with Ginny or Hermione you'll stop reading? May I ask why?

Moony-as-a-girl: hm, I'm pretty sure I've mentioned you even before last chap. Hope all the new characters aren't making it too confusing.

ObsidianFrost: Other way around as well. Emrys likes Anna.

Sunny: Friends are awesome, especially if they're good roommates as well.

Peruser: The girls have been shipped off to Hogwarts, but it's not the last time you'll hear of them. Dumbles is in Azkabie and McGonagall is headmistress of Hogwarts.

Yana5: Emrys thanks you ^_^

Please Review! ^_^

Please Review! ^_^

Please Review! ^_^

Disclaimer: Don't own anything. Fanfic is AU. I'm sorry I broke my promise of updating weekly.

Emrys is Harry Potter.

Sarah, Jeremy and Anna are his friends.

Liam is Emrys' butler.

Loen is the Queen's butler.

Chapter 19: Mischa Returns

.... Just kidding ^_^\n

Before entering LSM, Sarah was an avid member of the club called Me for the World. It was a volunteer club that pretty much did everything. She wanted to continue and so she dragged Anna, Jeremy and Emrys into the club. LSM allowed anyone to create a club as long as they get people. However, they wouldn't be official until they had at least 10 people. Anna was assigned as VP fundraising. Jeremy became VP Events while Emrys was VP recruitment. Sarah, of course, was the president.

"Why am I VP recruitment?" Emrys asked, not the he minded being VP recruitment.

"Because you know everyone! Everyone loves you! We're most likely to get more people with you leading up recruitment! Granted, even if you just stand with us, people will probably be attracted." Sarah replied, arms flailing around. She tends to obsess sometimes, especially when she's passionate.

Over the next few weeks, they posted flyers and held a general meeting, where Sarah talked about what they would do. By the end of the general meeting, thanks to their lovely VP recruitment, they had a total of 30 members.

Their first opportunity came on Halloween when Sarah got wind of a ball occurring at a certain palace named Buckingham.

"Oh, Emrys! It would be a good opportunity!" Sarah prodded.

"I'm all for helping, but I'm not the one organizing this ball. I don't even have to attend since the muggles don't know about my Margraveship yet. The wizards don't know of my Dukedom either."

"Please! I know it will work out! We can just have a silent auction!" Sarah insisted.

"What are we auctioning off?" Emrys asked.

"A date with a hunk named Emrys!" Jeremy teased. Emrys threw a pillow at him. Throw pillows just needed to be thrown occasionally.

"I think my family has some things we could sell off for the auction. Who's the beneficiary anyway?" Anna asked.

"How about this new foundation that's called Moonlight foundation?" Sarah suggested. "They help werewolves cope. Their founder is Remus Lupin. Do you think we could, maybe, talk to him?" Sarah asked while Emrys was in the midst of drinking. He coughed and almost spat out his drink at Anna. He was, thankfully, able to keep it in.

"I could possibly arrange for a meeting, yes." Emrys commented.

"With the Queen? Oh my gosh! What do I do? What do I say? I'll probably get arrested," Sarah fussed.

"Nah, you'll probably just swallow a foot, or two," Jeremy joked. Oops, there goes pillow number 2.

"I didn't mean the Queen. I meant Remus Lupin, though I could arrange for a meeting with the Queen as well, if you want." Emrys said.

"How do you know Mr. Lupin?" Jeremy asked.

"He was one of my father's best friends."

"Awesome! That's great Emrys! So, can you? Can you? Please!" Sarah said excitedly. Anna and Jeremy just laughed. Emrys smiled a bit at how preposterous Sarah was being. Here was the very serious academic Sarah being all puppy dog eyed and pouting all over.

"Alright. A meeting with Remus and the Queen, coming right up."

The next weekend, Emrys brought Anna, Sarah and Jeremy with him.

"Hi Grandmum," Emrys greeted. Immediately, his grandmother hugged him.

"Grandmum, meet my friends." Emrys started once he regained his ability to breathe. "You've met Lady Anna."

"Of course." She said as she returned Anna's curtsy with an incline of her head.

"This is Sarah Evans and Jeremy Pulltab." Emrys said while the two gave their curtsy and bow. As with Anna, the Queen replied with an incline of her head.

"You didn't tell me you were bringing guests. I haven't prepared any rooms for them," she commented.

"That's alright. Liam's doing that as we speak. We actually have another matter to discuss with you, your majesty, if that is alright." Emrys said.

"Of course. You're rarely this formal. I'm highly intrigued. Let's convene at the tea room shall we?"

They were served teas by Maria, who couldn't help but hug her charge. She came to her senses and stammered an apology to Emrys, but mostly the Queen.

"Oh my gosh! I apologize, your h-highness!"

"Don't worry about it Maria. I missed you too," Emrys replied.

"I was temporarily blinded. What happened?" The Queen added. Emrys replied with a grateful smile. "Anyway, can I have an Earl Grey?"

"I'll have a Lemon tea. What will you have?" Emrys asked his friends.

"Chai please," Sarah replied.

"Just water, thanks," Jeremy replied. He wasn't really a tea-drinker.

"Actually, Jeremy will have root beer," Emrys replied.

"Thanks Rys," Jeremy said shyly. He didn't know they could ask for soft drinks. Emrys knew Jeremy loved root beer.

"I'll have green tea," Anna said.

"Earl Grey, Lemon, Chai, Green tea and a rootbeer. I'll be right back," Maria said.

"So?" the Queen asked. Sarah then went to an explanation about the idea of having a silent auction for the Halloween ball on behalf of the Moonlight Foundation and what the Moonlight Foundation is.

"You know, the Moonlight Foundation isn't exactly ... muggle? How are you going to explain what they do to everyone at the ball?" The Queen replied.

"Uh..." Sarah said. Fortunately, Anna came to her rescue.

"We can say that the Moonlight Foundation caters to the poor, helping them find jobs and regain their lives back. Technically, that's what the Moonlight Foundation does. We can just leave out the root cause of their poverty, which is their lycanthropy."

"Yes! That's right!" Sarah exclaimed, then regained her senses. "Oops, I apologize, your majesty." Emrys and Jeremy were trying hard not to laugh at her antics. The Queen had no qualms in laughing outright. "Nothing to worry about. You remind me so much of my daughter." She said before having a distant look on her eyes. She did let Lily go to chase her dreams, but Lily was still her daughter. She still felt an emptiness in her heart and regret over the fact that she wasn't able to spend a lot of time with her daughter because of the decision to let her go.

"There's also this thing of your money being worth more than our money." The Queen replied. "I think it's not an effective use of a fundraising opportunity."

"Oh, right." Jeremy muttered.

"Hmm, true." Emrys admitted. Sarah and Anna went into deep thought.

"How about we change it to a muggle foundation then," Anna suggested. "I mean, we haven't talked to Mr. Lupin yet, so it should be ok."

"Which one?" Sarah asked.

"Rainbow Orphanage," Anna replied with a gentle smile of assurance. The Rainbow Orphanage was where Sarah came from. Sarah stared at Anna then exclaimed "Thank you!" as she hugged Anna. She held the rainbow orphanage close to her heart. The people that cared for her were very nice and supportive, even after learning of her magical abilities. They were tolerant of everyone. They event went as far as hiring someone magical to help her. Looking back, she found it funny since other magical children in the orphanage surfaced. I guess they were just waiting for someone to tell them they're not freaks.

"So, grandmum, your majesty, can we do it?" Emrys asked.

"Alright. But you're attending." She said after a few moments of contemplation.

"I thought we wanted to keep me a secret?"

"We'll keep your dukedom secret. I had Loen research it. He said that there are no records of the Margrave of Edinburgh being connected to the Duke of Magic."

"But, your majesty, I have read a book about their connection," Anna replied.

"Yes there is a book. A book. Only one book like that exists in this world. It is currently in the possession of your mother. She told Loen that it is an heirloom that only direct members of your line and my line can read due to some kind of magic. Loen didn't explain further. Rest assured Emrys, your Dukedom will not be made public."

The Queen was not being fully honest. Emrys was being used as a political tool. Lily was so loved while she was a princess. Having her son 'return' might bring back the respect that the monarchy demanded. The Queen hated using Emrys like this but it was the only way the monarchy would survive. Emrys was clean. He did not have tabloid scandals hanging over his head. He did not have any controversy surrounding him. The emergence of the story about the abuse he endured would only make him popular; not that the Queen would ever allow it to be ever known by people outside of their nuclear family. Having a new "face of the monarch", beloved by the public, would gain them leverage over the parliament that wants to turn the democratic monarchy into a democratic government, period.

"It would not really change anything much. I know that your status is already known at your school. You'll just have a harder time shopping in downtown London."

"Grandma, I have something I never understood. Why don't people make the connection between Harry Potter and Harold Emrys James Arthur. I mean, it's so obvious. You just have to look at me to see that I am both persons. I would imagine people would have more interest; not that I'm complaining. I'm just worried about the impending onslaught of interest."

"The crowd at LSM is pretty tame, simply because they're mostly from muggle families. I imagine that if you went to a purely wizarding village, there would be more... interest. Do not worry, Liam will take care of it."

"I'm just curious. I'm not really worried." Emrys replied. Liar. You are worried. You don't want people mobbing you just because of something you did when you were young. Being royal would make it even worse! Harry thought to himself.

With that, the sponsorship for the Me for the World event was created. Me for the World would be given 10 invites to the event. Sarah would talk about the Rainbow Orphanage, Anna would be managing the auctions, Emrys would be declared Margrave of Edinburgh and Jeremy... well, Jeremy would be there for moral support. Over the weekend, Anna called home and was able to acquire some things that were auction-able.

The Queen also donated a "weekend in the palace for two" as suggested by Emrys. The winners of the bid would get to spend a weekend in the palace just as the royals would do, minus the duties, plus a dress/suit of their choice from the Beige Room, a room full of used royal clothing.

Emrys was also persuaded to donate "a day with the margrave of Edinburgh". He protested to say that he would not get that many bids since people would not know about the Margraveship until the day of.

"I told you a date with a hunk named Emrys would go on the list," Jeremy teased.

"Hush you," Emrys retorted but eventually resigned to his fate. Somewhere in the back of his mind, he wondered if a certain lady whose name started with M was going to come.

He shuddered.

Thank you! Your encouragement keeps me motivated! LOL(ahem, it means Lots of Love)!

Anonymous, .conjectured., Brighteyes343, FroBoy, Hanzo of the Salamander, Jbfritz, loveshbp, Merlyn Pendragon Nightwing27, Nanz, silvermoonfae, Sunny Book Lover, Yana5

Dogsby: Your review, made me think of making a chapter dedicated to Hogwarts sorting. Having a writer's block with that one. *pout*.

Dreamerhelena . whitaker .namer: Fixed, I think.

Farwalker: But Draco's nice! ^_^ He and Ron switched ... or will switch :P

JimRedHawk: Well, I had to write this chapter from scratch (what I have jumped to next semester already) so that should give you an indication of how fast I write? Granted I had/still have midterms and papers. Ugh, this two weeks. But I needed a break :P

Kiefercarlos: Thank you! I don't know if it's original or something I saw before, forgot, adopted and modified. I believe strongly in that quote, though.

Lezya: Hey, your account changed, or at least your name. Hmm, Maggi Mee. Never heard of it. I've heard of Maggi though. I've eaten some of their products as well. Sarah and Jeremy, yup. Neville, uh, not in a few years? Here you go, a fluffy filler-y chapter. It's still in 3rd. But all the events would center around him. I can't think of an event where the "main character" is not Emrys. Masochist, then. ^_^ I agree that they've been trained since birth. But I think they're still human and in the back of my head, I imagine them to be normal around their families- close or not? Something like that.

Nanchih: Thank you! Staying true to real world is not the point, after all. Right? ^_^ *laughs evilly* Erm...*nail near the head* ^_^ *ahem*

Sorry. Got possessed by my evil side. Yup, some people can already be obsessed at 11. It helps when someone helps them make their unreasonable dreams turn into reality.

ObsidianFrost: They're learn fast ^_^ They have to.

Peruser: I agree ^_^

RRW: Like a pairing? Well, I was thinking along those lines... but not Draco

Smozzick: Hmm, maybe ^_^ hehehe

Disclaimer: Don't own anything, not even reality. Fanfic is AU.

A/N: I think people exposed to public scrutiny grow up faster. I think the same of people who grew up under strenuous circumstances.

Sorry, we're not quite at the ball yet. Been busy.

Melina = spider

Mara = Magical Trunk

Cherry and Blackie = Wands

Eve = Snake

Sarah, Jeremy = Friends (non-royal)

Anna = Friend and royal

Emrys = Harry Potter

Sarah managed to convince the headmistress to allow their club to leave LSM for the Halloween ball at Buckingham.

"But you need to bring a chaperone."

"Can you be our chaperone?" Sarah asked.

"Sorry but I have to be here for LSM Halloween celebrations. Thank you for asking, though." The headmistress said.

"Alright."

Most of the teachers were occupied. They did manage to find a chaperone, eventually. His name was Sean Pill and he was the healing teacher. Emrys was interested in his field and learned a lot from the Professor over the next few weeks. He didn't have to, but he maintained constant contact with the Professor until the ball with conversations unrelated to the event.

"What are we going to wear?" Sarah exclaimed as she rummaged through her closet.

"It's a Halloween ball," Emrys shrugged. He wouldn't have the luxury of dressing up since he needed to wear his white army-like suit with all the medals and accessories that he couldn't understand. How did he get those medals without doing anything?

"Why don't you just think of it as a masquerade ball?" Emrys replied.

"I was just going to say that. Halloween balls are usually masquerade balls. I've been to the Halloween ball once when I was younger and didn't have to go to school," Anna said. Later that day, they informed everyone else about what they were supposed to wear. Emrys privately thought that it would have been funny to see a Frankenstein or a Mario in the middle of a masquerade ball. He should probably invite the Phantom of the Opera.

Emrys didn't want his friends embarrassed at the ball, so he brought them to a shop in London.

"We- we..." Sarah stammered. Emrys just pushed her towards the assistant and told Jeremy, "Don't make me push you too."

"Alright. I got the message," Jeremy said with his hands up in surrender.

"Anna, what are you doing? You should be going there too. Excuse me!" Emrys called out and was rewarded by an attendant.

"A dress for her as well," Emrys said as he motioned towards Anna.

"Emrys, you don't really have to. I have a lot of dresses at home."

"I know. But you might as well get one."

"Emrys," Anna complained.

"Early Christmas gift?" Emrys tried. Anna continued to look at him. "Anna, just please get one that you like? You can even get one so you and Sarah match or something."

"I can't persuade you otherwise, can I?"

"Nope," Emrys said.

Sarah came out with a long orange dress that blew up like an umbrella below the waist. Jeremy, on the other hand, walked out with a black tuxedo with a tie that had orange pumpkins.

"So do you like it?" Sarah asked.

"It looks very good on you," Emrys replied.

"You're very ready for a ball," Jeremy replied.

"But I can't afford it," Sarah replied.

"Idiot. I'm paying," Emrys said.

"Y-you can't!"

"Why not?"

"We know you're loaded, but we can't accept something as expensive as this!" Jeremy replied.

"Why not?"

"Because... because... because!" Sarah finally said, not finding a reason.

"Did you really think I just brought you here to try on clothes?" Emrys asked exasperatedly.

"Yeah," Sarah said silently.

"Look, I'm not saying you don't have good clothes," Emrys started. Sarah coughed.

"You do. But, everyone in the ball would have really expensive clothes and accessories and such. I don't want you to feel uncomfortable around them." Emrys replied.

"B-but." Sarah stammered. Emrys just went to them and hugged them both.

"My three roommates are very important to me. I'd do anything for my best friends," Emrys said.

"Thank you." Sarah said.

"Thank you," Jeremy said. "Now can you release us? Some people might think we're ... you know?"

"I don't know." Emrys said with a frown as he released them.

"Together," Jeremy whispered earning a smack at the back from Emrys.

"Kidding," Jeremy said with a grin. Their conversation was stopped when Anna came out.

"What do you think?" Anna asked. Unlike Sarah who had her balloon in place with wires, Anna's dress was almost flowing. It was white with bell sleeves. From the waist down, there were figures of fall-coloured leaves "falling" and swirling around her in a spiral. They were slightly obscured by a thin white cloth.

"Um? Say something?" Anna asked after no one said anything. The attendant beside her looked worried. Did she choose the wrong dress? She's never been wrong before.

"It's perfect!" Sarah exclaimed.

"I could kiss you right now!" Jeremy said earning a smack from Sarah for making Anna blush.

"I was kidding. But you really look good." Jeremy said.

Emrys didn't say anything. He just couldn't take his eyes off of Anna.

"Earth to Emrys," Jeremy said.

"It's amazing," Emrys replied trying to hide the fact that he was previously distracted. The three changed back to their normal clothes while Emrys paid for the clothes. He then brought the girls to an accessory store. Again, they were reluctant but Emrys managed to persuade them. Jeremy refused, not because of the money but because he was a guy.

"I'm a guy! Guys don't wear accessories. We wear bling and you don't wear bling to a ball!" Jeremy exclaimed, hands flailing all over much to Emrys' amusement.

Emrys woke up in the middle of the night, feeling somber for no reason. He wondered why he felt so down. He tried going back to sleep but found that he couldn't. Instead, he took a book from Mara and was about to start to read when he heard.

Hmph.

Mara, you ok?

...

Mara?

Of course, I'm not ok, you idiot! You never talk to me anymore. I tried enduring it for a while, but I have a tipping point you know? Yeah, yeah, just like a teapot! I've heard every insult before. I guess you're just like my other masters! They just use me and forget that I have feelings too!

Sorry Mara, I've just been busy.

No you're not! You just found replacements! You found human companions and suddenly we're not good enough for you anymore. Mara wailed with a sob.

Mara, that's not true.

It is, and you know it!

Mara, Emrys prodded. I'm really sorry ok? He said as he stroked the lid of the trunk. Forgive me, please? You'll always be good enough for me. Even better, actually. My friends aren't as smart as your, nor are they as powerful as Cherry and Blackie. You'll always be one of a kind, Mara. Emrys was met with a cold shoulder, erm, lid?

You know a lot of things about me that my friends don't. Emrys tried.

You comfort me when I'm down, just like a mother. Emrys rambled. Mother. Oh yeah, it's Halloween. Emrys thought gloomily. He stopped stroking the lid and just stared in space.

Halloween was a reminder of what he lost. It was a reminder of what he became - a symbol of hope and light to a world who celebrated a boy for not dying, not caring if the boy was now an orphan. Well, sort of.

Yeah, a damn symbol.

You know if you really want to, you can escape this world, Mara finally said.

How? I have nowhere to go.

You have a lot of estates remember?

I don't think I can handle the solitude. Sure I have you, Blackie and Cherry, but I'd miss my human friends too.

Your friends? Don't you mean your love interest?

What? Love interest? I'm too young.

You're so dense.

Me dense? You're the one who's made of wood. Emrys joked.

I'll have you know that we M'naras aren't as dense as other woods!

Calm down. I was just kidding. I'm so sorry.

Emrys, that was a half-joke too. I was telling the truth, but I wasn't really offended.

Oh, sorry.

Stop apologizing!

Oh, sor-never mind. Um, I'm really sorry about not paying enough attention to you, Blackie, Cherry and you Melina.

It's alright. I was hurt you didn't notice me gone, though.

I did. I wondered where you were, but figured it wasn't my business.

Emrys, you're always welcome in my life. Anyway I went back to your old house.

But I thought that took a really long time?

It did. It took me a week and a half of constant travel to get there. I was gone for a month you know?

I know. But I never would have imagined...

Anyway, I found Eve.

Hi youngling, a misty, slightly seductive voice started. Eve? Emrys asked.

Yup, long time no see!

I know! You've grown a lot since I last saw you.

You as well. I'm glad you're not a twig anymore.

Hey!

What? You deny it?

Emrys wisely stayed silent.

Ciruwen, don't weep for your parents. They did what they thought was right and they died protecting you. Melina said.

I know.

Emrys spent the rest of the morning, catching up with his not-so-human friends including Eve. Emrys felt safe and realized that even if he lost his mother, he had three currently in the room - Melina, Mara and Eve.

The MeWees left to floo to Buckingham. They brought a bag each with clothes for the ball and for the weekend. The headmistress

figured that they should just stay if they could since the ball would probably finish late. Liam arranged for everything, as always.

About an hour before the ball, Emrys was called by Loen. Liam was told to stay and attend to their guests. Loen directed Emrys to another room where his attire was laid out on the bed. Emrys dismissed Loen and dressed himself. Once he was finished, Emrys left the room to find Loen outside the door waiting. Loen then led Emrys towards the tea room where the Queen and Prince Phillip were waiting.

"Emrys! We missed you!" the Queen exclaimed with a hug.

"Hi grandmum, granddad."

"How are you?"

"Anxious." Emrys replied honestly.

"There's nothing to worry about. They'll love you!" the Queen exclaimed. Prince Phillip stayed silent.

"So you remember what's going to happen?" the Queen asked.

"Yes. You and Granddad enters along with Uncle Charles and Aunt Camilla. Then you announce me and I enter and walked towards the stage and give a bow as a form of greeting."

"Excellent!"

Happy Halloween! So who went out as HP characters? :P

Thank You Everyone!

Please Review ^_^

Disclaimer: I don't own anything. Fanfic is AU. I'm a very confusing writer. Hahahaha

Emrys = Harry

I'm a very unsophisticated person.

The Queen and the Prince have already taken their rightful spots on the stage. It was time for the entrance of the newly found royal member.

"Introducing the Margrave of Edinburgh, the lost son of Princess Liliana, Harold James Emrys Arthur!" The MC shouted.

Being the party that it was, Emrys was met with curtsies and bows. In some other party, whispers would have broken out; though Emrys could see that they all wanted to start whispering. He walked to the stage, gave a smile and bowed politely. When he looked up, everyone else stood up and the whispers almost started. It was only the Queen's speech that stopped them.

"As you well know, my daughter died more than a decade ago. We've been searching for her child for more than 10 years. I can assure you that the man standing before you is indeed her son, the Margrave of Edinburgh. Join me as we welcome him to his rightful place. Let the party begin!"

As rehearsed, Emrys stepped down the stage to move towards the crowd of young women awaiting his invitation. He went towards Anna but was surprised when his hand was suddenly grabbed by someone else. As per tradition, he had to open with the first that he touches.

"I'm honoured your highness." the girl said sweetly.

"Mischa," Emrys muttered with contempt. He looked at Anna who looked slightly hurt. He saw Sarah go to Anna and whisper something. It didn't erase her look of hurt but somehow, Emrys knew she felt better about something.

Emrys grudgingly led Mischa to the dance floor and danced with her. He was so distracted, he stepped on Mischa's toes several times.

"Ouch!" she yelped.

"I apologize, my lady." Mischa didn't say anything in reply. Instead she kept her focus on Anna, giving the latter smirks and malicious glances. Emrys wasn't blind of course.

"Why are you smirking?" Emrys asked.

"Smirking? Me?" Mischa asked in a sweet voice, if it was ever possible.

"Never mind," Emrys said with a resigned sigh. He kept wishing it was over. It didn't help that all eyes were on them.

"Ouch! My lord, I feel like you are purposely stepping on my foot!" Mischa complained.

"I apologize. I did not mean to step on your foot." Emrys said calmly. At the back of his head he was imagining himself purposely stepping on Mischa's foot and Mischa leaving him alone, as a result. Of course, it was only his imaginings. Mischa leaving before the end of the song is a slap on the face of the royals. She could not do that as it would cause her family a lot of trouble. The Queen would get really angry with the humiliation. Of course, Emrys would get reprimanded, as well. Besides, purposely stepping on a woman's *ahem*, girl's foot is rude.

Emrys was distracted and could not help stepping on her foot. A skilled dancer could have led Emrys and would have been spared of the 15 "accidents" that Mischa endured. Mischa was not that kind of dancer.

At the end of the dance, Mischa held on to Emrys. Emrys was bent on leaving, though, so she was eventually persuaded. Well, more like, Emrys forced her hand away from his. He went to Anna and asked her for a dance which she gracefully accepted. Mischa, on the other hand, went to sit to attend to her slightly bruised feet.

"I apologize. I was actually going to ask you for my first dance." Emrys started.

"It's alright. It's just that you were going along my direction and so I thought... I guess I was being conceited," she replied with her head

down. Emrys let go of one of her hands and lifted her chin up and looked into her eyes.

"You didn't listen. I was going for you but someone took my hand and by tradition, I had to dance my first dance with her. Come on, do you really think I'd willingly dance with someone that insulted my friends?"

"Sorry, I just-" Anna started but was interrupted by Emrys.

"No more apologies. You look beautiful in that dress. A smile not an apology, would brighten it up more."

"Thank you," Anna replied with a smile. "You really didn't have to buy me this dress, you know?"

"I know. But I wanted to and you look amazing in it, so win-win right."

"Win-win?" Anna asked making Emrys blush. He just realized what he said and what he meant. Win-win. Anna comes out looking absolutely amazing and he... well, he was rewarded with an absolutely amazing date. Well, not really date, but... but... a one-sided date? Is that even possible? I'm too young for all of this.
(Midnight, stop setting me up!)

"I apologize."

"For what?" Anna asked. Emrys stared at her and just shook his head, glad that Anna didn't understand what he really meant.

"Nothing. Forget it. Let's just enjoy the evening." Emrys said. A few moments later, the dance ended. He wanted another dance but Anna shook her head. "Go dance with Sarah. If you didn't notice, there are a lot of girls waiting to dance with you- even some adults." Emrys made a face making Anna laugh. He did dance with Sarah after.

By the end of the night, Emrys had danced with pretty much every girl/woman in the room. Several reporters danced with him and tried asking questions such as what his life was like before he realized he was royalty.

"I lived a normal teenage life. I had chores, I had responsibilities. It's not much different from my life now. The only differences I see are that my chores are more stately and my responsibilities are heavier since I'm representing the monarchy and the Sovereign."

"What do you hope to be?"

"That's a very broad question. Basically, I want to be one of you. I don't want to be thought of as the Margrave of Edinburgh. I just want to be Emrys." Emrys said.

"But you're a monarch. Surely you want to be known as such and be adorned with all the accolades that a person of your stature would normally have."

"I don't want any undue merit. I don't even know what half of the medals on my suit are for. If I am to be adorned with accolades, I want to earn them. The me that haven't yet done anything yet just wants to be Emrys." Emrys said with a slight shrug. He still found it hard to be a 'royal'. Perhaps, he was out of practice. Perhaps, it was his nature. Somehow, only Mischa manages to coerce his arrogant royal side.

"Where are you studying?"

"London School for the Gifted."

"I've heard about that. You're magical?" the reporter suddenly said. Emrys inclined his face.

"I'm a witch, if that's what you're asking."

"Oh. Wow, I'm surprised. In any case, yes I am."

"Why not Hogwarts?"

"Remember the headlines?" Emrys simply asked. He could see the gears swirling in the woman's mind.

"Oh! You're the Boy-Who-Lived! How could I forget? I apologize, your highness."

"Come now. Don't start acting like this. We were having a nice conversation."

"I'm sorry. It's just surreal."

"So the fact that I'm royalty doesn't awe you as much as the fact that I'm Harry Potter?" Emrys asked, genuinely curious.

"I've been a palace reporter for a long time. After a while, they become normal in your eyes," she replied honestly.

"You didn't pursue magic?" Emrys asked.

"I'm muggleborn. There's no place for me in the wizarding world, specially as a Hogwarts graduate." she replied. Emrys frowned.

"I don't quite understand."

"If I wanted to pursue magic, I would have had to be a professor, an entrepreneur or a ministry of magic employee. Back in my day, the ministry, while allowing everyone to apply, based their hiring on how pureblood and how well connected you were."

"But my mom, worked at the ministry. She's technically a muggleborn."

"I guess they changed? I don't know. I stopped following happenings in the wizarding world that does not concern my safety."

"Dark lords?"

"Yeah." She replied.

"Please don't publish anything about me being Harry Potter." Emrys suddenly said.

"But it's pretty obvious, now that I think about it."

"I know. But I don't want attention drawn to it. I just want to be Emrys - not the Margrave and certainly not the boy-whose-name-needs-to-be-hyphenated-for-surviving-while-his-parents-and-many-others-did-not."

"Oh alright. So any love interest?"

"Sorry, you're too old for me." Emrys joked causing the witch to laugh.

"I most likely am. Just how old do you think I am?"

"About 30 or so?"

"Wow, thank you. Actually I'm turning 60 next month."

"Really?" Emrys asked with wide eyes.

"Magic, you know?" she replied with a chuckle.

There were other kinds of reporters too. Some were pretty aggressive with Emrys accusing him of being another royal who took advantage of public funds.

"That's not true. I was left with an inheritance that I'm planning to solely use. I won't be receiving any money for the public."

"Where did the inheritance come from?"

"From my parents and from my father's side. It's enough to keep me going even past graduation."

"Your parents probably got money from the public. Doesn't this mean that your money came from the public as well?"

"No. As far as I know, my inheritance comes mainly from my father's side and his investments."

"The Potters have disappeared as a line. How do we even know your father obtained his finances legitimately."

"Look, my parents died when I was young. I don't know much about how they got their money, but I'd like to think that they got it from honest means."

"Would you call the money that the Queen gets from the public honest?"

"I don't know. I have to examine that thoroughly first. I know you'd quote me. I don't want to say something idiotic just because I was impulsive and answered based on my instincts."

"But that's what I want to know: what is your impression, based on instincts alone."

Emrys was thankful that the music decided to end there. He was spared of answering. He really didn't know the answer. She was also Emrys' last dance partner. Emrys was now free to mingle. About an hour ago, the silent auction was introduced. Emrys was curious about the progress and so made his way towards the table.

"Hey Emrys." one of the volunteers greeted giving Emrys a high five.

A part of the room went GASP!, while Mischa, being Mischa, loudly complained.

"How dare you treat his highness so callously! You should be held for contempt!" Mischa exclaimed wagging an aggressive point finger at the volunteer. The Queen and her husband were already making their way towards the incident, while Emrys went in front of the volunteer in a shielding manner.

"She's done nothing wrong," Emrys defended.

"What is the meaning of this?" The Queen demanded.

"One of your subjects called his highness only by his name. Lady Mischa is demanding justice," Liam replied in a calm voice.

"Emrys?"

"Your majesty, if I may speak bluntly."

"You may."

"At the beginning of the year, I asked everyone from school to call me Emrys. I did not instruct them to do otherwise for the evening. One cannot expect them to switch gears so easily, especially when they are not told to do so. I only ask that you defer any punishment to me as it really is my own fault."

"You are being too rash. What makes you think I would dole out any punishments or consequences?"

"Lady Mischa is asking for justice," Emrys replied with a raised eyebrow directed at Mischa.

"Well then, Lady Mischa what action shall appease you?" The Queen asked.

"They should be thrown out of the party!" she said rashly. The crowd again went GASP! The party was filled with important people and reporters. The volunteers who were helping out with the auction practically represented the British public. They were 'commoners', not reporters and not VIPs. That Mischa demanded that they, not just the girl, be thrown out of the party was like a slap on the sovereign's 'commoners'.

"In that case, I shall take my leave then," Emrys started but was held back by the volunteer.

"Don't be ridiculous, your highness," she said. Emrys replied with a face that held mirth and amusement and whispered to her, "You know, correcting your previous mistake is now useless. You're technically not allowed to grab me without my express permission." She quickly released Emrys' arm. Emrys looked at her with a gentle smile.

"Emrys, this party is partly tradition and is partly for you. You cannot leave."

"In that case, I will leave, your Majesty," the volunteer said.

"I will not allow it. If this really is partly a party for me then I should have a say in when my guests have overstayed their welcome. Your welcome has not yet expired," Emrys told the volunteer. "With all due respect, your majesty, if you kick her out, I'm leaving as well."

"No need for this rashness, no one is leaving."

"Your majesty!" Mischa objected.

"While I appreciate your sentiments, the Queen does not answer to you. Now, I think we have had more than enough excitement for the

night. How about we go back to partying." the Queen said, addressing everyone. Mischa did not reply. Instead she just walked away.

"Emrys, please do avoid any incidents from now on."

"I'll try my best." Emrys replied. "But I can't promise anything. I didn't ask for that to happen." Emrys replied adamantly.

"I know." The Queen replied with a sigh. She was tired of all these squabbles instigated by a childish, obsessed girl.

Emrys was grateful that the winner of the auction was not a reporter. It wasn't Mischa either. It was an old actress who wasn't really interested in Emry's past or anything of the like. She was just interested in having someone to treat like a grandson for a day. In some ways, the celebrity was quite overbearing and overprotective. Emrys thought it was nice of her, though, to care about a total stranger but he couldn't help being thankful that the day was over.

A/N: When I wrote about the auction thing, I thought of making Mischa win. But I changed my mind. I decided to just make it a random event that shouldn't have occurred anyway.

The past few chaps were filler-y because they were fillers. Someone wanted some fluff ^_^ and I executed it poorly. Sorry.

Thanks Everyone! I hope I didn't miss anyone.

B00kw0rm92, CHEEKY-HERMONIE, jbfritz, JdMidnight, HanzooftheSalamander, SimFlyer, Nightwing27, TwilightEclps, Yana5,

AddictedtoTwilightForever: I laughed when I saw your review ^_^.

Adenoide: Eden?

Brighteyes343: Granted ^_^

Farwalker: Don't expect too much though.

Fanbasher865: Hmm, I don't think I made it sweet enough.

Jabarber69: Yeah. I don't even think they know what all those medals mean - at least the younger royals.

Jim Red Hawk: Well, I thought it was English (I looked it up too, before using it. ^_^) I thought Margrave was the English equivalent. In any case, it's just that I didn't want Emrys to be a count. He couldn't be the Duke of Edinburgh since Prince Philip is already the duke. Sorry for the confusion. ^_^ Thank you!

Lezya: Thanks! Why didn't you celebrate? Were you the one giving out candy? Btw, changing your name from the old one to this one isn't really that much of a difference. But I guess, they might not make the connection. Is it working out? Oh and, they're 11. I know, too young. I did say I screwed up the timeline. I know. I love Canada. I have the whole world as my neighbour. I get to eat Sushi, Bibimbap, Pad Thai, Pho, All kinds of Chinese food... heavenly indeed.

ObsidianFrost: Well, they were out of commission for so long, so it's not surprising. I should stop writing fillers ^_^. Sorry. Oh and the group is indeed random. They just gather people and go out to volunteer and such. I'm part of a volunteer organization too. I was going to use that, but I figured that would be like propaganda. It would be weird to me and probably to you, as well.

ROBERT-19588- So many characters, so little brain space. I don't think I can handle all of them. We'll see.

RRW: Dursley misery. Not yet. They have to suffer in jail first.

Waterisjustcomingoutofthesky: What did you go as?

Wizmage: No. I don't know how to write slash. I can write some playful banter between guys, but that's about it.

Disclaimer: I don't own anything. Fanfic is AU. DracoxMione anyone?

Rys=Emrys=Harry Potter

Jeremy, Sarah and Anna are his friends and dorm mates. LSM runs on a promoted-whenever-you-pass

Forgive me for whatever happens in this chapter!

January... (I'll write the Christmas chap on Christmas?)

The students of LSM finished their exams about a week ago.

"Rys, the results are out!" Jeremy exclaimed. He was holding four envelopes and gave them to their respective owners.

Emrys Anna Sarah Jeremy

(T)ransfiguration 5 4 4 5

(C)harms 5 5 4 4

(D)ADA 6 4 4 4

(P)otions 7 4 4 4

Muggle History C 6 4 4

Magical History C 4 4 4

Math 3 3 4 3

Science 3 3 3 4

English 5 5 3 3

Music 2 2 4 2

Dance 4 5 3 2

Art 2 4 4 3

PhysEd 3 4 3 4

C = completed unit 7.

Maximum level is 7 for core, 5 for electives, listed below.

Complete is required for magical subjects, Math, Science, English and History. Music, Dance, Art can be dropped after completing unit 2. Physical Education can be dropped after Unit 4

C stands for completed. As there are two free spaces, you can now add any of the two pending successful completion of pre-reqs. You can also keep them free, if you so wish.

Healing: C5, P5, Sci 3, PhysEd 2

Ancient Runes: Magical History 4, C4, DADA 5

Arithmancy: Magical History 4, C4

Care of Magical Creatures: Science 4, PhysEd 3, P4

Dueling: DADA5, PhysEd 3

Muggle Martial Arts / Weaponry: PhysEd 3

Metal and Weapon works: Charms 5

Strategy and Logic: Magical and Muggle History 3

Culinary Arts: No prereqs.

Accounting: Math 4

Creative Writing: English 4

Woodwork: PhysEd 2

Foreign Language: no prereq.

Magical and Muggle Parliament: Muggle and Magical History 5

Upon Jeremy's insistent prodding, the group exchanged results.

"Wow, you have completes already. You can take electives!" Jeremy exclaimed.

"That's amazing, Rys," Sarah added.

"We need to work harder if we want to keep up with Rys. You're practically ahead of everyone, except in the arts and phys ed." Anna said.

"I know. I think I'll step it up in phys ed."

"Join the diving team!" Jeremy exclaimed. Emrys smiled in amusement. Jeremy was such a fanatic of diving. He lives and breathes diving.

Emrys decided to take Healing and Culinary Arts.

Emrys liked Healing class. He found it interesting to learn about the human body and had a lot of motivation for the class. They did theory for a month and then had practicals for the rest of the year. They had practice dummies that were "injured". Since, no one was going to get hurt, the class was almost like self-study. The dummies were programmed to have you consecutively perform the spell five times successfully before moving on to another spell. After ten spells, there was a quiz. The dummy would randomly be injured of some sort and you had to diagnose it and perform the correct healing spell. Emrys liked setting his own pace. His dummy also randomized the severity of the injury to allow Emrys to practice control. Emrys was having so much fun with his dummy that he finished the module in a month. The instructor was surprised.

"Well, that dummy was supposed to last you the rest of the semester."

"Sorry."

"It's alright. The style that the healing class is taught allows students more freedom than any other class. It's not uncommon to have students like you who progress faster than expected. It is uncommon to have students like you who progress as fast as you did. As such, I think it wouldn't be a problem if you move to the next

level. I just need you to take the test for the unit 1. When are you free?"

"Friday at 2?"

"That should be fine. I'll be testing you on theory and will give you a dummy with various injuries. You would need to heal them."

"Professor, I just have a concern. If the schedules are the same, doesn't that mean that I missed the theory for the second unit?"

"There's a textbook. You can just read it and ask me your questions if you don't understand. You should be fine."

"Thank you sir."

"Pleasure's mine, your highness. I'm glad I have a student that's quite taken with Healing."

Emrys beamed.

Perhaps Culinary Arts is the only subject Emrys took at a normal pace. He had to as it was the only class that wasn't 'self-study' but rather a directed one because the instructor was muggle and group work was a huge component. It wasn't like the other muggle subjects where they could learn from a book. Emrys was glad he grew. He could at least reach everything conveniently. He got a lot of looks of doubt from the other students. Even if he grew, he still looked much younger than everyone else. They started to respect Emrys once they realized that he was better than most of them, since many were starting from scratch. They were all on par on theory, but Emrys was above average in terms of technique. He and a few others who have worked in a kitchen in some way, shape or form, excelled in the class.

That semester, Emrys made a goal to progress faster at PhysEd. He still woke up early, and instead of reading, he decided to go to the track and the gym to build up his fitness.

He also finished the second unit of healing in a month.

"I don't understand how you're able to do this. Maybe I should revamp my curriculum," the instructor replied.

"The theory part did not take as long as that of unit 1." Emrys offered.

"That is to be expected. Unit 1 was all the fundamentals and basics. Unit 2 is more about the spells. If you understood the basics well then the theory for unit 2 should be a piece of cake. The practical part is supposed to be hard." Emrys shrugged. He didn't know why either.

Tell him your wand is a customized one. As such, it is better attuned to your magic. You don't need as much control practice. Cherry offered. Emrys jumped. He hasn't heard from Cherry nor Blackie nor Melina nor Mara since Halloween.

That's your fault for ignoring to talk to us. Blackie commented.

Sorry I've been busy, Emrys said lamely.

We're slightly hurt but we understand. Sheesh, you're such a workaholic. Cherry complained. I can't remember a time where you weren't holding a book reading or practicing spells. I can't remember a time where you just chill-ed, you know? Like normal children do? You do remember you're only 11 right?

"Prince Emrys?"

"Oh sorry. Would a customized wand be the cause of my rather rapid progress?"

"Ah that explains it. I've always wanted one. It's better attuned to your magic and as such need less control practice."

"Why don't you get one?"

"I'd rather not enter Knockturn Alley. Is that where you got yours from?"

"Yeah."

"A rather dangerous place for a member of the royal court." The instructor named Sean Pill commented.

"I felt safe enough with Liam. Monsieur Ranglois' shop is near the entrance anyway."

"It's alright. I'm fine with my wand now. It would have been nice back when I was learning. Are you also progressing as rapidly in your other subjects? I guess you are since you're already in my class despite being a first year." Emrys nodded.

"Do your friends have customized wands as well?"

"Not as far as I know."

"Is there any other reason? At the staff meeting, all the teachers commented that that your year is quite progressive this year in terms of magic. Do you know that no one's taking unit 1 anymore? Everyone's been promoted to at least the second unit. It lessens the preparation work for the teachers, but doubles the marking work."

"I did not know that, but I've read a book on magical theory in the summer. I've shared it to my suitemates and eventually to everyone who wanted it."

"Do you mind if I borrow a copy?"

"I wouldn't mind, but apparently it's in a different language. It looked English to me though. I can lend you my notes if that's alright?"

"That would be great. Thank you Prince Emrys."

"Please, call me Emrys. Everyone does."

"Emrys then."

At breakfast Emrys received a peculiar owl. It's obviously one of the royal magical messengers.

Harold Emrys James Arthur was written in front of the envelope. It had the seal of the Ronsgraves.

Emrys took out the parchment and blanched.

Re: Contract of Bethrothal between the Royal and Noble House of Windsor and the Noble House of Ronsgraves.

To whom it may concern,

Let it be known that on this day, the 20th of March 2010, Harold Emrys James Arthur, Duke of Magic and Margrave of Edinburgh, is formally engaged to the Lady Mischa Ronsgrave, daughter of the Viscount of Ronsgrave, until such time that the bond is sealed in the most revered sacrament of matrimony, through this agreement signed in ink and royal blood.

Signed,

Elizabeth II Edward Ronsgrave

Queen of the Sovereign Viscount of Ronsgrave

"You've got to be sh**ing me!" Emrys muttered.

"Emrys!" Anna scolded. Emrys just glared at her and ran towards the gym not trusting himself to restrain himself from attacking anyone who approached him.

No one saw him in any of their classes that day. They couldn't. After Emrys vented out on the poor punching bag who he managed to dislodged from its hook, Emrys took his broom and flew towards a forest, not noticing a concerned Liam who hurriedly fetched a broom. However, Liam lost Emrys in flight for Emrys was a far better flyer than Liam.

In the forest, Emrys found a clearing. He willed a wall of stone to appear, not realizing how he did it, then started to fling hexes and curses at it using Blackie. Blackie knew that his Emrys could not harm anyone so he let Emrys vent. He acquired some gashes and wounds from flying debris, but didn't notice. He was too angry and too hurt to notice. He eventually maxed out and passed out due to fatigue.

Emrys woke in a hut. Where am I?, he thought.

Thanks everyone! Sorry for the jump in timeline. It's what I have written before. I didn't want to write while I was otherwise preoccupied with school (and all the craziness that comes with it). Honestly, I've written a few chapters ahead. Besides, I wanted the

story to move forward (especially, since you want that other Dursley chap which I still have to write - I'm thinking January after Emrys returns ^_^, assuming he will?)

Can't wait for the holidays...

Thank you everyone! B00kw0rm92, Hanzo of the Salamander, Jbfritz,

:What delay? ^_^ Don't worry about it. I didn't even notice. ^_^ Hehehe...

Jabarber69: She hit her head quite hard when she was young and lost all her capacity to take hints? Hmm, I shouldn't say that. It sounds like an insult to people who hit their head and are way more sensible than Mischa despite it.

JDMidnight: She could. But... the writer decided not to. Hahhaa... There are political ramifications? Maybe I should explain why she's influential... or at least why her family is. Dumbles decided not to make himself look younger, because it makes him look wise and someone to be revered and respected.

Meipel: So what does Meipel mean? It was ok, the request just came at the wrong time (coincided with midterms and papers and yet I still stubbornly tried. My fault, really...) I want to go to Malaysia sometime. Ooh, food stalls FOOD TRIP! Hahaha..

Nightwing27: I won't. As I said, I don't know how... Remember Jeremy's catcalls of Emrys = hunk? That's the extent to which I can write any innuendos...

ObsidianFrost: All the complaints about Mischa makes me think that I overdid it. Sorry! This chapter is probably Mischa-overdone?

Peruser: Hmm, rotten little snot. Can I use that? Hehehe. Maybe I should explain why she is influential. Hmm...

Robert-19588: What does 19588 mean? I've always been curious. Sorry Mischa is quite clingy.

tpx1: Yes, cause that will make it interesting. Of course, I can't answer your second question ^_^. They'll meet since Tom always wants to steal the show. ^_^

Waterisjustcomingoutofthesky: Ooh a chef! My friend's a chef (well, she's working on getting her certifications...) Yup, they'll meet. I was kind of debating on killing this story and continuing with a sequel... or just have one long story.

IMPORTANT: CHOOSE a number between 2-5 and no it's not about the number of years or stories or anything like that so 5 is not necessarily the best answer, nor is 2.

Thank you everyone! LOL(lots of love)!

^_^ Please review ^_^

Disclaimer: I LOVE HAPPY ENDINGS! I don't write drunk. I don't own anything. Fanfics are AU. Just because they're royalty, doesn't mean they're untouchable. They're still muggle (well, at least, some of them)

Ye of little faith: It's interesting that most everyone jumped on the idea that the author is whacked in the head for making his grandmother evil and out of character. (at least it got me instant reviews? Hehehe) Yes, his grandmother knows Mischa's evil. Yes, it's so out of character. Yes, it's not like her. Yes it goes against everything I've written so far. I knew that. *sweat drop*

Good news! The next few chapters (at least three) are Mischa-less. You hate her so much, should I just kill her really soon?

=====]

A lady approached him. She was quite small and had yellow wings(think Tinkerbell). Emrys didn't understand her and gave her a confused face. Others joined her and the most senior looking one flew around Emrys and gave a nod. Several others came carrying an apple. Emrys felt bad. It took 7 of them to carry the apple. They smiled gratefully when he took it. He started to eat.

"Do you want some?" Emrys asked offering the apple, they shook their heads no.

"Thank you very much."

A few moments later, another lady came in. This time, she was taller than Emrys. She had blue eyes and long blond wavy hair. Emrys couldn't help but notice the pointy ears. Elf?

She talked to the small flying people who left. She hovered her hand on Emrys and nodded as well. She tried to speak to Emrys but Emrys wasn't able to understand.

Creature speak only works on what you people call animals, Blackie offered.

But how about Goblins? Emrys asked remembering that he was able to talk to Tripe.

I don't know, but I do know that Elves can pass for a human more than goblins could, same with faeries. Blackie replied. He was really the more intellectual of the two wands.

Thanks Blackie.

A bird flew to the window sill.

You're awake! Glad you're awake! she chirped.

Thank you. Emrys said.

You can speak! Julianna will be glad! she said. The bird suddenly spoke in another language. The elf turned her head towards the bird who nodded.

Julianna asked me to translate. She said you're fully healed from your minor injuries.

Where am I? Can you please thank her for me. Also please thank the... people who were here before?

Who?

They were smaller than me and can fly.

Ah, the faeries!

Uh, yeah. Please thank the faeries and Lady Julianna for me.

Julianna says you can drop the Lady and call her by her name. She says your very polite.

Emrys wracked his brain for anything that might help him. He vaguely remembered a spell.

What's your name? Emrys asked the bird.

Chippy.

Chippy, can you ask Julianna if I can perform magic here?

...Julianna says you can. She can feel that you are not of any danger to her or the community.

Thank you. I promise not to harm.

Emrys summoned Cherry, pointed to himself and said Linguaje!

"Can you understand me now?" Emrys asked. Julianna frowned.

"What did you say?" Julianna asked and Chippy translated.

I understood her. She can't understand me, though. Can you ask her if she'll permit me to use a spell on her?

... She says ok, but tells me to remind you how much trust she's putting on you. Don't betray her. Or else I'll peck you all over! Chippy said. Emrys nodded. Julianna came closer and Emrys performed the spell on her holding back as much as possible.

"Can you understand me now?" Emrys asked. Julianna's eyes widened.

"Yes. How long will the spell last?"

"I am not sure. How did I get here?"

"Some of the faeries smelled a disturbance in the forest. Then, they saw you attacking a wall. You smelled of hurt and betrayal and when you passed out, they brought me to you."

"Thank you for healing me."

"It is my duty."

"Where am I?"

"You're in Elshora."

"I must admit, I don't know where that is."

"I wouldn't expect an Earthling to know. We're not entirely in Earth right now." Emrys was shocked.

"You need to stay for a year here."

"I-I can't. People will be worried." How ironic. I flew away so as to get away from everyone, and here I am worrying that they'll worry.

"No worries. A year here is 24 hours in your realm. You have no choice anyway. The gate that transported you to our forest cannot open for another year."

"A gate?"

"Yes. You must be very powerful if you saw our forest. Normal Earthlings cannot see it."

"What will I do here?"

"Help out. Everyone in the community contributes even the students. You'll probably be sent to school. We'll find something you can help out with. Many millenias ago, another Earthling arrived here. She was able to learn the language. I expect you to learn as well. She wrote a book about it." Julianna said as she pointed to a book: Elshora, language and culture by Lilian Catherine Sophia Victoria.

Emrys started to tear up.

"What's wrong Ciruwen?"

"Lilian Catherine Sophia Victoria was my mother."

"Oh. Where is she now? She was quite a cheerful Ciruwen. Everyone liked her."

"She was killed by a dark wizard."

"I'm sorry about your mother, Ciruwen."

"Ciruwen?"

"It means treasured child."

"I know. Melina calls me that as well."

"Melina?" Julianna asked.

Melina? Are you here?

Yes. Melina said as she came out of Emrys's pocket. As soon as she did, she gave a small bow and rode Julianna's offered hand.

"I'm surprised that an Earthling knew of the guardians." Julianna said as she stroked Melina on her back.

"Guardians?"

"They protect the forest. Melina's retired though."

"How do you know?"

"The yellow bands on her back. You're an interesting Earthling. What is your name?"

"Harold Emrys James Arthur. Please call me Emrys."

Julianna and Emrys spent the afternoon talking about Emrys' life.

"Why were you so hurt?"

"I found out that I was to be bonded to a person not of my choosing. It hurt a lot, as if my heart was pierced by a blade and was left open, bleeding."

Julianna frowned.

"What you are describing is a dangerous feeling to have. For the time you are here, I don't want you to think about it. It would not do anything for you. It's a world away."

"I'll try."

"There's no try, just do." Emrys nodded. He did notice that being here, the pain he felt was to a lesser intensity. He wondered why.

=====]

That evening, Emrys attended a welcoming ritual. They went back to the clearing and Emrys stood at the centre. The faeries, the elves

and several animals which included wolves, owls and foxes among many made up a circle around him. The chief was in front of him with his hands hovering above Emrys's head muttering incantations. When he stopped, Emrys kneeled on one foot and pointed his wand down to the ground and recited his vows. Julianna helped him create his vows. They varied from person to person.

"I vow to protect this land as I would my own, to honour and respects its inhabitants and to value life, peace and joy than any other worldly thing. This is vow, this I promise, so mote it be." As Emrys finished his vow, the land pulsed with power. It swept through the land. The villagers suddenly felt a breeze. Some elves turned their back on Emrys and protected the faeries. Emrys wasn't quite done. A circular emblem appeared in his feet and suddenly he caught fire. The emblem changed from red to blue and suddenly he was rained on. As the rain poured, Emrys was entrenched by branches and finally was hit by lightning. Needless to say, the poor kid passed out.

=====]

Emrys woke up in the hut again.

"You scared us there, young Emrys." Julianna greeted. In the room was the chief and another old looking man.

"Please give my apologies to the faeries. Before I passed out, I noticed a huge breeze. I hope no one was hurt."

"We were able to protect them in time. This hasn't happened before, you know. You're an interesting child." Julianna said. She was translating what the chief had said.

"This is Master Iola. He will be teaching you Empathic magic as well as fire magic. We sadly don't have masters of other elements."

"How did you know I had an ability with Empathic and fire magic?"

"I knew when you described to me how hurt you felt before leaving Earth. Only empaths experience emotions enough tha they describe it the way you did. Usually people don't use heart when describing hurt. Only empaths do. Apart from learning from Master Iola, you will join the other students in battle practice, healing classes. We don't

know if you can do our magic so we'll need to check on that. The chief thinks you can, though," Julianna replied.

"Your magics?"

"We have spells only we can perform. Earthlings can't."

Emrys nodded in understanding.

"You'll spend this week learning our language. You'll stay here in my hut."

"Sorry to be a bother." Julianna shook her head.

"No worries. I've always wanted a son." Julianna said sending positive emotions. Emrys gratefully accepted them. "But once you learn enough of the language, you'll be living with Master Iola. You will technically be his apprentice."

Emrys gulped but nodded. Master Iola looked very strict.

=====]

Over the week, Julianna helped Emrys learn the language. Emrys removed the language spell on him. It sped up the process. Emrys also found out that elves lived for a long time. Julianna had hosted his mom as well. By the end of the week, Emrys was deemed fluent enough. With a heavy heart, he bid goodbye to Julianna and moved in with Master Iola.

"I expect you to maintain order and cleanliness, do you understand?" he asked Emrys. Emrys nodded.

"I also want verbal answers."

"Yes sir." Emrys replied. Master Iola showed Emrys his rooms. After which, they convened to the living room. Emrys was given a paper.

"This is your schedule."

Emrys was to wake up at sunrise. He'll get ready and head to school. At school, they start with morning exercise, then battle practice, then elf magic, then healing, then work at the school's kitchen where they

prepared dinner for some of the warriors stationed in the village. Then he went to the grocery and buy ingredients for dinner. Then he'll cook again. He was to call the Master from his study once dinner is ready. After dinner, they'll work on empathic magic. Once empathic magic is mastered, they'll move on to fire magic.

On their equivalent of Saturday, Master Iola would teach Emrys whatever he deemed was necessary. On Sunday, Emrys could do anything, as long as he made dinner. Master Iola had found out Emrys's ability to cook from Julianna. Julianna was busy healing so Emrys decided to help out and cook. Iola complimented the dish and Julianna admitted that it was Emrys's and not hers. From then on, Emrys cooked for Iola and Julianna. Julianna was always busy healing since she was the only healer left. Healing used to be an apprenticeship, much like Master Iola's lessons on empathic magic. Now, they added it to the school's curriculum. It wasn't enough. The students only learned the most basic healing concepts because there was so much elf magic to learn.

Emrys also got tested in elfish magic. True to the chief's word, he was able to do them as long as he used Blackie.

"You are peculiar. You have a tiny bit of elf blood in you. It also helps that the M'Nara is native to our lands," he replied as a way of explanation. Elf blood?

Emrys was glad to know that he was fit enough to be just a bit below average under elfish standards. He was a human and didn't have the advantages the elves had with their long legs, perfect balance and agile feet. At least he didn't lag behind too much.

Battle magic was new to him. They didn't really duel in DADA and PhysEd only taught him a few things about martial arts. His instructors and peers respected him for his diligence despite his lack of skill.

What he lacked in battle class, he compensated for in healing class. Emrys found that most of the healing spells they were learning, was the same with what he learned or was learning. It came easily to him. Elf magic, he struggled a bit on. It mostly dealt with enchantments, wards and working with nature. Elf magic worked differently and so the things he learned from Salazar's Theory of Magic didn't apply. His instructor gave him a book which explained elf magic. Thanks to

the book, Emrys managed to perform his first spell three weeks into the class. He asked the instructor how he was able to do elf magic in front of the chief easier than the first few spells of the class.

"They only tested if you could. The spell they made you do is the most basic one and it doesn't really do anything. The spells you do in class is intended to do something."

He made a lot of friends in the kitchen. Emrys was a very good cook and made delicious foods that met the approval of the head cook. He even managed to introduce new recipes.

True to Emrys's suspicion, Master Iola was indeed very strict. He wasn't above hitting his students. Almost everyday, Emrys was hit by Iola for mistakes and such. One time Master Iola accused Emrys of not trying enough. He felt Master Iola's seething anger. Coupled with the harsh punishment, Master Iola started to look like Vernon to Emrys' troubled empathy. Emrys was brought back to the memory of the Dursleys. Emrys curled into a ball and muttered, "please uncle vernon, no more." Master Iola, being an empath himself, started to feel how terrified Emrys was of him. He was troubled by the intensity. It's almost as if Emrys feared he'd kill him. Immediately Master Iola calmed down. Idiot. You're supposed to be an empath. You should know better than to direct your anger to some undeserving untrained empath.

He was ashamed that he was so blinded, he didn't see how hurt his charge was.

"Emrys, come now. I won't hurt you anymore. I'm sorry. I went too far. You didn't deserve it. I was angry at the council members, not you. I'm sorry." Master Iola tried. Emrys wouldn't come out of his stupor. Master Iola didn't have any choice but to call Julianna.

Julianna only had to take a split of a second to look at Emrys. She immediately went to him and started healing him. She was angry at herself for not noticing the bruises Emrys had. Emrys had a full set of old and new bruises. She was sure that it wasn't from battle class. Iola could feel her anger. Emrys flinched. Julianna noticed and tried hard to calm herself and her charge.

"Ciruwen, I'm just going to heal you ok?" Emrys didn't respond. His face relaxed as Julianna healed him. Julianna looked pointedly at

Iola, as if telling him to get out of the house. Julianna and Iola went out of the house. Once they were out, Julianna started to curse Iola.

"How could you?" Iola was hard pressed to dodge.

"You should have known better! It was a mistake to make him your apprentice!" Julianna screamed. Iola was previously repentant, but Julianna's tirade got him on the defensive. He became indignant instead.

"I'm the master. I decide how to teach my students!"

"He's an empath dammit![spell] Yes, your fire Master used such punishment on you[spell], but don't you remember your empath Master! He had to fix you from the damage the fire Master did! Imbecile! Why do you think we started with Empathy Magic?"

The next morning, Iola was found passed out near the fountains with many cuts and bruises on him. His face was swollen and he had black eye that made him look like a panda bear. Julianna refused to heal him and the students were told not to or face the same fate. It was common knowledge that Julianna, despite being the healer, was one of the most ruthless warrior the village had. Crossing her was the stupidest thing you could do. Not to mention, she was really the only one who had enough knowledge to heal her own doing.

Emrys was brought back to Julianna's. They were arranging his transport to another village that had another Empath Master. The students felt bad for him. Gone was their cheery, helpful friend. It was replaced by a depressed recluse. Emrys was still helpful to anyone who asked but he didn't offer anything beyond that. On his way to school, Emrys saw Iola. Emrys took pity on him and healed him. He ran away before Iola could properly thank or recognize him.

Saturday came. Emrys helped Julianna around the house, healing those he could. The village was engaged in a war against a guerilla group. The patients that they saw mostly came from training, though they did see some injured warriors as well. He also cooked lunch and dinner. All throughout, he didn't utter a word that wasn't related to healing.

Sunday came. Julianna expected a silent house again. She was mistaken.

"Can I go to the library?"

"Of course Rys. Come back for lunch!" Julianna said more cheerily than usual. She was happy that Emrys finally spoke.

"Thank you."

Emrys went to the library. With the permission of the librarian, he copied every book with the promise that only he could read them.

"That would be no problem ma'am. I am not planning to teach anyone the sacred language of the elves." The librarian smiled at him. Emrys proceeded to copy every book in the library. As promised he came back home for lunch. He continued copying the library after. He finished just in time to be able to go shopping and to prepare dinner. Without Mara's ability, he would have taken years to finish copying the 8765 books the library had, even with magic.

"Oh Emrys, I wasn't expecting you to make dinner. Thank you."

=====]

Julianna was informed that Emrys was to stay in their village for another two months while the student of the Empathy Master finished his apprenticeship. For the meantime, Emrys was to apprentice under Julianna.

Julianna was a different kind of Master who relied on positive reinforcement. In two weeks, Emrys was back to his cheerful self. He still avoided Master Iola as much as he could. One Saturday Julianna was out at the barracks teaching basic healing. She asked Emrys to stay since the village needed a healer at all times. Emrys was advancing well according to Julianna. It helped that he didn't attend healing class nor cooked at the kitchen. His contribution was now healing. The amount of time he spent home allowed Julianna to teach him more. Emrys also started studying on his own after acquiring books in the library. -By the end of the first month, Emrys was more senior in healing than anyone in the village, save for Julianna. That Saturday, Iola came to Julianna's.

"Julianna!" He called out. Emrys froze. "Julianna!" Emrys was in the study, reading. He gathered his courage and went out. "H-how may I

help you, sir? Lady Julianna is out at the barracks." Julianna refused to be called Mistress. She said it had a bad connotation in her head; something about a husband-stealer. Instead, she opted to be called Lady Julianna when Emrys insisted that she be called a title.

Emrys felt a flash of anger. Iola was bitter at Emrys. He was the cause of his public embarrassment. The students never stopped teasing him about being panda face or some other insult.

"I was bit by a snake." He replied. Emrys gestured him to the bed. Immediately, Emrys took on his healer's persona and stopped being Emrys. He was very professional and it helped reign his fear. Emrys cast a diagnostic spell with Cherry. Emrys was glad that first aid was applied and only trace amounts remained.

"Do you know what species sir?"

"Basilisk." Emrys couldn't help but gasp. Trace amounts could be deadly. Emrys immediately went to work with urgency. He closed his eyes and focused on Iola's life force calling foreign agents to his hand which was hovering above the puncture wound. Ex Acto! The venom hovered as a ball between Iola's leg and Emrys's hand. Emrys held the venom and levitated it to the counter and directed it into a vial. He went back to check and see if any remained. There was a red glow on Iola's heart and blue light on his wrists. Emrys frowned.

"What's wrong boy?"

"Were you cursed as well?"

"Not as far as I know. Are you going to close that wound?"

"It's not bleeding. It will heal better untouched. There seems to be a curse on your heart and two blue lights on your wrists. I'm not sure what blue means. All it says is an anomaly. I'd suggest you stay here until Lady Julianna comes back. There's a tendril connecting your heart to the blue light on your wrists. I don't want to do anything before I fully understand it."

"When is Julianna coming back?"

"She's coming back for dinner, sir. Would you like something to read?"

"I'll come back instead."

"I insist you stay."

"You can't do anything for me."

"What could be so important that you have to risk aggravating your condition?"

"I doubt you have anything that interests me."

"Try me."

"Fine. History of the Fallen People by Heifetz."

"I'll be back. Please stay in bed. I'll know if you leave." Emrys said politely. He went back to the study and went to his trunk to fetch the book. He gave it to a surprised Iola. He had also brought his books so he could stay in the hospital wing in case others came. He wasn't disappointed. Several others came with the same condition. Basilisk bite which when removed revealed the red curse on their hearts and two blue circles on their wrists.

"Where did you all go? You all have the same condition." Emrys asked.

"We're from the barracks." Emrys's eyes widened. "Did you also come from the barracks sir?" Emrys asked Iola. "No. I was going to the barracks."

Emrys healed the Basilisk bites. Pretty soon, he had twenty patients. The wing was overcapacity. Emrys removed the beds and asked them apologetically to sit on cushions on the floor. They graciously agreed. Emrys cooked dinner for everyone. The influx of warriors had not gone unnoticed by the chief. He magically enlarged the wing and got several students to help. Emrys was the only one who could remove the venom. They were there to bring Emrys vials, and some went to help cook and make everyone comfortable.

It wasn't the only crisis. The villagers started to get sick as well. They started to have green spots. Before they could enter the wing, Emrys stopped.

"Stop! Everyone with spots, go to another hut. I'll be there in a few minutes!" Emrys ordered. Emrys spelled himself with a layer that would kill bacteria, virus and other pathogens. It was magic that only worked on Earthlings. "Chief, can I ask you to enlarge my room?" Emrys asked as he motioned to his room. Everyone with the basilisk bite was moved there after Emrys sterilized it and transformed it into another hospital wing. Emrys spelled a protective layer of goop on the door connecting the wing and his room. The goop and the air inside it killed all pathogens. He sectioned off a part of the wing with goop. He needed to quarantine everyone and determine if it was airborne.

"I'll be in the other room. If you need to contact me, enter the goop. It won't harm you. Don't cross to the other side. Stay inside the goop chamber, I'll be able to hear you."

Pretty soon Emrys called everyone with spots from the other hut.

"I'm sorry you'll have to stay in there. I have to figure out what you have. We need to keep whatever you have from spreading."

Emrys had to expand the goop area twice before everyone fit. Some ten minutes later, more warriors arrived including Lady Julianna.

Emrys was surprised but kept his calm. He knew he had to take care of the Basilisk venom first. Once he was sure every drop of venom was removed, he sent them to the other room. In the other room, everyone was eating. The students had finished cooking.

"Do we have more food?"

"We have to cook again. It might take a while," the head cook said. Emrys nodded. "Please do so. The rest of the village is in the other room."

"What do you mean the rest of the village?" The chief asked.

"It seems everyone was infected. There are only a handful that are perfectly fine."

They were interrupted when one of the soldiers started heaving and holding his heart. The other warriors parted for Emrys.

Emrys did a diagnostic and found that the thread linking the blue light on his wrists and his heart was glowing. He was shocked when the red light suddenly exploded and the man slumped to death. Emrys started CPR. He went on for a while but after five minutes stopped. He checked and saw that the man was dead beyond help. No more lights glowed, it meant his magic, his soul and his mind had passed away. Emrys' eyes darkened. He just lost his first patient. He would have grieved harder and longer but he had a village full of patients waiting.

"What was he doing before he started heaving?" Emrys asked.

"He was trying to cast a spell to make the room colder. It's a bit hot in here," the soldier replied. Emrys immediately spelled the room to be colder.

"Please don't perform magic. From what I saw, magic activates invisible bracelets of magic on your wrists. They pull on magic in your heart and makes it explode. I'm sorry I couldn't save him." They nodded. Everyone held a bit of silence. Emrys left to tend to his spotted patients. Lady Julianna went with him.

"Rys, I can't do any magic, but I can offer knowledge and advice." she said. She would have liked to comfort her charge but knew that Emrys was already trying to bury the death in the back of his mind.

"Thank you. I think you better stay inside the goop until we figure out how this disease is spreading."

"How about you?"

"I stumbled upon some magic that allows an invisible layer to surround me, similar to the goop." Emrys replied. Julianna nodded.

"I know you're all hungry. They're making food right now. So just a moment. Do you all remember when you started getting the spots?" They all nodded, some reluctantly. That meant they weren't too sure. "Sorry to put you in the spot, when did you get it?"

"Sometime after 6pm."

"Anyone get it earlier?" Emrys asked. Everyone was reluctant.

"Please. There's no shame in getting it earlier. Our priority right now is to figure this out and heal everyone." They had to find the cure fast. The elderly were getting weaker.

He continued until he arrived to a small girl who said she got it at the 12pm. No one else answered that they got it earlier. Emrys asked the girl to tell him about her day. She said she was playing with her friends at the border. She said she got thirsty and got a drink from the river. Then she came back for lunch with her parents. Emrys asked for her friends. They said they didn't drink from the river but got it sometime after 1pm after eating lunch. When asked what they had for lunch, they said they had stew.

"I have a suspicion that the water is causing this."

"Emrys!" he heard from Julianna. Emrys turned to see her worried face. He went to her. The warriors were getting the spots as well.

"Did they eat anything?" Emrys asked.

"Stew."

"Must be the water. Do you know what they have?"

"I've never seen anything like it."

"I'll go take the samples from the fountain."

"There's a basilisk lurking around. Without the warriors, he's probably in town already."

"I'll be careful and I'll stay above ground as much as possible."

"Bring one of the unsick students with you. Was everyone evacuated from the ground?" The healing wing was above ground, but most of the dwellings and buildings were on the ground.

"The whole village is here."

Chirp chirp. Emrys heard. From the window sill, a red humming bird could be seen.

Hello my dear fellow. How can I help you?

The village of Triana sent me here asking for warriors have been bitten by a Basilisk. The venom was removed but there were blue and red unidentified glows from their diagnostics. The villagers have also started having spots.

We believe that the spots are from drinking the water. Is their source the River of Sewapaka?

Yes.

Tell them that causes the spots and that anyone with the blue and red glows shouldn't do any magic or they'll die.

Thank you. Do you have the cure?

Not yet. Sorry. Also tell them not to come here. There is a Basilisk lurking. If we find the cure or if we defeat the Basilisk, we'll send word.

Thank you.

Safe and swift flight, my friend.

And to you.

"The whole village is here?" Julianna asked incredulously. She stepped out of the goop. Now that nearly everyone is infected and that transmission is through ingestion of water, she deemed it safe.

"Yeah. Lady Julianna, please don't forget you can't perform magic." Lady Julianna nodded.

Emrys entered the warrior's area.

"You imbeciles! Now look what you've done! We have the spots too!" Iola exclaimed.

"Master Iola, they are not to blame. They didn't know." Emrys tried.

"This is all your fault! If I hadn't stayed-" Emrys flinched at the anger and tried hard not to cower. He was failing at the attempt.

"If you hadn't stayed, you would have been eaten by the Basilisk, or you would have been infected earlier! Stop blamestorming it's not helping!" Julianna exclaimed.

"Thank you," Emrys whispered.

"I need everyone not diagnosed with the red and blue glow to help around healing. I don't know what the spots will do, but we have to heal the symptoms." Julianna ordered. Emrys did a manual check of all the volunteers to make sure they didn't have it.

"Do we continue cooking?"

"Yes please. They already have it."

"Will the goop affect it?"

"No, maybe. I don't know. I was planning on taking down the goop as they'll dislodge themselves from the wall once the food pass. I don't think the villagers would appreciate eating goop. Besides, it's not airborne."

Under Lady Julianna's directions, the students started setting up a lab. Emrys went out and he could clearly hear the Basilisk moving down below him.

=====]

I'm thinking of ending this story once Emrys comes back. I realized there might be too much happening, with Dumbledore, Mischa, Iola, Guerilla Elves, Dukedoms etc. Too many villains...

=====]

Don't worry about the numbers. I didn't get enough to get a consensus (Two 4s, two 3s and one 3.5 - lol... that doesn't help... hehee) so I'll just decide on my own (between 3 or 4).

=====]

Thank you!

Fanbasher865: Maybe? I haven't decided yet. Should I?

fantasyneko: I don't know anymore either. It was impulsive of me. I was going to decide the number of factions with the poll, but that's not working out so well.

Farwalker: Yup!

Hemotem: Thank you! Sorry I didn't get to use the numbers in the end.

Kiefercarlos: Thank you! Glad you approve ^_^ This chap long enough? :D

ladysavay: Yup. She is capable of using Emrys, though. At the core of everyone is a human.

Loot: Thank you for your first and last review. The queen is muggle.

Moonlightskymist: Arranged marriage don't necessarily have to include involved parties. Yes, Emrys is emancipated, but under royal virtue, he has to do what the queen demands. He could run away, but he'll feel too guilty about leaving his new 'family' behind.
Blackmail material on who?

Nanchih: Um, if I did write that can you tell me and I'll erase it? I don't believe I did, though.

Sh777: Lol XD

TwilightEclps: Yup!

Wateriscomingoutofthesky: I'm curious. What does Mischa look like to you(physically)?

=====]

Disclaimer: Don't own anything. Fanfic is AU. Don't forget that Emrys uses magic differently, allowing him to use more powerful spells. LSMers can do that as well, or they will. I can't remember if they've learnt it already. He's an avid reader and is more advanced than your typical Hogwarts students.

A/N: Sorry for the confusion, that's what I meant. I was thinking of ending this story and continuing through a sequel. Is that better, or should I just keep it as one long story?

Where issss everyone? Where iss my fooddss? Emrys went out on a limb and talked to the snake.

I didn't know Basilisks ate humans.

They are not humanssss. They are little elvesss and faeriess. Their magic issss deliciousss. You sssmeell human. I won't eat you.

Can you not eat my friendsss, oh great one?

Your friendsss?

The elvess and the faeriess.

I am hungry. The meal I had on my way here wasn't enough.

Meal you had?

There were some elvesss on their way here. Sssome were on horsses. They carried a flag with crossed swordssss. The emblem of the guerillas.

Who ssent you? I don't think ssnakess of your kind and stature lived here with us lowly humansss, elvess and faeriess.

One of the elvesss went into my lair and woke me up.

What happened to him?

He wasss my firsst meaal. Harry winced.

I've healed quite a few warriorsss that were bitten by you.

Ah yesss, they were quite feissty.

Why can't they perform magic anymore?

I don't understandss.

I removed your venom. But I found out that if they performed magic, they die.

I don't know anything about that. I just bite.

What do you call your form?

I believe I'm called Great Hunter Basilisk.

Pleassssuree to meet you, o great hunter Basilisk.

Are you going to tell me where the elvess are?

They are myy friendsss. Besidesss, they are sssick. I don't think you want to get sssick yoursself.

Ssick with what?

We don't know. They have green ssspotss. I wasss going to take a sssample of the water to check.

Green spotsss. My mother once told me to beware of Elvesss with green spotsss.

You know about it?

That'ss all I know. Go ahead and take a ssample. I promise I won't attack.

Emrys went down to ground level. The Basilisk closed his eyes the whole time.

Suddenly Emrys felt and saw movement. The Basilisk was about to attack him.

Snakesss like me don't keep their promisesss. Emrys ran as he cast spells with Blackie. He was running blindly until he heard a squawk. It was Agila, Emrys's Eagle friend. Emrys was pretty popular among the birds because he constantly talked to them.

Die you abomikininashun! Agila exclaimed aiming for the Basilisk's eyes. She managed to blind the Basilisk but not before dying from the gaze.

Expungo! Dicemetera! They were powerless towards the magnificent creature protected by its scales even with the extra boost from anger over Agila's death.

The crowing of rooster is lethal to a Basilisk. Emrys remembered. He conjured some hens and roosters and shouted, Crow. He's about to eat us! Emrys felt bad using them and lying to them but they crowded in panic anyway. Emrys conjured more roosters. Pretty soon he heard a thud as the Basilisk slumped dead. Just to make sure, Emrys did some diagnostics. The Basilisk held no light, he was indeed dead. Emrys took some samples of the water and hastily went back to Julianna's enlarged hut. He did a bird call and birds of the forest came to him.

Friends, I need one of you to go to the Village of Triana and tell them the Basilisk is dead but we haven't found a cure.

I'll go! Chippy said.

Thank you. If you hear from other villages, tell them not to let anyone with a blue glow on their wrists and a red glow on their hearts to perform magic and that the disease comes from the water.

The birds flew, some of them going to other villages. Emrys was about to enter when he heard a bird approaching. It was the red hummingbird from Triana being helped by Chippy.

Earthling! Grave news from Triana!

What is it my feathered friend?

The guerillas came and invaded the village. All the warriors were killed while the villagers were taken as slaves. They are headed this way.

How long will it take them to get here?

Two days.

Oh shoot! Oh, Sorry. Thank you. Please feel free to stay here, though I'm afraid we can't offer much, our waters are contaminated as well.

I understand, chirped the bird.

"Emrys, you're back. What news do you have?" Julianna asked. The Chief with her. The Chief was infected too.

"The Basilisk is dead. I have the samples and Triana has fallen. The guerillas are coming in two days." Emrys said; the last few statements said in a whisper. He gave the water samples to the students. Julianna and the Chief were in deep thought. Emrys went to his trunk to search for books on disease and treatment.

Late that evening, he was invited to a council. They were going to decide what to do.

"Maybe we should leave," one of the elders suggested.

"It would do nothing but delay our impending doom, they'll catch up to us, especially with everyone being sick with something," another elder named Biyuro protested. Emrys agreed.

"What do you suggest little Earthling?" Iola asked with a sneer.

"I am but a mere Healer's apprentice. I do agree with Elder Biyuro. I also think that the warriors would protest a move preferring to defend our land instead of running away."

"I'm just trying to save our people," the first elder defended.

"Right now, saving our people means surviving and not dying. How about we frame it like that? What's the best way to stay alive?" the chief asked.

"The best way to stay alive would be to let the scientists and healers go back to their duties." Julianna protested.

"And sure that would remedy our health problems, but the guerilla is coming and the city has no warriors to defend it!" the first elder retorted.

"We must not give in so easily to despair. There are quite a few that can still do magic and practically everyone can fight without magic. There is still hope. We're not going to stop until we find the cure for everyone." The chief declared.

"Start with the blue red glow please. We need our warriors," the chief said as he dismissed the scientists and the healers. Emrys went to his trunk to read about red and blue magic. He had asked Melina but she answered that she only knew about green(Healing), black(blood), white(soul) and yellow(household) magics.

Sometime before sunrise, Emrys found a book talking about the colours of magic.

Blue represents dormant magic. They need an extra burst of magic to activate. Blue magic can often be seen in portkeys. Teachers also use them to hide and reveal notes on blackboards. The lighter the glow is, the more powerful it is. Then the book listed spells, what they did and how to cast them.

Red represents temperature magic. The redder it is, the hotter the object it's casted upon is. A word of caution: If too much heat is applied on an object, it will explode. A muggle subject called Chemistry explain the why.

It didn't help Emrys. He leafed through the pages almost in despair until he noticed, silver magics. The tendril connecting the blue and the red magics on his patients was silver.

Silver magics are obscure. They don't really do anything except to connect different magics. They are very sturdy and hard to destroy. They can only be destroyed by a counter incantation performed from the caster's wand and magic source or pure lightning, that is, lightning that comes from the sky and not from a wand.

"Got it!" Emrys exclaimed as he rushed to Julianna.

"Lady Julianna!" Emrys exclaimed completely forgetting it was 3 in the morning.

"What is it?" Julianna asked. She was weaker than the day before.

"I'm sorry for waking you. What do you think of this?" Emrys asked as he pointed to the article. Julianna read and said, "Emrys I haven't seen what they look like, the glows. You'll have to trust yourself." Emrys was slightly down. "And I don't know how we'd get pure lightning."

"Have you slept?" Julianna asked. Emrys looked down. He was tempted to lie but he could never lie to Julianna.

"No."

"Sleep, we'll talk to the chief when sun is up." Julianna said. Emrys snuggled in the bed with her, feeling safety and blissful peace from Julianna's motherly air.

He slept until it was time for lunch. He hastily stood up. He felt guilty about sleeping in. He didn't eat nor drink as he didn't want to be infected as well, not to mention the council of elders told him not to. He was practically the only decent healer who wasn't infected.

Chirp! It was one of the birds they sent to another village.

The guerillas are coming. ETA 2 days.

2 days? I thought we had a day left.

I asked the villagers of Triana to stall. They said that they've resigned to a life of slavery and would do everything they could to help others. They are stalling the guerillas successfully and has bought you another day.

Thank you. If you happen to meet them again please give them my thanks. The bird nodded.

I also have news from the village of Humbee. They figured out the cure for the spots. They are sending cures via their messenger birds, but I have the recipe. The bird said as he stuck out his leg.

Wallflower essence, Cactus sap, Aconite, Ground Bezoar, Phoenix tears, Violet powder, crushed water flower heart.

Thank you my friend.

The delivery birds should arrive soon, but it won't be enough for everyone.

"I'm sorry I slept in." Emrys said as he entered the meeting room, aka Julianna's room.

"No worries, we heard from Julianna." the chief said.

"I've been informed that the village of Humbee has figured out a cure, though it won't be enough for everyone. They sent the recipe, as well. The villagers of Triana has managed to delay the guerillas by a day. We have two days." Emrys said as he handed the recipe over. Julianna ordered some students to get the ingredients.

"We found out a side effect of the spots," the elder said. "It depletes your magic as time goes by. We have ordered everyone to not use magic except in a life or death situation. Everything is being done without magic. We've also sent some people home. There's no point keeping them here." Emrys nodded.

"Julianna, we don't have phoenix tears," an elder said. They had gathered all of the potions supply they had.

If only Hedwig was here. Emrys thought. I knew I should've gotten that trunk of potions ingredients out of the vault.

Woah 244 favourites and 36 C2's

Thank you everyone! Molto Grazie. Muchos Gracias. Merci Beaucoup! Maraming Salamat! Arigatou Gozaimasu! Xie Xie! Kansahamnida! Terima Kasih! If I missed your language, teach me!

Thank you! B00kW0rm92, Bubblebub5, Hanzo of the Salamander, Harryxbella, Kajon25,

CatWriter: He'll be 12. He won't 'age' but he will keep whatever he learns in the elven realm. Lol, two people for killing Mischa and one people for sending her to jail. Hahaha, you all hate her that much? Anyway... long story or sequel?

GinnyLover14: I realized from your review, that I just keep on adding conflicts and not resolving any. Marriage contract will stay for a while.

JEKrug01: Hmm, I wrote an explanation on the emancipation part, but can't find it now. He's emancipated, but by virtue of fictitious historic law (or maybe it's real, I don't know) the head of the monarchy[the queen] can 'control' the lives of anyone who has a title. Dumbles is still in jail.

Michael82: Long story then? Um, I have explanations but haven't quite figured out how to assimilate them. If all else fails, I'll write an A/N?

Moony-as-a-girl: Sorry for the confusion! I wasn't planning on stopping the story (and leaving so many holes open). So continue[this story] or sequel?

Moonlightskymist: Compared to being betrothed, Emrys' blackmail of portraying Mischa as utterly stupid to the press can't hold a candle. Besides, they're already betrothed. Blackmailing won't do any good.

ObsidianFrost: Lol, I just realized that too [that she wasn't in the chapter] hehehe.

Prongs307: Thank you! What do you mean, though? What happened to the other fanfics?

Raeser: Wow, that's quite the evolution. Ooh... three people for killing Mischa now. Hahaha...

Waterisjustcomingoutofthesky: She's only 11 *hears sobs from the poor 11-year-old Mischa*. Heheh. For some reason, I imagine her as a chubby child. Is she redeemable or is she too evil already?

So, continue or sequel? Are you getting overwhelmed with the number of villains (and happenings and genres?)

Please review ^_^

Please review ^_^

Please review ^_^

Disclaimer: I don't own anything. Fanfic is AU.

A/N: Long story wins...so long story then. Good point RRW. Thanks. Cutting out the number of villains was also suggested. OK. I'll kill some off. But can you really picture this story without Mischa? ^_^ Hehhe, ok, ok, no more rotten tomatoes please. Yes, yes, I'll kill her eventually. Sorry Mischa.

Mischa: *Sob* No one likes meeeeeee! *sob* I don't want to dieeee! NOOOOO!

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Just then there was light.

There you are! I was getting worried! You really should think of me more. I can flash to wherever you are. But you need to call me when you're not on Earth ! Hedwig scolded. I need a beacon!

Hedwig! I'm sorry. It's been busy.

You're always busy! I'm almost inclined not to help you!

I really do apologize. I am so used to relying on me and to people relying on me. Relying on someone else is a new concept I still need to learn.

Oh alright fledgling. You know, you could always just transform yourself.

Transform myself?

I don't know. For some reason, you feel like a phoenix to me. Anyway, there's too little time right now. Maybe you should practice playing with lightning right now.

What?

You're an elemental. You can control the four elements plus lightning. You can make fire, and rain. With air you can make a tornado. You can make plants grow faster and make plants grow period and you can summon lightning.

Would the lightning I summon be considered pure?

As long as its elemental magic. If you use a wand, then it doesn't count. Elementals draw out nature.

Thanks Hedwig! Emrys said as he hugged the white owl, I mean phoenix. Can I have some of your tears?

Of course. Goodness knows how many tears are holed inside me out of worry. You, fledgling, make me worry too much. Try not to. I don't fancy turning gray. I like being white thank you very much. The phoenix ranted. Emrys smiled at her antics. He held a vial and collected her tears. Julianna and the elder was surprised.

"I didn't know you have a phoenix," Julianna remarked.

"I apologize. I did not know she could cross your gate."

You mean you didn't remember me until you needed me. Hedwig huffed.

I am sorry. Emrys said as he stroked Hedwig's crown.

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The potion took a day. Everyone competent at potions helped brew. Emrys told the council what Hedwig said- that he could conjure lightning. He didn't know how, but the elders did.

"We have no choice but have Master Iola tutor you again," the chief sighed.

"No!" Julianna protested.

"I-it's alright," Emrys stammered as he realized what they meant. He was an elemental and Iola's the only elemental they had. Julianna continued arguing with the elders for a while but eventually there was really no choice but to be taught by Iola.

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Iola's method didn't change. Emrys got courage from knowing that he needed to learn for the villagers. He took every beating heroically and by the end of the day, he could conjure fire. He was dismissed by Iola and was told that he was expected at sunrise. Emrys went to the edge of the village and practiced by himself. Sometime around midnight, he moved on to water. Hedwig told him that he only needed to have a bit of control with all of the elements, before he could use lightning since lightning was a combination of the elements. By morning, he was able to successfully conjure a bit of water, fire and earth. He just needed to work with air. Air was the worst since you couldn't see it and it was free and flowing. He stubbornly continued and didn't realize the time. Once he did realize, he hurried towards Master Iola's hut who was waiting with a stern face.

"Where were you?"

"I-I was p-practicing. I am sorry I lost track of time."

Iola looked angry and punished Emrys well. When he was done, he asked, "How was your practice?"

"I - I managed to conjure fire water and earth. I just need air before I could go on to lightning." Emrys replied.

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They were running out of time. The cures from Humbee had arrived the previous day. They also started on another round of brewing. The council of elders were debating on who to give the cures to, the warriors or the villagers. The warriors still had the blocks, while the villagers only had basic training.

Eventually, they decided that those who were above average at healing were given the cures. Some of the elderly villagers were

also given the cure as it could be seen that they were not going to survive otherwise.

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Emrys was able to conjure air by lunch. He managed to make a breeze follow his whims. He momentarily lost his concentration causing the air to push Iola and make him stumble to the ground.

"EMRYS! HUT, NOW!" Iola exclaimed. Emrys flinched and scurried to the hut. He still hurt from his previous punishment. He could have healed it, but he learned early on not to. Back when he was just beginning his apprenticeship, he healed his back. When Iola realized this, he got angry and told him that punishments were meant to last. Iola gave him a double punishment, one to relieve the original and another to punish him for healing. Emrys never healed himself since then.

Iola was very angry about being pushed by air. No doubt it made him look like an idiot more than he already did. Emrys took the punishment silently, only whimpering slightly. He focused on the vision that the village would recover and would prosper. Emrys lost track of how long he was being punished and just hoped that it would stop soon. Iola finally stopped and went to his room to read, Emrys guessed. Emrys was bleeding when he went out alone to try lightning. There was no time left for healing or dwelling; the guerrillas were arriving the next day.

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Emrys groaned. He heard voices in the darkness that he was in.

"You idiot! You may have taught him something but now that's useless! And you're supposed to be an empath?" Julianna exclaimed. She looked weak but still looked scary.

"He learned healing so fast because unlike you, I didn't abuse him!" Julianna screamed. "Now, no one can heal and no one can fight for us magically!"

"That's not fair. It's not my fault!" Iola retorted.

"Oh really then whose is it?" Julianna challenged. The chief wisely decided not to interfere. Besides, he happened to agree with Julianna.

"If we survive, I'll take you to Elven court for attempted murder! I won't stop until your exiled!" Julianna exclaimed.

"urgh," Emrys grumbled then instantly flinched. Asleep, his pain receptors didn't work. Now that he was, he could feel his burning back. Emrys stood up to avoid the pain from contact with his bed sheets, took off his shirt, wincing as the dried blood dislodged themselves from his wounds, and started for the door. Julianna gasped upon seeing his fresh scars, some of which were still open and slightly bleeding.

"Emrys! Where are you going?" Julianna asked.

"I can't make lightning here. Please send the warriors out to the clearing near the fountain. Hurry too. They'll come soon." It was just after sunrise. Emrys was hoping they'd wait until nightfall.

Hedwig flew to him and cried on his back.

"Thanks Hed," Emrys replied.

I will pluck that man's bits out.

Please don't. Emrys replied weakly. Hedwig's tears didn't do much. They just stopped the bleeding, but his injuries were quite deep. She was tired as well from giving too many tears for the spot potion.

Hed, you can stop now. You must be tired from all the tears you shed the past few days.

You're my fledgling. If I'm to heal anyone, my first priority is you.

There'll be battle soon. Please rest. Emrys tried. Hedwig nodded reluctantly, seeing Emrys' logic.

"Rys, you don't have to. We'll make do." Julianna said with tears.

"No. This village will prosper. This village will survive. This is my village. This is my home. I'll protect it to my death."

"Emrys..." Julianna pleaded with tears in her eyes. Emrys sounded as if he was saying goodbye. Emrys stood and shrunk his trunk and kept it in his pocket.

"I expect you there too Lady Julianna. We need you as well," Emrys said gently. Who's the elder again? The chief held him back and gave him a potion.

"Pepper up and strengthening elixir."

"Thank you." He took it and kept it in his pocket. He'll save it for later. He didn't fancy getting spots.

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Remember not to be too forceful. They only need a small gentle prod. Save your energy, Hedwig commented.

Thanks Hed.

Of course, I'm sure no one would mind if you roasted that bastard at the end of the line, Hedwig added. He looked and saw lola.

He's still a warrior Hed.

He doesn't deserve to be alive.

Don't say that. Aren't Phoenixes supposed to be peaceful?

He hurt my fledgling. Motherly instincts exists in every species.

=====]
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The warriors lined up with Lady Juliana in front. They insisted she be first. There was a table set up behind Emrys. There were a bunch of students giving cures for the spots.

Emrys finished about half when they heard a thundering sound of an army marching.

"Get everyone from the village here!" Emrys exclaimed. The healed warriors followed his orders. Emrys stopped blasting people and started to build stone walls, taking inspiration from his first time alone in the forest. Emrys, several students and the healed warriors summoned the weapons from the armoury and any other supplies they thought were important. Once everyone was in the clearing, he enclosed it with stone walls.

"Sorry about your homes, but we can rebuild. This should buy us time." Emrys replied. "Healed warriors, please give a crash course to the healed villagers on fighting techniques. We might have underestimated their force; there's a lot of them. Master Iola, please be next."

Emrys blasted Iola next.

"They might have archers. If you see any arrows, please torch them out of existence." Iola just nodded. Emrys continued electrocuting people. "Be ready to defend all sides. If I finish, I can probably just let a small hole." The walls Emrys conjured were thicker than what he had before because Emrys conjured multiple, after he saw that the first few walls were weak. Emrys didn't take the weak walls down. Emrys figured that with the layers, the wall could last longer. Well, he hoped.

Emrys could feel his walls weakening but kept his focus on the line. Just as he finished the last warrior, a gaping hole appeared. Immediately the warriors leapt into action. They were at an advantage. The hole was only 5 elves wide and 3/4s of an elf tall.

Emrys focused his concentration on the walls. True enough arrows fell from the sky. Now that almost everyone could cast spells, they were torched into oblivion.

Emrys decided to experiment. He needed to see the other side. He asked the stone to be transparent from their side- to be able to see the outside but not for the outside to see the inside. The stone didn't change. Emrys focused harder and eventually the stone changed.

"Can you see the outside," He asked the warrior beside him. The warrior shook his head no. Emrys was slightly disappointed that it only worked for him.

"Warriors not currently engaged in combat form a circle around the sick, the young and the old!" Emrys ordered. It didn't dawn on him that he was an Earthling, younger than most everyone and had hardly the experience to give orders and direct battle. He stood firm. Everyone listened nonetheless.

Emrys decided to be aggressive. He did not know the extent of his abilities with the elements, but he tried anyway. He decided to make fire rain, using a combination of air and fire. He let it loose on the sides that weren't currently engaged and were just trying to break the walls. His first attempts were failed, but he kept trying until he finally managed. He was disappointed to see that they were doused with water.

I don't know if you're sentient. But please help me save my village, dear elements. Emrys prayed.

An hour later, he changed his mind about his previous failure and was pleased to see that they had spots. Water magic needed a source. The nearest source of water was the contaminated river. The water rained on the guerrillas when they doused Emrys' fire rain. It got into their eyes and into their mouth. It was enough to spread the disease to them.

Emrys resumed his fire rain. It had the added advantage of destroying their weapons, like the catapults they used. Emrys constantly had to reinforce the walls thanks to the damage from the catapults. So, Emrys was happy to get rid of them.

"Surrender now and be saved! We'll let the children and men go and just take the women as slaves!" Emrys winced from the implication. At least it identified the leader. Emrys sent a lightning bolt at him. He saw the leader stiffen as if he was shocked. He tried it again, this time with more power and more intent to harm. The leader collapsed. To his disappointment, the collapse of the leader did not seem to faze the guerrillas.

=====]

The battle was taking a long time because of the walls and the small hole. They were still surrounded by enemies and were still outnumbered by nightfall.

"Emrys, how are you holding up?" Julianna asked.

"I can't hold these walls for much longer." Emrys admitted.

"Do you still have that guardian?"

"Melina?"

"Yeah."

Melina?

Yes?

"She's poisonous. Why don't you let him loose?" She suggested.

Did you understand Julianna? Emrys asked Melina the spider.

Yes. I'll go then.

Be safe.

Will do! Don't worry, I'm smart enough not to be stepped upon.

=====]

Hedwig sang him a song and he was given a temporary burst of energy.

Fledgling, don't you have one of those potions?

I don't want to get sick with the spots. I threw them out when no one was looking.

Not those. From your old dwelling, before you came to the forest.

From LSM? Oh yeah. I did have some. How could I be so stupid. Thanks Hed.

What would you ever do without me? She asked cheekily, providing a short relief from all the seriousness.

Emrys fetched some potions from his trunk and downed them. He'll surely crash once the fighting is over. He was overdosing on pepper up. But that doesn't matter at the moment. He needed the strength. With the renewed energy, he let loose more fire rain. Until he was sure most everyone from the three sides had spots. Then he started doing the same to the main front. They dumbly doused it with contaminated water as well.

"Emrys, can you close the front we're fighting right now and open the back?" one of the elders asked. Emrys recognized him as the head instructor in their school.

Emrys felt around and nodded.

"Do that now please," He said. Emrys closed the front and waited until the combatants were defeated. The warriors then went to the back.

"Opening in three two one!" Emrys counted as he opened the back.

The guerrillas were surprised and their front lines were attacked by the elves who were more than ready.

"More please," the elder said. Emrys opened it wider. "Open it wide enough to fit 20."

Emrys obliged. He trusted the warriors. Iola was helping by torching the invaders.

"25," the elder said. The elder kept asking Emrys to make them bigger. By the time he stopped, the hole allowed 40 to enter.

After some time, Emrys could see evident thinning of the troops. They were also shifting towards the back, where the hole was. Emrys rechecked the front and reinforced it. They kept fighting through the evening. Emrys was now inside the circle of warriors upon everyone's insistence. He eventually sat on the ground to preserve his energy.

The battle went on almost endlessly.

"I'm sorry. I can't hold on any longer." Emrys replied as he slumped to unconsciousness, the walls slowly crumbling.

Thanks everyone!

B00kw0rm92

Borisko

C3markh

CatWriter: What's the optimal chapter length? ^_^

Dobbys-stinger

Elleminnowpee

Hanzo of the Salamander

Happy-reader007: I should probably start making a list of the hunting party. Wouldn't it be interesting - A chappie dedicated to the hunting of Mischa by readers? Lol, that'd be fun!

Im08Just97Me

JEKrug01

Kellissandria

Kikyou313

Nanchih: How do you say yes without spoiling the story? Hahaha, oops. Who is Nial?

Nightwing27

ObsidianFrost: Yes, villagers are elves. I'm sorry for the confusion! Hope it all got sorted out.

Prongs307: Slab?

Raeser: I was thinking a few days ago. I was thinking *spoiler alert*: what if Emrys doesn't return to Earth, or what if he does get married to Mischa?

RRW: Thanks for the excellent advice! I'm going to heed it ^_^.

Timber: Sigh. You obviously hate the story already, so why come back?

TLD110166

TwilightEclps: Voldie is in a forest in Albania? Sorry, I forgot the specifics of the first book already. He'll appear. Can't have an HP fic without Voldie, right?

Waterisjustcomingoutofthesky: I don't think I can redeem her that much. ^_^ Define soon. Hehhee...

Thank you everyone! So who watched HP7-I already?

Please Review ^_^

Please Review ^_^

Please Review ^_^

Disclaimer: Don't own anything. Fanfic is AU.

Longest chapter ever ^_^

Elshora - Emrys' village

Triana - another village

Emrys was slowly regaining consciousness. He remembered what happened before passing out and shot up.

"Good morning," a soldier greeted.

"The battle?"

"We won," he greeted. Emrys breathed a sigh of relief. "Julianna is helping out the other wounded. They're also still brewing spot potions for the villagers of Triana."

"Our village?"

"In ruins, but we'll be able to rebuild. Triana's merging with Elshora, at least for now."

Emrys smiled.

"Go back to sleep. You seem like you still need it." the warrior said gently. He was 'assigned' to looking after Emrys while the rest of the village were healing and rebuilding. Technically, he volunteered. When it was suggested that someone look over Emrys while Julianna worked(reluctantly), most of the warriors and the villagers volunteered. The chief finally drew lots and the warrior was one of the winners. Later that day, he will tell the story of how Emrys woke up. He will be envied by many.

"Thank you."

Emrys woke up a week later inside a hut. He smelled food and was reminded of how long since he last ate. He stood up. He wobbled but managed to regain his balance. He walked out of his room to the surprise of everyone at the dining table. Emrys saw the Chief, a few elders and even Iola.

"Dinner's ready!" Julianna greeted as she went out of the kitchen into the dining hall. She stopped when she saw Emrys. She hurriedly laid the food on a table and ran towards Emrys.

"Emrys!" Julianna exclaimed and encased Emrys in a hug.

"J-ian-a. Can't breathe," Emrys croaked.

"Oh I'm sorry. I was just worried." It was then Emrys realized he was starting to have a headache. He felt overwhelmed with Julianna's emotions and the emotions of everyone else in the room. To him though, it was just a really bad headache.

"I-I think I should go back to bed," Emrys replied holding his head. Julianna followed.

"What's wrong?"

"I don't know. I just have a terrible headache."

"Go lay down. I'll bring you food."

"Thanks."

"What's wrong with Emrys?" The chief asked.

"He said he had a headache." Julianna replied.

Iola and another elder stood up.

"Sit down!" The other elder from Triana said. His name was Verbo. Iola sat down under the older elder's gaze. Verbo was his teacher and Julianna made sure to inform him of Iola's actions.

Julianna went back with food for Emrys.

"Emrys this is Master Verbo, he wants to help you with your headache."

Emrys looked confused.

"We did some diagnostics yesterday. There's no reason why you should have this headache. The best we could think of is that you

are feeling overwhelmed. I imagine all that magic you exerted shattered any shield you have on your magic."

"How can you help?"

"I'm an empath. I can absorb the brunt of excess emotions from everyone, shield you from them, until you have shields of your own. I heard you have a library?"

"Yes."

"There's an elven book called mind magics by Perriot. Can you get it?"

Emrys went to the trunk. Verbo assisted him as he was woozy from the headache. He felt safe with him. Emrys took the book.

"Good. I heard you study better if you read a book. I'll let you read this. I'll be back to answer any questions and help you practice. Don't practice on your own, it's quite dangerous and could lead to coma or insanity."

"How's the village?"

"Triana has merged into Elshora. We lost many of our warriors to the guerilla. The guerilla has been wiped out by the spot disease. They stubbornly did magic with it and died from magical depletion. Some died from Melina's wrath. Before the battle, I didn't think Phoenixes could ever harm. I was sorely mistaken. Remind me not to annoy your Phoenix. Anyway, you almost died from magical depletion as well. Don't ever do that again." Verbo replied. Emrys smiled weakly. "The village is anticipating your recovery. They are quite worried about you. You can't face them yet. You were overwhelmed with only 7 people. Can you imagine the whole village?"

Emrys liked being with Verbo, the man hid his emotions and as such didn't give Emrys a headache. Emrys also believed that Verbo was absorbing emotions.

"Elves rebuild fast. In gratitude for everything you have done, they decided to rebuild Julianna's hut first. They also thought it would be a good idea to have a hospital wing in case people get injured from rebuilding. The library has been destroyed much to the librarian's

dismay. She said you copied all the books and awaits for your permission to copy them back. Emrys, I want to apologize for Iola," Verbo started. Emrys flinched slightly. Now that the battle is done, he had time to think about what had happened over the past few days.

"His fire elemental master was, well, fiery. I had to fix him and I thought I did. Apparently I was not fully sucessful. His shields started to fail. The last straw was when he was bound by that blue red curse. All his pent up energy and emotions pooled and he took it out on you. It's inexcusable. The council will decide his fate tomorrow." Verbo explained. They remained silent for a while. Emrys was thinking about Iola. Did he really want him punished?

"Master Verbo, please don't exile him. Help him heal instead. He helped the village and I think in gratitude he should be allowed to stay."

"That's nice of you but what he did to you, a youngling, is inexcusable."

"Help him heal. If he doesn't change then go ahead and punish him as you would. But I think I'd feel bad for him if you exiled him. He'll be alone. I'd feel bad for knowing I was the cause."

"Even if we do exile him, it's not your fault. He was the ruthless one. He should have a handle on his emotions and should have dismissed you instead of punishing you. What he did to you was excessive."

Emrys didn't argue. It seemed like they've already made up their minds.

"What of the water supply?"

"We found that the potion also works for the river. The guerrillas admitted to contaminating it. Apparently, they had a cure, but not enough for every member of their army. Only the higher ups had a cure and it wasn't enough even for them. Stupid way to fight, in my opinion. Anyway, the water is safe now. Don't rush yourself. If you feel the need to sleep, go and rest."

Emrys nodded.

He finished the book that evening. Master Verbo dropped by after dinner to answer some of Emrys's questions. They practiced every night until Emrys could practice safely on his own.

Master Verbo came to check up on Emrys's progress.

"You're a quick study. You can probably get your shields up by tomorrow."

Emrys smiled. He was happy at his progress. True to Master Verbo's words, Emrys finished his shields the next day. He was then allowed to meet more people. Master Verbo told him he should take it slow so that he'll still be safe even if his shields don't hold up against many people.

His shields were fine, though. He spent the day after being proclaimed shielded helping out in the Hospital wing.

"Emrys!"

"Good Morning Lady Julianna."

"Still have headaches?"

"No. Master Verbo helped me with my shields."

"That's good. What are you planning to do for the day?"

"I was planning on helping out in the wing." Emrys replied. After the battle, training was ramped up. The villagers thought that they were badly untrained. More time was dedicated to healing and combat classes.

They changed the system. Instead of giving everyone education in everything, they focused on specialties. If one was better in magical dueling, then you focus on that and spend less time on armed combat. The trainers pushed their students harder and as such there were more injuries.

"Thank you. At least now, healing classes can start."

"They were stopped?"

"The elder that taught it died in the battle."

"What happened after I passed out?"

"The walls crumbled and the warriors started to fight. We healed and attacked as hard as we could. We managed to free the villagers from Triana and they helped fight too. We lost 3 of the elders, about 30 villagers and 30 warriors. Triana lost all of their warriors. There's only 20 of them who survived, 5 of them elders. I take it they wanted to bask in the glory of being the masters of elders."

"I am sorry."

"Oh Emrys, no one blames you. In fact, everyone thanks you. Without you, it probably would have been worse. We could have been decimated too. Even with the some of the guerillas subdued, we were still at a disadvantage. They had sheer numbers. For every Elshora/Triana, villager or warrior, there were 10 of the guerillas. The reason we won is because of those spots. It limited their use of magic and those that did, died pretty soon after. Emrys, you have achieved a hero status in the village."

"Oh please no. Everyone did something. I just did my part."

"And needlessly suffered." Julianna mumbled. Emrys chose to ignore her comment.

"Were the fallen given their memorials?"

"Yeah. Some people wanted to wait for you, but they were persuaded otherwise."

"Good. Can I go later?"

"Of course. I'll go with you."

They went to the memorials after dinner successfully dodging everyone. Emrys noted the many half-built dwellings.

"Those without shelter live in the hospital wing for the mean time. They'll arrive some time before dinner. You didn't see them because we went through another door."

Emrys carefully spent time with each of the fallen, thanking them for their contribution into saving the village and also apologizing for not doing more. He lingered longer on the first patient he lost.

I'm sorry I couldn't do any more. I should have been able to save you. I'm so so sorry.

He conjured a flower for each and laid them down on their graves.

They went back to Julianna's and Emrys immediately went to bed.

The next day was Saturday. Julianna had some student helpers and so Emrys was free to do whatever he wished. The students saw him and greeted him warmly, thanking him for what he did during the battle. Emrys blushed at the compliments and thanked them making Julianna laugh at his shyness. Just a week ago he was ordering everyone around and now here he was, blushing at every word spoken to him.

Emrys brought his trunk to the empty library. The librarian was there trying to salvage some of the books they found unburnt.

"Good morning." Emrys greeted. "I was told the library was destroyed. Do you want to copy the books we had?"

"Yes, that would be great! I'll get supplies." To copy a book, you need paper.

She came back with a trolley of paper. "Some of the trainees are bringing the rest. We can at least start for now."

Emrys took the list and thought from the elven library. He was rewarded with a list of 8765 books as expected. Emrys and the librarian started. They broke for lunch when suddenly Emrys heard Mara.

I don't understand why you're doing this. You know I can make copies right?

I thought you can only make copies that you eventually store.

Well, yeah. As a rule, I don't copy books I already have. But if you will it, I can do it. Then, you can just take it out and keep it in the library. Mara said exasperatedly. Seriously how daft can you be?

Sorry Mara. I wasn't thinking right.

Cherry's right. You have this save the world thing and constantly forget there are people willing to help you. Then again, we're not humans, but that's beside the point.

Mara, I apologize.

Emrys did that when he came back from lunch. He took a book and gave it to Mara and she copied the book again. Then, Emrys would take them out.

This is taking too long. How about you just tell me which ones to copy? Then you can take them all out in one go? Mara suggested.

Can you do that?

I'm insulted! I can do most anything! You just need to ask! Ugh, can you be any more dense?

Sorry Mara.

Hmpf. Idiot.

Sorry Mara. Emrys was starting to agree with Mara. He really was an idiot.

He told the librarian what he was doing and the librarian watched with anticipation. Emrys started to read the list to Mara who started copying.

You're reading too fast. Give me a second for each book. Mara suggested. Emrys complied. In 4 hours, Mara finished copying everything. The books were unloaded and several students helped organize them.

Thanks Mara. What would I do without you?

You seem to be saying that a lot these days. You should learn your limits.

Do you have a limit?

Not that I know of. I can store and copy more books. I do need to rest a bit before copying anymore.

No worries, there's no more to copy. Thanks Mara.

You should copy them your healing books.

Alright. Tomorrow?

Yes, please.

Emrys donated about 50 healing books to the library the next day.

Two weeks after the battle, the village was fully rebuilt. A celebration party was held and members of the other villages were invited. They too were affected in some way, shape or form. Everyone experienced the spots, though only Triana and Elshora experienced the red blue as it was now called.

Emrys was made to sit at the elders' table. They said it was the least they could do after everything he had done to save the village. Most of their talk was about praising the Humbee's cure or praising Emrys. Emrys shrank away from being over-complimented. Verbo was laughing inwardly.

"You know, most people would bask in the praise."

"I don't deserve it. I only did my part. It's not like everyone else had nothing to do with the victory."

"You are far too modest."

Later that evening they had a huge campfire and everyone danced around it. He was dragged by his friends from training into joining the dance. At first he was awkward since he didn't know their dances. He picked them up easily, though, and was able to dance the night away. As the celebrations came to a close, Emrys was introduced to Valera.

"Emrys, meet Master Valera. She is a water and air elemental from the village of humbee."

"A pleasure meeting you Master Valera."

"A pleasure meeting you Emrys. I have heard so much about you." She said. She felt like Julianna, warm and caring despite sounding arrogant and pompous.

"Master Valera is Julianna's sister." Verbo offered.

"My sister decided to move to Elshora millenias ago because all of their healers died of an epidemic."

"I am sorry."

"Not your fault. In any case, I heard about your elemental abilities and your rather dysmal abomination of an instructor," she stated with such oozing distaste.

"I had planned on staying here with my sister. The Village of Humbee has enough elementals. They recently inducted 2 in the council of elders, allowing me to move. Do you want to train under me? I am a strict teacher, but I will not harm you like that bafloon did." She asked with a raised eyebrow. On the one hand, Emrys was anxious. He became Master Verbo's apprentice out of necessity. He didn't really have time to think it through. He was glad that he did as Verbo was a nice Master that cared about Emrys as a person and not just as a student. Had he been given the time to think, there was a chance he would have said no. Emrys was still afraid of being apprenticed, in general, after what Iola did to him. On the other, Valera felt like Julianna and felt honest in that she wouldn't beat him senseless. Plus, Emrys really wanted to be taught more elemental magic.

"I would greatly appreciate it. Thank you for accepting me as an apprentice, Master." Emrys said with a bow.

Emrys continued studying under Julianna and Verbo, but most of his time was spent with Valera. Valera was strict, but rarely punished Emrys. Her punishments were laps, or push-ups, or extra chores but never anything like Iola or the Dursley's notion of punishment. She

didn't really need to punish Emrys that much; only when Emrys became too playful with her, like dousing her with water or messing her hair with air. The first time Emrys did air with her, he managed to push her. Emrys had a panic attack going back to the memory of Iola punishing him for doing the same thing. He was expecting to be scolded; but it didn't come. Instead, Valera laughed and pushed Emrys with air.

"Come on, let's see who can make the other topple with their air." Valera said cheerfully. When Emrys stood up, Valera attacked with her air making Emrys stumble.

"Come on, surely you could do better than that." Valera replied. Emrys never retaliated.

"Emrys! Fight back, or you'll be running for three days, doing push-ups and cooking for the whole village! I don't bite, you know," Valera said. She tried a few more times. Emrys, getting a bit more courage fought back, but held back. He was easily pushed to the ground.

"Harder Emrys!" Valera goaded. Emrys fought back harder this time but was still pushed to the ground. They continued. Emrys never managed to sweep Valera off her feet, but Valera said she didn't expect him to. Not yet. She said, he had a lot of potential judging from what he had achieved during the battle.

"But that was when you were pumped with adrenaline. You were running on instinct. Compared to the battle, your adrenaline levels right now are fairly low."

As always, Emrys helped cook dinner. Valera missed dinner.

"That's strange. Do you know where Valera is?" Julianna asked. Emrys shook his head. They went back together, but Emrys was busy with cooking.

"It's alright. I'll just save some food for her then."

The next day, Iola was seen unconscious and shackled to the fountain with a bruised face, welts and cuts on his back, his clothes tattered and disheveled. As before, no one wanted to heal him. As before, Emrys decided to heal him. He was about to when he heard Valera's voice.

"Don't you dare heal this despicable ass!" Valera exclaimed angrily. Emrys jumped. Even with his shields, he could feel Valera's anger.

"He made my job harder and hasn't paid for his crimes against you!" Iola was spared of exile thanks to Emrys's request. Instead, Iola was assigned to cleaning duty. He cleaned the elven equivalent of a washroom by hand, without magic. He was also the villager's errand boy for the three weeks. Everyone jumped at the opportunity. No one messes with one of their Ciruwens and come out unscathed.

"Please. I've forgiven him a long time ago. Remaining angry at him would do no good. It just keeps the issue alive. I think he's been punished enough. Lady Julianna did this to him the first time around and he's on cleaning and errand duty the second time around."

"Who healed him the first time?" Valera asked. Emrys didn't answer, but instead looked away.

"I don't understand you." Valera finally said as she walked away, not trusting herself with the anger that she possessed. With Valera gone, Emrys decided to heal and free Iola. As with the last time, he fled before Iola could thank or recognize him.

Emrys went back to Julianna's to read. He couldn't concentrate so he decided to talk to Melina, Blackie, Cherry, Mara and Hedwig.

Do you think I'm wrong to forgive Master Iola? Emrys asked them.

I think you're wrong to call him Master. He does not deserve the title, Melina replied.

As a phoenix, I gained a lot of knowledge. Trust me when I say that in no culture is child abuse ever accepted. The young are educated, yes. But what he did to you was unnecessary. You could learn without his harsh punishments. Hedwig offered.

Blackie and Cherry were interesting 'beings', they grew smarter as time passed by.

The punishments were unwarranted. You did not deserve them. Blackie offered.

But I did manage to humiliate him. And I was indeed slow in learning. Emrys tried.

It was not your intent to humiliate him. And I can't call falling on the ground humiliating. No one was there to witness it either. And you were hardly slow! You were faster than average, Melina protested. Besides, how can you learn Empathic Magic when your emotions are so jumbled up? His severity reminded you of your past and brought unnecessary distractions! He wasn't teaching you anything. Melina continued.

Even if he had a reason to, which he did not, the severity of your punishment is undeserved. Perhaps the only one deserving of such intensity are criminals of the likes of Voldemort and his deatheaters; criminals who do it out of fun and malice, criminals who do it with no regrets nor remorse, Hedwig replied.

Can I trample him now? Cherry asked impatiently.

Uh. How exactly can you do that? Emrys asked.

Simple. You conjure an Elephant using me. I'd feel as if I trampled him myself, Cherry offered. Emrys chuckled. Cherry always cheered Emrys up with her antics, even if Cherry was very serious.

Sorry Cherry, I doubt the rest of the villagers would appreciate the existence of an Elephant so close to their newly rebuilt homes.

It was just an idea. Cherry replied. Emrys could hear the obvious pout. Since when did wands pout?

It doesn't answer my question, though. Was I wrong to forgive him?

Only you can answer that, fledgling, Hedwig answered. Melina did the spider equivalent of a nod. Emrys didn't see but he felt the emotional nod through his empathic abilities. Forgiveness is given, not earned. If you willingly gave it then there's nothing wrong with that.

I find you too forgiving, Melina offered. However, I agree with the white one. His crimes are yours to forgive, not anyone else's. If you forgive him, then you do.

But I can't help feeling as if I've betrayed and disappointed everyone by forgiving him, or even by just healing him. Emrys replied. He felt guilty about undoing Valera's work on Iola. However, he did not think it was right to just leave him there.

Don't be. The elders are mostly angry at themselves. They felt that they were not able to protect you and are blaming themselves for what Iola did to you. I know the green lady still feels that way, and so does your two new Masters, Melina replied.

Accept your feelings. Once everyone sees you're fine, everyone will follow and ignore your errant master. Blackie advised. Emrys nodded in acceptance. He fell asleep pretty soon afterwards.

Breakfast was tense. Valera was still upset about Iola. Verbo and Julianna kept quiet. They arrived earlier at the table and tried to calm Valera but it didn't help. Julianna left early for the barracks while Iola left early to play Triana's chief.

"No classes for today," she told Emrys stiffly as she got up and placed her plate in the sink. She left the house immediately afterwards. Emrys spent the time helping in the hospital wing and studying more mind magic when there were no patients or students. He was deemed good enough to teach healing to students after the battle.

Verbo was busy playing chief to the Triana villagers. While the Trianas and the Elshoras combined, they were still two different tribes with different traditions. The Trianas were planning their Night of the Moon festivities and as such Verbo was busy. Julianna was called to the barracks again. She usually got called. Verbo usually took over her duties. When they both couldn't, Emrys and Valera practiced in the 'backyard' of the ground wing. They built a hospital wing on the ground. The treehouse wing was used for long-term care. A chime would go off everytime a patient comes in and Valera would excuse Emrys to tend to the patient.

Several days passed with the same routine. Valera refused to teach him. She even refused to look at him.

"She's angry at me. She doesn't want me anymore. She must think I'm a freak," and other similar thoughts filled Emry's mind. Emrys eventually sunk to depression. He stopped conversing, only using

enough words needed to fulfill his duties. Julianna hadn't come home from the barracks. There was an epidemic, thankfully it wasn't deadly. It was, however, cumbersome and painful and so she was there full-time to help the patients with their pain and to stop the disease from spreading. Verbo always came home late. He was still busy playing chief. By the time he was home, Emrys was already asleep and by the time Emrys awoke, Verbo was already gone. Hedwig tried to slap Emrys back to his sense but it didn't work. She also tried singing to Emrys but it also did not work. Emrys wallowed in his depression no matter what his not-so-human friends said. It only got noticed when he stopped working at the hospital. The students reported it to the chief. The chief went into Julianna's and found that Emrys was missing. Valera was questioned and she meekly and shamefully replied that she didn't know where Emrys was. She had been busy training the last few days, trying to calm his anger, but was unsuccessful so far. She had always been sensitive and overprotective ever since she lost her husband and child. Seeing Iola remain unpunished(in her mind) brought out her maternal side.

"Emrys has not been seen for two days now. His room is empty. The Phoenix and the spider is gone. His trunk is also gone." The chief said.

"Maybe you just missed him. He always carries his trunk in his pocket." Valera tried, trying to convince herself. She knew Emrys was not the kind to shirk his responsibilities. She knew Emrys would not have left the hospital unattended.

A search party was organized. They were just about to leave, when Verbo arrived.

"Chief, thanks for all your help. The people of Triana has now finished our preparations. You're all invited of course. I can't wait to invite Emrys!"

"Chief Verbo, Emrys is missing."

"What?"

"For two days now. The search party is just heading out."

"Oh my gosh. I can't believe I did not notice."

"You had a lot on your mind," the chief replied diplomatically although inside he was saying Damn Right!

Verbo joined the search party.

Idiot fledgling. Running away is not the answer! You are still wanted! I want you. Melina wants you. Mara wants you. Blackie wants you. Cherry wants you. We all chose you and not someone else! We want you! Hedwig tried. Emrys' eyes were unfocused. In his current world, all he recognized were the Dursleys, Iola and Valera.

Don't you remember that there are people waiting for your return? Your grandmother, your uncles, aunts, cousins and friends! There's even that pesky little girl names Mischa! Melina tried.

Harold Emrys James Arthur! Snap out of it! Hedwig exclaimed..

It took Emrys three continuous days of walking to deplete his energy and fall into slumber.

Emrys was leaned against the tree and staring blankly at the ground. That was how Verbo found him

"Emrys!" Verbo exclaimed. Emrys flinched.

"Emrys, snap out of it." Verbo tried. He taught Emrys to build up shields but didn't teach him how to cope and understand his emotions and that of others. They thought that the elemental lessons were more important. How wrong they were.

"I'm a freak. I'm not wanted. I don't deserve to exist," Emrys mumbled. Verbo realized what Emrys was doing. He was living in the past and somehow combining it with the present. Immediately, Verbo sent Emrys powerful positive feelings of love, care, desire, protection and family. It didn't help. Verbo did some diagnostics and was surprised with what he found.

"Not good. Not good at all." Emrys' body was starting to shut down.

They tried speeding through the forests back to the village, but you can only run so much. The fastest they can get to the village was two days.

"There must be a faster way!" Verbo ranted. Hedwig appeared in front of him and shook his tail towards the empath.

"You want me to grab your tail?" Verbo asked. Hedwig nodded. Verbo grabbed Emrys and held on to Hedwig. Hedwig flew towards the village with haste. It was a mix between phoenix teleporting and flying. Hedwig could not phoenix teleport because there were more than one passenger.

Julianna had long been notified of Emrys's disappearance. She had managed to have the epidemic in control and came back to a downspired village. Their Ciruwen was gone.

She immediately demanded to join the search party. The chief shook his head.

"We need you here, especially once Emrys is found." Julianna could only agree. Emrys mattered a lot to her, but she had a responsibility.

Hedwig landed in front of the treehouse. Verbo slammed the door and even managed to unhinge it. He laid Emrys on one of the beds and called for Julianna. Julianna was in the ground wing. She teleported to the treehouse wing.

"Emrys is doing an empath's sabotage," Verbo said in urgency.

"I've never heard of it." Julianna replied.

"His magic is killing him. He's drawing every negative emotion out of the village and taking it as his own. His magics are being overwhelmed and their response is to shut down, literally. If we can't snap him out of it, he'll lose his magic and possibly even die." Verbo said.

"Can't you do anything?"

"I tried. He doesn't respond to me." Verbo said. Julianna tried and looked at Verbo as if to ask if it worked. Verbo shook his head.

"Why did he go into empath sabotage?"

"An empath will only do that if they get depressed. See, an empath theoretically cannot get depressed. They can feed off everyone's positive emotions. For him to feel this way, he must have felt utterly hopeless and totally unwanted."

"I don't understand. The whole village loves him." Julianna pointed out.

"If you haven't noticed,, Emrys has this annoying ability of focusing on one thing. Someone he deeply cared about made him feel unwanted and he just happened to decide to focus on that."

"Do you think we made him feel unwanted?"

"No. If it was us, sending him positive emotions would have worked."

"Iola?"

"I don't think he's someone Emrys cares deeply about. He cares about him, but not enough to bring him to this."

Julianna narrowed her eyes and realized, "Valera..."

Valera arrived back at the village a couple of hours after Verbo and Emrys did. She practically ran towards the treehouse wing after she was informed by a bird of Emrys's situation.

Verbo explained to Valera about the empath's sabotage. Valera sank. It was her fault. She was no better than Iola. She hurt their Ciruwen.

"Stop that! Those are not the emotions Emrys needs! I cannot let you near him feeling this way or you'll do more damage," Verbo scolded. "Positive emotions Valera." Valera tried but everytime she thought of how much she cared for their Ciruwen and how much he loved their Ciruwen, she was reminded of how she failed their Ciruwen.

"Look, blame yourself later. Berate yourself later. Right now, Emry's empathy has gone haywire. He cannot discern emotion directed at him. He just feels everything. He will interpret your 'I failed you' as 'you failed me'. Any emotion you feel towards yourself or anyone else other than Emrys will be interpreted as emotion directed to him.

He won't respond to me, nor to your sister, but we feel he'll respond to you."

Verbo kept Valera for an hour more, trying to filter out the negative emotions.

Finally, Verbo allowed Valera to approach Emrys. Valera flew towards Emrys.

"Emrys, please come back. We're very worried," Valera said following Verbo's suggestion to vocalize her feelings to help her focus on them.

"We love you dear Ciruwen, come back." Valera chanted.

"We care for you dear Ciruwen, come back."

"We want you back dear Ciruwen, come back."

Valera continued her ramblings as Verbo monitored Emrys. Julianna decided to stay away as she was sure she'd have negative emotions towards Valera. Verbo had negative emotions too, but he kept them sealed tight in his mind.

It worked enough that Emrys started accepting the emotions of more people. It sped his recovery as Verbo was a powerful empath who could send focused powerful positive emotions better than Valera.

Julianna and Valera avoided each other to avoid negative emotions. Eventually, only Verbo stayed near Emrys as avoiding each other didn't help much. Julianna felt betrayed and angry both at herself and at Valera. Valera felt guilty and remorseful. None of those were helpful to Emrys.

It took Emrys a week to fully recover.

He woke up to Valera apologizing profusely. Emrys immediately stiffened.

"Emrys, I'm so glad you're back. I was so worried. I'm so sorry! I didn't trust myself with my anger towards Lola and so I stayed away from you. Ciruwen, please forgive me!" Valera pleaded. Emrys flinched when Valera took his hand and held it.

"S-so y-you still want me? I'm not a freak? I'm not a burden?"

"Of course I do. You're our Ciruwen and you're the most interesting and the most useful apprentice I've ever had. I was an idiot. If you still want me as your elemental master then I'd happily accept the post. You deserve love, affection and so much more!" Valera exclaimed as she hugged Emrys.

"I'm hurt that you thought we stopped loving you," Julianna finally said. "You're our Ciruwen." Julianna pushed all her feelings of affections towards Emrys as she said Ciruwen.

Emrys smiled, grateful for everything.

Over the next few days, Verbo helped Emrys with more of Empathy and Empath Magic. They decided to finish his empath apprenticeship before moving on to the elementals.

Once Emrys got out of his stupor, he got a thorough scolding from Hedwig, Melina and his not-so-alive friends. Emrys apologized profusely and apologized again for seeming to have to apologize often.

To settle his Empath Magic, Emrys had to share his whole life to Verbo. Verbo was very apologetic. He offered to share his own life but Emrys declined saying he understood why it had to be done and such. Verbo finally understood Emrys's extreme responses and where he was coming from. He and Emrys talked about Emrys's life from an emotional point of view, taking care to note the emotions that coupled with each event. They had gotten closer because of it, even closer than Julianna, though it was close to being a tie. One big thing that Verbo helped Emrys with was his engagement to Mischa.

"Emrys, I'm sure you could find a loophole. Besides, it's not uncommon to see some bethrothals broken. Talk to your grandmother. From her actions, it seems like she doesn't like Lady Mischa either. Make sure to tell her you love someone else."

"What? I don't. I mean sure I love my family and friends, but not like that." Emrys protested. Verbo just smiled knowingly.

"Not yet. But I'm pretty sure you fancy someone."

"Who?"

"You'll figure it out."

Thanks to Verbo's lessons, Emrys became more in control of his emotions and his magic. He was given permission to continue his lessons with Valera. Verbo stayed with them to monitor their emotions. After a week, he left them alone.

With the damage from Lola fixed, Emrys progressed rapidly with Valera.

One night, Julianna took him to the living room for some serious talk.

"Emrys, Verbo and I decided to bond," she said.

"Bond?"

"Marry," Verbo offered.

"Really? That's great! I am happy for you both!" Emrys exclaimed.

"Thank you. But that's not why we asked you here." Julianna said gently.

"It's not?"

"No. We were hoping you'd allow us to adopt you as our own." Julianna replied. Emrys was shocked.

"R-really? You want me? But I'm leaving in a month a-and I don't know if I'm allowed to," Emrys stammered. He didn't know if elves could adopt earthlings. He didn't know if being adopted would affect his status in the other world.

"If you're worrying about the other world, then don't. Adoption won't erase your old family. It will just add a new one. Besides, we wouldn't have asked if it was going to be a problem." Verbo said. Emrys was so easy to read. Verbo could read him like a book.

"We know you're leaving soon. We were hoping you'd stay but if you stayed, you'll most likely die here since the portal will next work 120 years from now. Your earthling friends will miss you; not to mention, they'll worry a lot about you. Being your parents, even just for a month would be an honour."

"I-I don't know what to say," Emrys stammered. He really wanted it, but hesitated.

"Say yes?" Julianna offered. Emrys took in a deep breath and said "yes!"

The next day the marriage and the adoption ritual were held. It made Emrys Julianna's and Verbo's son by blood and magic. The village celebrated, as always, and sent their congratulations to the new family.

Emrys didn't read any book that last month. He was banned from his trunk by Mara herself. Instead, he got busy talking to the villagers, talking to the elders, spending time with his new family or playing with Valera with their elements. Julianna banned him from work, as well, telling him he should enjoy elven luxuries instead. They often went hiking, exploring elven lands and their inhabitants.

The last day, the whole village came with him to the gate. They bid their goodbyes and handed him their farewell gifts which Emrys placed inside Mara. He had an assortment of crafts and weapons from the villagers. Valera gave him a hug goodbye and a necklace with the symbols of water and air.

"I sincerely hope you have less adventures in your school. You always seem to get in trouble here."

"I wasn't much better back in Earth," he said goodnaturedly.

"Keep up with practice and do the same practices and develop your other elements."

"Will do." Emrys said. Valera returned to the wall of villagers as Julianna and Verbo moved forward. They gave Emrys a book.

"We were working on it for the past month. We don't know if it will work across the gate. It's a communication device." Verbo said.

"Thank you. I'll write everyday," Emrys promised.

"I think I can live with a message every year," Julianna replied distantly. In her head, she was screaming, I want a message every day!, but knew that the time difference won't allow for it. "You'll have to forgive us if you get 365 messages in a day."

"That's totally fine. I'll look forward to your messages," Emrys replied.
"I'll really miss you, ma, da. Thank you for giving me a family."

"You'll always be family," Verbo replied. "Now, remember to talk to your grandma about the bethrothal and always keep calm and remember your lessons."

"Yes,dad."

"Try to come back," Julianna said. "The gate will open again next change of solstice or equinox. We'll be way older, but you'll forever be family. If you want to come back, you have to be at the gate at exactly 12 am. We'll miss you," she said. She and Valera had been crying ever since morning. It was almost midnight now.

A light shone in the dark midnight forest.

"That's your cue. Remember your lessons and do try not to get in trouble," Verbo said.

"Trouble finds me," Emrys replied. He hesitated. Verbo pushed him towards the light. "Don't miss it. The next time it opens will be a century from now."

"We love you!" Julianna called out. "Love you too!" Emrys shouted. The rest of the villagers were waving their hands goodbye ad Emrys passed through the portal and went 'home'.

Thank you to everyone!

B00kw0rm92, dobbys-stinger, Hanzo of the Salamander,
ToBeTasered!

CatWriter: Long enough? ^_~ Sadly, I can't do this often.

Happy-reader007: Haven't seen it :D . Why not?

ladysavay: I'm sorry to hear that. My rationale? Uh, life is complicated? Or maybe that my life is complicated and confusing and therefore it writes itself on paper? Something like that.

Nanchih: Yup, I needed an excuse for him to be Mary Sue-ish (not that he isn't already. Ack!)

ObsidianFrost: Um, I think I wrote this at the time I first posted the story. Then, someone told me that abuse isn't forgotten easily; hence the lack of assertive-ness. He's back on earth now ^_^ I liked writing the elven parts; even though I really thought of them as a different kind of "earthling".

Prongs307: Oh. Well, is this better? I mean no cliffy here ^_^. No worries, I don't think I can write slash.

Raeser: Iola won't ever be back on his pedestal. Lol. Feel free to write a Mischa chapter ^_^ Laser beams!

Waterisjustcomingoutofthesky: Merci beaucoup! Oui, je comprends (j'ai comprendre? I forgot how to do past tense; Scratch that. I don't even know if je comprends is right.), mais je ne sais pas malheuresment (which I now know is "unfortunately"?) My French is more horrible. ^_^

Please Review!

Please Review!

Please Review!

Please Review!

It's very raw.

I said I'd be on hiatus until January. But, I couldn't resist. Here's my Christmas gift! Merry Christmas!

=====]

The skies were filled with clouds, pouring rain on everything. Emrys took his broom from his trunk and started flying. He took his time. He wasn't in any particular hurry. He even just barely noticed the passing of a day.

Emrys already missed the village. It was with a heavy heart that he returned to his suite through his window. He didn't care if he was sopping wet, nor did he care that he had just flown for a whole day. All he could think about was the village and the family that he left behind.

Emotionally and physically drained, he took a towel and started for the bathroom. His mom wouldn't approve if he got sick fresh from coming back.

"Emrys!" a voice exclaimed. To go to the bathroom, he had to pass through the living room. Anna, Sarah and Jeremy were there and naturally noticed their prodigal friend.

"Emrys, where were you? We were so worried!" Sarah exclaimed.

"The palace has gone nuts searching for you. Well, at least those that Liam informed." Anna replied.

"What happened?" Jeremy asked. In truth, Emrys didn't want to talk about it, but he remembered his dad's words, It is dangerous for Empaths to keep their emotions in.

"I-I'll tell you later. I'll go shower first." Emrys replied.

"Yes go. You stink," Sarah joked. Emrys just smiled back weakly. His three friends looked at each other in concern.

Emrys spent a long time in the shower. He had conflicting emotions. Would it have been better if he had stayed? Was it even real? Of course it was. I could still feel mom and dad's love.

Emrys tried to convince himself that going back was the better option. He wasn't very successful.

In the village, he had parents who knew him inside out. While Emrys was grateful for the love of the royal family, the royal family only scratched the surface. They didn't understand him. No one on Earth understood him. No one had seen all his memories, like Verbo; or Julianna who saw his memories, with permission, after they adopted him. No one unconditionally accepted him like Julianna and Verbo.

In the village, he knew how he fit in the bigger picture. He was the high apprentice healer, apprentice Empath and apprentice Elemental Mage. He was a warrior trainee and he was an occasional chef. Life in the village had been simple. Defend, Survive, Love. On Earth, he couldn't quite put it in simple terms. He was the Margrave of Edinburgh, the Duke of Magic, the Boy-Who-Lived, and the boy-who's-now-engaged-to-an-annoying-brat. In the village, people lived for the village, helping each other survive. On Earth, many people lived for themselves, so eager and willing to trample on others for their own gain. It didn't bother Emrys before because he didn't know any better. That has changed, now that he has experienced the true village culture.

Emrys shamelessly allowed his tears to blend with the water flowing down. After all, grieving is a healthy exercise, as Verbo would say.

Some two hours later, Emrys went out with a towel wrapped around him and walked to his room. He changed and succumbed to his exhaustion, conveniently forgetting that his friends were waiting in the living room.

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The next day, Emrys slightly panicked upon seeing his modern room. He looked around wildly and then realized, Oh yeah, I'm not in the village anymore.

He grudgingly stood up for his morning exercises. He could have slept in, but it wasn't in his nature. He never manage to sleep in, except during the battle when he was exhausted beyond belief.

He went to the gym and as always, it was empty. No one ever came to the gym at 5am.

2 hours later, he went to the showers and remembered his promise to his parents. He hurried back to his room and took out the communication device. (4 mins = 1 day)

Hi mom, dad, Master Valera, Elshoras, Trianas.

It's only been two days here and I miss you already. Of course, I shouldn't be complaining since it must have been longer at your side. I'm sorry it took me this long to write. I was travelling back to the school.

Earth feels so foreign to me now. I'm starting to think that maybe I should have stayed.

Don't worry, Dad, I won't go into empath's sabotage again. I know better now.

Master Valera, Mom, I hope you didn't pick on Master Lola again. He can't reach me here anyway. I daresay he's been humiliated enough with his stint as the village errand boy. Please make peace.

I look forward to the next solstice! Will I have siblings when I get back? ;)

With lots and lots of love,

Emrys.

Emrys closed the book and hid it in his trunk. He had decided to keep the elves a secret from everyone.

As he cooked breakfast for his three roommates, he wondered what his teachers would say about his disappearance. He'd surely get disciplined. He wondered what Liam would say. He hoped Liam didn't get fired over this.

"Thanks for the food," Jeremy greeted.

"You never came back last night. I thought we were going to talk," Sarah accused.

"Sorry. I fell asleep," Emrys replied.

"You seem changed. You've changed a lot for someone who's only been gone for three days," Anna commented.

"Why did you anyway?" Jeremy asked. Emrys threw the letter on the table. He then went back his food, trying to ignore the three.

"SHE WHAT?" Sarah exclaimed. Anna became silent. Jeremy was gaping like a fish.

"There must be a mistake," Sarah tried. "Have you talked to the Queen?"

"Not yet."

"Where did you disappear to?" Jeremy asked.

"I flew, lost track of time." Emrys replied.

"Where were you trying to go?" Anna asked, looking at Emrys worriedly.

"I don't know. I just needed to escape. The letter made me feel suffocated. I just needed to be alone," Emrys replied.

"I heard you destroyed ole Jim." Jeremy said.

"Ole Jim?" Emrys asked.

"Jim the punching bag. He was out of his hooks and was oozing cotton. He's apparently a very old punching bag, spelled to last forever. You must have been really angry to be able to destroy him. Coach was impressed and unimpressed at the same time." Jeremy replied.

"How did he know it was me?"

"Not hard to guess." Jeremy replied. "Besides, he was watching you."

"I didn't know." Emrys replied.

"Things will be alright. We'll hide you if you want," Sarah offered.

"Thanks," Emrys replied weakly. If he had to hide, he'd hide in the elven realm.

They went to class, and Emrys apologized for being AWOL to his instructors. The instructors shrugged it off saying he was way ahead of the class anyway. Liam was relieved that he was back.

"I hope you did not get in trouble." Emrys told him.

"I have told several members of the palace but have not yet told Her Majesty." Liam replied. "I knew I would eventually find you. If you had been missing for a week, I would have told her."

"That would have put you into more trouble."

"Well, if by the end of a week, you were still missing, I still would have been fired anyway."

"I need to speak with the Queen. Can you arrange it?"

"Of course Master Emrys."

"Thank you."

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The weekend came. Emrys was to go to the Palace to meet the Queen. He dressed in his finest most formal attire. This was not going to be a visit between family members. This was going to be a Duke of Magic - Queen visit.

Emrys brought the highly crumpled letter as well.

"Emrys, welcome back!" the Queen greeted with a hug that Emrys did not return. She noted how formal Emrys looked and hid her confusion.

"Good afternoon, your majesty. Thank you for taking the time to meet with me," Emrys said formally with a restrained bow. Immediately, the Queen raised her eyebrows. Emrys never talked

like this. In fact, Emrys was downright cold. "Master wishes to discuss a very important matter," Liam stated to Loen. Loen nodded and led them to the Queen's office, as per protocol, making the Queen frown. What is with all this formality? Nonetheless, she sat behind her desk as Emrys sat in front of her.

"Your Majesty, pardon me for being blunt. What is the meaning of this?" Emrys demanded. Barely being polite. His irritation and his anger escalated with every minute that passed. Being in front of the Queen, the very person that signed his life away, drew out all the feelings that he had managed to restrain. The gloves were coming off.

The Queen read the letter, her eyes widening in surprise. Despite the formality Emrys asked for, the Queen couldn't help but revert to grandma mode.

"Emrys, I... I don't remember signing this."

"But it is your signature is it not?" Emrys accused.

"Y-yes, but..."

She pulled a silver cord and Loen appeared again.

"When did I sign this? I don't remember doing so." The Queen demanded. Loen frowned trying to dig up his memory.

"I apologize your majesty. I don't remember either." Loen said.

He performed some spells on the paper and said, "It is authentic though. I am afraid that it is, indeed, an agreement sealed in ink and blood." Liam didn't know what was happening. Emrys never showed him the letter. Liam was slightly relieved, however, that it wasn't signed with magic. That would make it unbreakable, whatever the contract was. He may not know what the contract entailed, but he did know that his master wasn't happy and that to him, was indication enough that it was bad news.

"This is unacceptable! I can't be compromised like this!" The Queen protested.

"Your Majesty, I promise, I'll find a way to protect you from, magical things and I'll also find a way to annul this bethrothal. The good thing is that it hasn't been publicized yet." Loen said.

"See that you do. I apologize for this Emrys. I promise you, we'll fix it," The Queen said. Emrys nodded curtly and left. He wasn't pleased. He thought confronting his grandmother could settle something within him. But it didn't. It just made him more confused. Is his grandmother being genuine, or was it all an act?

It was only when Emrys was back at LSM that he remembered that he was an Empath. He wasn't that good at it yet, but he would have been able to read something off of his grandmother. Idiot much, Emrys? Emrys thought.

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"I want the Ronsgraves in custody!" The Queen ordered.

"With all due respect, your majesty, doing so would cause a stir." Loen replied. "I believe that it is for the same reason that you did not act against the Ronsgraves too heavily for Lady Mischa's previous mischiefs. If you would allow me to, it would be my honour to arrange for everything. I will find a way to annul the bethrothal and, at the same time, bring down the Ronsgraves."

The Queen stared at Loen, her most trusted advisor, only second to her husband. After a few tense moments, she finally nodded and stiffly said, "See that you do."

With that, Loen left the Queen and set about to do his work.

=====]

Emrys was back at LSM, slightly appeased but still upset.

He threw himself into his studies. He was still nice and everyone still liked him, but he didn't go out of his way to make friends anymore. The only people he really talked to anymore was Hedwig, Melina, Cherry, Mara and Blackie. He still cooked and held parties for his friends, but he only went as far as preparation and a greeting and a response for every question and comment directed at him. Sarah, Anna and Jeremy frowned in concern but let him be. They decided

to let Emrys alone as long as he didn't endanger himself. When he was ready, they'd be waiting with open arms.

As usual Emrys updated his parents daily. They told Emrys about the changes in the village including his two new siblings named Liana and Argo. Liana apprenticed with her mother as a healer and Argo was in warrior training. It seemed weird to Emrys knowing that when he came back, the siblings that never existed to him would indeed exist and even be older than him.

Emrys enjoyed reading the messages immensely. At first only his family wrote to him. Eventually, though, the rest of the village started writing to him. They were usually as long as novels, but that was to be expected. After all, they were talking about happenings for a year. The messages usually appeared as short 'chapters' - one for each week; about twice an hour for Emrys. Sometimes, Emrys answered them more than once a day. He tried to communicate as much as he could.

Eventually exams came. They had their exams during the last week of May until the first week of June. Emrys and the gang skipped again.

Emrys Anna Sarah Jeremy

Transfiguration 7 T5 T5 T6

Charms 7 C6 C5 C5

DADA C D5 D5 D5

Potions C P5 P5 P5

Muggle History C 7 5 5

Magical History C 5 5 5

Math 5 4 5 4

Science 5 4 4 5

English 6 6 4 4

Music 4 3 5 3

Dance 6 6 4 3

Art 3 5 5 4

PhysEd 7 5 4 5

Culinary Arts 2

Healing 5

Only students taking at least one NEWT or all the OWLs can take Ministry administered exams at Hogwarts.

If you wish to take your OWL+NEWTS, for your completed courses, please inform the registrar immediately. OWL/NEWTS are taken at Hogwarts from June 10-17. LSM students would have to live in Hogwarts for the said week.

Successful completion of OWL+NEWTS is required for anyone wishing to pursue a mastery (2 years).

Please hand in your course selection no later than June 9th.

Emrys decided to drop Music and Art. He kept Dance since it helped his footwork. He could take 6 more electives as a result. Emrys decided to take Ancient Runes, Arithmancy, Dueling, Martial Arts/Weaponry, Metal and Weapon works, and Strategy and Logic for the next year.

Emrys told his friends about Hogwarts.

"I have to go to Hogwarts to take my Owls/Newts."

"Now? But you're only a first year, why don't you take it in the future?" Jeremy asked.

"I want to take it fresh. Besides, if I want to continue my subjects by taking the mastery, I have to take the Owls and Newts anyway."

"Why at Hogwarts?" Sarah asked. Emrys shrugged. "That's what they told me."

"I don't feel comfortable with the idea that you're going to be there on your own." Anna replied.

"I won't be alone. The others taking the Owls/Newts will be there too." Emrys protested though he knew what Anna meant. He was going to Mischa and Dumbledore Land. "I'll be fine." Emrys said stubbornly.

"Be careful of the tramp," Jeremy said. "Jeremy!" Anna scolded.

"I'll be fine." Emrys assured them. I'll be fine right?

Liam and the Healing instructor went as supervisors.

"Emrys, for the time we are in Hogwarts, you will be Harry Potter as ordered by the Queen. Security reasons and all that." Liam said.
"LSM students have been informed."

Emrys inclined his head.

"You skipped again," the healing instructor casually noted.

"I did a lot of advanced reading," Emrys replied. After all, I had a year in another realm.

"I noticed. If you keep at this pace, you'll finish healing by December, maybe even earlier. When do you sleep?" the instructor joked.
Emrys laughed. "By the way, thank you for your notes. It helped me and I hope you don't mind if I've been teaching it to some interested students."

"I don't mind. The more geeks, the merrier right?"

The instructor laughed.

"Are you planning to continue Healing after you finish this last unit?"

"I didn't know we could."

"You could actually. The school matron is a certified Full MediWizard. She's also an MD. She takes on interested apprentices. The apprenticeship usually lasts three years."

"I've chosen my electives already," Emrys replied slightly down. It sounded interesting and he wanted to do it.

"You dropped healing?"

"No."

"Then there's no problem. Apprentices are on top of normal school. You'll be required to help in the wing during weekends and any other free time you wish to sacrifice."

Emrys nodded in understanding as the healing instructor explained.

"You can still do it, granted you didn't apply for any mastery yet. You can't do an apprenticeship and a mastery at the same time. They mean the same. Healing is just called an apprenticeship because it requires extra dedication."

"Let me guess, you're already planning to do the masteries in your mind," Liam commented. Emrys nodded.

"Kid, you're going into year 2 of 7. If you continue at this rate, you'll have free period all of year 7." The healing instructor commented. Emrys just smiled.

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They were met by Minerva McGonagall, headmistress of Hogwarts.

"Headmistress McGonagall." Sean greeted.

"Sean, how many times have I told you to call me Minerva?"

"Countless. But I have to set a good example right?" the healing instructor teased.

"Anyway, since they're going to be here for a week, they will be sorted so living arrangements can be arranged."

"Is that really necessary?" Sean whined to himself. Emrys heard it and felt genuine disappointment. "Students who have already been sorted will not have to be sorted again." Professor McGonagall said in reply. Sean nodded somberly. He went to Hogwarts and hated the house system.

"LSMers! I need your attention! Those who are Hogwarts old timers move to Assistant Professor (Liam)Wensley's side please! No, you can't change houses. New timers will wait with me here outside."

What do you think of Hogwarts? A voice asked Emrys. He jumped and then he realized it was Salazar.

The castle is pretty, but the magic feels... Weird, Emrys thought.

Weird? Godric supplied.

That works. It just feels dark and sad. I guess I'm so used to LSM's sunny disposition. Emrys replied.

The reason you feel that way is because Hogwarts and LSM are almost sentient. They're not quite like your wands. They won't be able to talk to you. But they have feelings as all magic does. Ravenclaw explained.

Even the elements? Valera never said anything about that. Emrys replied.

Valera?

From the Elven realm. By the way, how come I haven't heard from any of you for a long time. Emrys asked.

Oh, that's where you were. We can't cross dimensions, Emrys, Helga supplied.

Plus, we were recuperating from helping you. It takes a long time. Had you studied here, we would have been able to contact you sooner since it takes less effort while in Hogwarts. Rowena explained.

Oh.

Anyway, elements have feelings too. Remember to thank them next time you use them and they'll be easier to use the next time, just like your wands. Rowena said.

So anyway, Hogwarts?

Oh yeah. Hogwarts is, well, sick. She doesn't like the discord between the houses and morale among the students is pretty low compared to LSM. The students aren't as motivated and the only extra curricular they have is Quidditch and Hogsmead weekends. Salazar replied.

And balls, which doesn't really appeal to everyone, Godric offered with a bit of distaste. He didn't like balls.

Her sadness is not just in your imagination. Salazar said.

Emrys and the rest of the newbies entered the great hall. Emrys thought the ceiling was magnificent. He'd love to read about how they were able to charm it to show the outside.

It must be depressing when it's raining, Emrys thought.

Emrys looked at the staff table. He saw Professor McGonagall and Professor Snape and smiled to them. He hasn't forgotten about their help back when he was abducted.

"As you can see, we have new additions to our community. These are students from the London School of Magic. They are here for the week to take their Owls and Newts. They will be sorted and will reside in the house dorms. Please show them our warm Hogwarts hospitality. Treat them with respect." McGonagall announced sternly. "I hope I don't need to remind you that they are taking their exams. While I encourage you to make friends with the students of LSM, please respect their space and their need to study."

Instantly whispers started.

"This always happens. The whispers, I mean. They are always surprised with the variety of LSM students. I'm sure you're one of the people they're talking about," Caligula, an LSM 7th year, whispered to Emrys.

"Because I'm the Boy-Who-Lived?" Emrys asked.

"That and because you're not at Hogwarts, and everything that's happened to you that they've read in the papers, and the fact that you're supposed to be in first year. Hope to see you in Slytherin." She said as she walked towards Slytherin.

"Potter, Emrys," Snape called out as the deputy headmaster. Minerva had been informed that they were to receive Emrys James Potter and not Emrys Emrys James Arthur.

Emrys went up to the stool and sat.

Interesting, Emrys Potter, or should I say Duke of Magic? A first year. You'll do very well in your exams, Duke. Oh who's this? Oh hello, Ric, Row, Hels, Sal. How have you been?

We've been great! Godric replied.

You still want to destroy me, eh, the hat said in reply.

Not destroy. More like reassign, Sal tactically offered.

That's comforting. But I do agree. Lady Hogwarts has been down for centuries, it's creeping up to me. I can't seem to make lively poems anymore.

I think you should sort Emrys. Rowena interjected.

Ah, yes. His audience awaits. You fit into all house. You have an insatiable thirst for knowledge. You're loyal and caring. You're very courageous and you're ambitious and cunning. You might not like what I'm going to do. All I suggest is that you not succumb to peer pressure and to change them in the little time you spend here. They have a lot to learn from you and you have a lot to learn from them as well. Don't judge ok? Use your nifty empathy wisely. They'll be very useful in SLYTHERIN!

Severus was stunned. He never figured James Potter's son to go into Slytherin, even if he was only staying for a week.

"Prince Emrys, here!" a familiar voice exclaimed. Emrys looked towards the source and saw Mischa and her goons. Emrys groaned.

Ugh.

What's wrong with my house? Salazar asked, slightly affronted.

I don't mind being in Slytherin. I just mind being in her house! How did she get into Slytherin anyway? I thought it was the house of cunning?

Well, hate to say it, but she did manage to trick your grandmother somehow.

Fine! I thought it was the house of subtle? Emrys retorted. Salazar wisely kept quiet.

Emrys sat far away from her, beside a blond haired boy, also with goons.

"Draco Malfoy, 1st year Slytherin." The blond haired boy offered.

"Emrys Potter. We technically don't have years in LSM and I guess I'm Slytherin now."

"Are you really here to take your Owls?" He asked.

"Yes. I'm taking Owls in Transfiguration, Charms, DADA, Potions and History. I'm also taking NEWTS for DADA, Potions and History."

"How is that possible?" A girl with bushy hair from another table asked. The boy she was with was flushed with a certain amount of embarrassment. Emrys guess he was trying to stop the girl from talking.

"Stay away from this, mudblood!" Draco exclaimed. "You'll just dirty us."

"Draco, is this really necessary? She's just curious. Besides, you have to call me a mudblood too since I'm only a half-blood. What does it matter anyway?" Emrys asked.

"But, purebloods are superior!" Draco protested. He wanted to be friends with Emrys since he's a Slytherin and he's basically an unknown; not to mention he's bloody Emrys Potter. His father would be pleased with the acquaintance. As such, he was toning down his holier-than-thou attitude and is actually listening and giving Emrys a chance.

"I don't see how. A lot of spells created over the years weren't invented by purebloods. They're usually by half bloods and muggleborns wondering why the wizarding world didn't have an equivalent to some muggle technology. Of the five potion masters in Europe, two are muggleborns, two are half-bloods and one is a pure blood. All this blood talk is non-sense. It's even been theorized that without 'impure' blood, as you put it, magic would have died out."

Emrys replied vehemently.

"But to answer your question, we're allowed to dictate our pace at LSM. We can challenge the exams for the higher years at our discretion. Once we finish all 5 units, we can challenge the OWLS and once we finish unit 7, we can do the NEWTS. You have to qualify for one NEWT to be sent to Hogwarts, though. Otherwise you can take them at the Ministry by making an appointment, or something like that." Emrys continued in a gentler tone.

"Units?" She asked. She was hurt by Draco's words, but Emrys' kindness gave her confidence.

"That's what they're called. One unit is one year."

"But the amount of essays you need can't have been done within the time frame!" the girl exclaimed.

"How rude of me, I'm Emrys Potter."

"Oh, I'm Hermione Granger. First year, Gryffindor. I've heard about you."

"No offense, I thought you were in Ravenclaw," Emrys said.

"I've been wondering about that too," Draco muttered. Emrys opened his empathy and became amused. Draco liked Hermione but was masking it with animosity.

"This is my friend, Neville Longbottom," She introduced a plump boy who was also listening.

"Oh nice to finally meet you. I've been told we're cousins. Your mom is my godmother as my mom is yours." Emrys said with a smile. Neville smiled back weakly, slightly intimidated by the confident boy before him. "Thank you for treating my parents."

"My mom and Professor Snape did. I had no hand in anything. I am delighted that they have been treated. I hope they are well."

"They are." Neville replied not saying anything further. His parents were still in the process of fixing the damage caused by Neville's grandmother to his self-esteem.

"Granger, what are you doing associating with the slimy bastards?" A boy with red hair demanded.

"I will talk to whomever I please, Ronald!" She screamed. Emrys inwardly shook his head. No wonder Hogwarts was sad. There's even in-fighting within houses.

"Anyway, we just do the exams. We have essays and such, but they're more of a formality, something that the teachers could mark. Your final grade depends on your exams."

"So you could just not do them?" Draco asked.

"Well, you have to. You don't get promoted if you haven't completed enough essays. You have to finish 4 for a whole year."

"28 essays?" Neville asked finally getting courage.

"No. I meant 4 for a whole year, not unit. So if you did years 1-7 in one year, you only have to do 4 essays. We're given a list of essays we could do. It has all the essays for every unit. We can choose anything as long as you do at least two essays for the highest grade you're achieving that year."

"How come I didn't receive an invitation?" Draco asked. Emrys shrugged.

"I don't know, but I don't think you'd like it," Emrys replied honest.

"It's sounds really good. I like it already. Why do you think I wouldn't?" Draco asked.

"In LSM, there's no distinction between purebloods, half-bloods nor muggleborns. We even take muggle subjects. Anyone caught discriminating is given detention or some other punishment." Draco frowned as Emrys recognized that he was thinking.

"You take muggle subjects?" Hermione asked.

"Yeah. We have to take Math, Science and English. There are also muggle electives like accounting, culinary arts, etc."

"Do you think they'd take transfers?" Hermione asked. Emrys chuckled. "I don't know. You could talk to Professor Pill." Emrys replied pointing to Sean Pill, the healing instructor. They would have continued their conversation. Except, someone interrupted.

"Prince Emrys! Have you been avoiding me?" Emrys groaned.

"You know her?" Draco asked.

"Prince Emrys?" Hermione and Neville asked.

"I wish I didn't." Emrys mumbled. "Lady Mischa. How has Hogwarts been treating you?"

"It's been great. I missed you though. I'm really hurt that you're avoiding your fiancee." She mocked. Emrys's eyes darkened.

"I don't remember agreeing to be your fiance." Emrys retorted with hidden and controlled contempt.

"Oh, didn't you receive the copy? Your grandmother has given her blessings."

"Sure she did. How did you do that anyway? Even Loen was oblivious." Emrys accused.

"You'll never find out."

"You better wish I don't. You do know it's a crime to tamper with someone's memory, right?" Emrys challenged. Hermione eeped. Draco's eyes darkened. He didn't realize it but he already felt a certain protective nature over Emrys, well, Emrys.

"I wouldn't put it past you to get someone to Imperio grandmother. As it stands, she's not quite happy with you." Emrys said.

"I told you you'd be mine didn't it?"

"I'm not yet yours." Emrys replied curtly.

"I beg to differ. Pretty soon you'll be married to me."

"I could always disappear," Emrys said plainly.

"Grandmother won't let you, not with your duty to the kingdom." She whispered. A brat she may be, but she did know that she needed to keep her and Emrys' royalty a secret or it might just push the Queen to taking irrational and even illegal actions.

"Well, you could always be made to disappear," Emrys replied darkly in the same whisper.

"Are you threatening me?" Mischa accused.

"Of course not." Emrys replied. "You do remember why I'm here right?"

"Yes. What about it?"

"I think what he's trying to say is that he knows more spells than you do." Draco offered.

"You wouldn't dare! Grandmother would get angry at you." Emrys shrugged.

"So? She's not happy with you. Her anger towards me would be minute compared to her anger to you and your family." Emrys replied.

"Who do you think you are barging into our affairs?" Mischa demanded with a raised voice. The hall had long turned their attention to them.

"Last time I checked, you're the one who interrupted our conversation. I'm really glad you moved out of LSM. At least I only have to see you one week out of the year."

She walked away fuming. She was still embarrassed of being pulled out of LSM.

"So, Prince Emrys?" Hermione asked. Emrys frowned should he tell them?

"It's nothing. She just wanted to call me that," Emrys said in a final tone. Hermione looked at him dubiously but let it go.

"What is this deal with your grandmother?" Neville asked.

"My parents died when I was young. My extended family found me when I turned eleven and I've been staying with them since. My grandmother... has huge influence over the family. Everyone obeys her, to a certain extent."

"You in an old family?" Draco asked. No one really knew who adopted Emrys Potter, so the news of this very heirarchical family was surprising to Draco.

"Yeah... you could say that."

"So tell us more about LSM!" Draco said. He could tell Emrys wanted to change the subject. Draco was planning to ask that evening. However, Emrys was smarter than that. Emrys immediately went to "sleep" only "waking" to study once he was sure Draco was asleep.

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The next day, Draco looked like he still had a lot of questions. He managed to control himself. He was a Malfoy. He had an image to keep. Emrys gratefully sat beside him during meals. Hermione and Neville also continued to talk to him during meals.

"Hey Harry! We were thinking of hitting up the library tonight to revise. Want to come?" said Richard. He was in his 5th year at LSM and was taking all his OWLs (and was therefore, eligible for the trip). He was also a good friend to Emrys. Emrys nodded in reply and in thanks. Hmm.. Library. Time to expand my collection. It was a well known fact in their floor that if you needed books, just go to Emrys. He has every book thanks to his magical trunk. Richard would probably help him load the books.

And he did. A lot of the LSMs helped as well.

"Good luck with your OWLs tomorrow!" The seventh year LSMs greeted. OWLs were held the first three days while the NEWTS were held the last four days.

"I can't imagine taking so many OWLs and NEWTs at the same time," Richard casually noted. He was walking with Emrys down to the dungeons. He was a Slytherin as well.

"I'm not the only one doing that. But think of it this way, you're qualified for your NEWTs, why would you fail the OWLs? If you ask me, getting a NEWT on a subject should mean getting an OWL automatically."

"True, true. I was talking to some of the Slytherins. Apparently, they don't like Mischa either. She's too snotty for a half-blood for the Slytherins. She's too dumb for the Ravenclaws, she's a Slytherin for the Gryffindors and she's just plain mean for the Hufflepuffs. The only clout she has are her friends. Together they bully first years into joining their group."

"Oh my. How is she doing in her academics?"

"She too dumb to be a Ravenclaw, but she's average."

"Average huh."

"Why won't you tell the school your status?" Richard asked.

"Why bother? Doing so wouldn't do me any good right now. It would just put more spotlight on me, get more assassins on my tail and possibly ire the government. The Minister, apparently, is a bit too insecure about his position. If I just appear, chaos would ensue. I'm

really thankful that no one has made the connection. Quite weird, actually."

"But wasn't Mischa's tirade equivalent to announcing it yourself?"

"Not if they just think it's a pet name. Let it drop please. I don't care much for titles anyway."

"So what exams are you taking?"

"I'm taking Owls in Transfiguration, Charms, DADA, Potions and History. I'm also taking NEWTS for DADA, Potions and History. How about you?"

"Wow. Well, I'm taking Owls and for Transfiguration and Charms and Dada. I need more time for Potions and History."

Emrys nodded.

"You'll be fine." Emrys reassured. "You're one of the hardest working upper years I know."

"Thanks. Oh, and thanks for that magical theory lesson. It really helped. A couple of my mates told me to thank you too. I hope you don't mind if I taught them a bit."

"I don't mind at all. I'm actually surprised they're not taught in mainstream school."

"You should talk to the headmistress. She's pretty open about new classes and new ways of thinking. A lot of the alumnis, return and teach a seminar. Depending on the interest, those seminars eventually become subjects."

"Oh, I've never heard of seminars at LSM."

"They're there. They're mostly during summer. We're given a seminar list before we leave."

"Oh. Is there formal summer school?"

"No. Only apprentices and those taking mastery take something akin to summer school."

"Do you feel ready?" Emrys asked.

"Ready as I can be."

The next day, the entered the great hall were all the exams were taking place. Emrys had Transfiguration and Charms that day. He had a two hour written test and a one hour practical test for transfiguration. Emrys thought that the written was fairly easy. Two of the short answers he had to answer were essay topics in LSM. Emrys didn't do all the topics, but he did read up on all of them. He finished with ten minutes to spare. The way they did the practicals was peculiar to Emrys. They were encased in a bubble and was given a list and a material box.

Transfigure the pin into a pen. Marks for detail, extra marks if pen is usable. was one of the items on the list. It was very easy to Emrys. Everything on the exam was on LSM's practice list. The practice list was a set of spells they had to do to advance. Before Emrys achieved promotion after passing his test, he had to complete demonstrating everything on the practice list to his instructor. Emrys thought the exams at LSM were harder.

Then came lunch.

"Hey, how did your exam go?" Draco asked. Despite his prejudices, Emrys thought he was a good person. He could hardly be blamed for what he was taught.

"Hey, Harry," Neville greeted.

"Why don't you come over and sit with us. I mean it's kinda awkward eating and turning and such." Emrys suggested.

"You can't invite Gryffindors to the Slytherin table!" Draco protested.

"Why not?"

"You just don't. Gryffs hate Slytherins and we hate Gryffs."

"Hate is a strong word. Why do you hate each other so much?" Emrys asked.

"Because... Because... Because!" Draco finally said, not finding a real reason.

"I heard Salazar Slytherin hated Gryffindor and muggleborns," Hermione offered.

"Nonsense. They are bestfriends. The only reason he hated muggles was because of the witchhunt. Now that muggles aren't hunting wizards, he has nothing against muggleborns." Emrys replied.

"What would you know? It's not like you study at Hogwarts," Ron drawled. He was passing by and hear the argument.

"We do have History at LSM, both muggle and magical." Emrys supplied.

"But I doubt you can learn that from History class," Hermione said.

"Look, if you don't believe me, fine. But do yourselves a favour. Search for a portrait of Godric or Salazar, or even Rowena and Helga. They'll tell you about how Hogwarts was built. Truth is the first casualty of conflict, Hermione." Emrys said gently.

"But Hogwarts: A History-

"is partly fiction," Emrys interjected. "Sure, it has truths in it. But what it has on how Hogwarts was concieved and built is mere speculation. Hogwarts: A History was written 200 years after the founder's deaths by someone unrelated to the founders. He inteded for it to be a fairy tale, but eventually, it was taken as reality. Plus, from what I've heard, the story about the fight between Godric and Salazar was added by some dark lord. He ordered all the remaining editions to be burnt. Then he got some scholars to rewrite it the way he wanted it to. In time, the slightly inaccurate version was forgotten in favour of the dark lord made-up version." Hermione looked faint. Her favourite book might be entirely false! Her world is slowly crumbling! Ok, maybe not. But she was very shocked by the revelation.

"So where do we find this portrait?" Draco asked. Emrys looked at him incredously. He didn't think Draco was part of the curious kind.

"Sadly, they're in the rooms of the head of houses." Emrys replied.

"Just how do you know this?" Neville asked in an unexpected bout of courage and initiative.

"The portraits saved me in the beginning of the year," Emrys said distantly.

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Emrys did Charms that afternoon. Just like Transfiguration, it was fairly easy. Ok, very easy. He just had to match which charms did what and was appropriate for which situation. He took less time compared to the Transfiguration exam.

Potions was a bit hard since he did have to have all those recipes memorized. Emrys was worried that he mixed up two potions in his mind, but eventually calmed down and believed himself. DADA was a joke. A decent third year at LSM could do the OWL and get an O. Emrys shook his head as he thought about it. This was DADA, as in Defense Against the Dark Arts. What were they doing testing students about pixies, hinkypunks and grindylows? They're not the dark arts! And what's up with the spell list? How can you defend yourself against the dark arts using Stupefys and Flipendos? Granted the other stuff on the exam were saner, but really? History was just sad. It concentrated too much on the goblin wars. There was a small section on Grindelwald and Voldemort. That's not the saddest part. The saddest part was that the questions were worded so badly. It was obvious to Emrys what the 'right answer' was. It was beyond biased. Emrys wasn't expecting an O. In fact, he was expecting to just pass History since he refused to give in to peer pressure and write the answer the examiners wanted.

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Thank you for the reviews!

Merry Christmas!

Please Review! ^_^

Disclaimer: Not mine. Not real.

"Wow, that was unexpected," Richard told him.

"Unexpected?" Emrys asked.

"I expected the exams to be harder."

"Same here. It makes me really glad I'm at LSM instead of Hogwarts." Richard nodded. They weren't bragging. They were just saying the truth. Apparently, the truth isn't a good thing.

Emrys arrived at breakfast and sat at the same seat as he did before.

"Potter! You think you're all high and mighty coming from another school! You attention seeking prat. Who do you think you are?" Ron Weasley ranted. "You think your school is better than Hogwarts."

"Why yes, I do." Emrys replied calmly. "Just like you think Hogwarts is better than my school. Everyone is entitled to their opinion."

"What gives you the right to just barge in here and strut as if you own the place?"

"You seem to be doing that just fine," Emrys replied.

"You bastard! I bet you made up those lies about Dumbledore too! You're just an attention seeking brat who thinks too highly of himself! You should have died with your coward parents."

Snap! Hermione gasped. He couldn't believe Ron actually said such a mean thing to anyone.

Emrys grabbed Ron's collars despite being smaller than Ron. He glared at Ron keeping eye contact.

"Listen you twit! I've had it with you! Let me enlighten as to why my school is better. Shall I?" Emrys retorted. Ron had no choice really. Someone ran out to inform the teachers who were having a lunch meeting.

"First of all, we don't have these stupid backward notions about being pureblood, blood traitors, muggleborns, mudbloods nor half-bloods! We welcome everyone, human or not-so human!"

"Second of all, any kind of bullying mentality is immediately wiped out of everyone because it gets channelled to some other activity, like, I don't know, skipping grades? Besides, the school is such a close knit community that a bully gets bullied by a group of upper years for being a bully until he or she stops being one."

"Third of all, our curriculum is more advanced. I'm not allowed to say anything about the OWLs but they were very disappointing. If the OWLs reflected Hogwarts education then I pity you. I was most disappointed at how biased and how shallow the History of Magic exam was." Emrys was potentially making a lot of enemies, but oh well. Why did he hide his dukedom again?

"Enough for you?" Emrys asked. He didn't bother to wait for Ron's answer. Instead, he let go of Ron's collar making Ron stumble on the floor and left the great hall.

"ARG! I wish I had Old Jim!" He ranted as he went up to the library to gather more books.

"Why do you want Jimmy?" Sean, the healing instructor asked.

"I need to vent. That little Weasley is so... shallow!"

"Shallow?"

"I was going to say dim-witted," Emrys replied.

"Well, you could always say close-minded and he's not little. He's taller than you," Sean said. Emrys just glared at him.

"Anyway, I need to leave. I've been called to help out with the epidemic. By epidemic, I mean attacks. The Ministry is apparently shushing it up. Voldemort has been resurrected by way of a Philosopher's stone stolen at Gringotts. We wouldn't have known were it not for one of the elders' goblin contacts. In any case, it's a long story that's not relevant right now. The council of healers want 's to be prepared, so they're calling all healers and mediwizards for a conference. They also asked me to ask the students I trust to help

out during the conference. For the duration of the conference, St. Mungo's will be understaffed. They're asking student volunteers with recommendation."

"I thought LSM was the only school in Britain that have healing classes."

"True. But they're also inviting some Beauxbaton students and there are some students that are apprenticed and haven't quite yet reached healer/magiwizard status. Anyway, do you want to help?"

"Yes, I'd love to. I might have to arrange it with the proper authorities first." Emrys said. Professor Pill understood. He knew Liam's role and whatnot.

"Of course. The conference will last for two weeks, but they want the extra hands for the rest of the summer because they're ramping up training and trying to promote more people in less time. Arrange however long you can. We don't know if this whole situation is a long-term or a short-term thing. Be careful, we are now living in dark times."

Emrys nodded, "The sad thing is, the majority of the wizarding world is anything but ready."

"I agree. Emrys, I hate to say it, but expect to be doubted. Even with the status of Emrys James Potter as the Boy-Who-Lived, you'll meet a lot of people during the summer that will underestimate you. They're expecting at least a fifteen year old, not an eleven/twelve year old. They might use you as an errand boy for the first few weeks."

"Don't worry, I won't let them." Emrys said with a grin.

When Emrys wasn't revising for his NEWTs, or expanding his book collection, he was in the Hospital Wing. At first, Madame Pomfrey was skeptical, but eventually Emrys managed to convince her to hang around and observe and even help. She was impressed with Emrys's knowledge and capability and started to coach him. It was too short of a week, though. Pretty soon, Emrys found saying goodbye to his new found friends and allies.

Liam had informed the Queen of Emrys's summer plans. She was disappointed at not being able to see Emrys more often, but acknowledged that he had to find his way and place around the world, despite being only 11 years old. Emrys was to go home, stay a week and then go off to help out. He was also supposed to take a day out of the week to stay at home. It worked well since the conference wasn't going to start until the week after Emrys's first day. It would allow him to show his skills while being under his healing instructor's wing.

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Emrys snuck out on the midnight of the 20th of June to go back to Elshora.

There he met Liana and Argo, his younger siblings who were really older than him. They accepted him whole-heartedly.

Verbo monopolized Emrys immediately and talked to him, helping Emrys become comfortable with his problems and even his newfound siblings. After that, they had dinner with the village. It was a celebration in honour of the return of one of their children. Emrys blushed many times with the attention but felt blessed and grateful for his second extended family. The next morning, he went to the library and gave copies of books the librarian was interested in.

Then he went to the barracks to enlist for training as per the Chief's suggestions. First level training lasted five months. They were happy to have a more than decent healer around. The instructors only sent critically injured warriors to Julianna. Everyone else had to wait it out or heal it themselves. With Emrys on the team, they didn't have to wait it out. If they couldn't heal it themselves, Emrys did. At first the instructors ignored it. But eventually they found dislike of the practice since it made the other trainees reliant on Emrys. They went as far as telling Emrys not to heal anyone. Despite the knowledge that he was doing it under orders, Emrys was given the cold shoulder by his barrackmates. The instructors finally noticed the discord after a failed exercise. They were supposed to hunt for food for a village celebration. Everyone else went in groups, while Emrys went by himself. Emrys could barely carry his kill. The deer was too big. He arrived last to the village enduring a mocking welcome from the rest of the troop.

Argo found it weird that Emrys seemed to not have friends in training and asked him why. "They think I'm selfish for not healing them. I-I just don't want to be in trouble again." Emrys chimed meekly. While he got over Master Lola's training(it been more than a year since it happened), it still scared him. Argo and Liana knew all about it. They've been told the night before Emrys came. Argo hugged Emrys. Emrys was young enough to be Argo's son/nephew. Sometimes Argo did act like a father/uncle to Emrys. "Let's talk to your officers."

"No it's alright! I c-can take it! Please don't," Emrys rambled.

"Oh Emrys. It's alright. It's my duty as your big brother."

"I thought I was the big brother," Emrys joked weakly.

"Don't you see how much taller I am?" Argo joked back with a chuckle. "Besides, it's my duty as a ranking officer too."

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"General, can I talk to you?" Argo started over dinner.

"I guess this is about your brother?"

"Yes, sir. Did you know about it?"

"Not until now. His training officers didn't notice either. You know how some people are. They hide their true faces to high-ups."

"I am, in no way, blaming anyone, sir."

"I know. I didn't mean to imply that you were. I will talk to the scouts later."

"May I ask a favour?"

"What is it?"

"Can you please leave my brother out of the discussion? Send him home or something, but don't include him in the meeting."

"Why? I feel like it would be more effective if he were there. After all, they are a unit."

"My brother is an empath and might feel overwhelmed with the emotions of a room full of impulsive scouts who are being scolded by their general."

"He has shields correct?"

"Yes, he does. My father is working with him on strengthening his shields. But the fact that he is still a child, even in our standards, remain. His shields aren't that strong yet. I don't even know how he got accepted to training at his young age."

"Alright. I will keep him out of the meeting."

"Thank you."

The scouts were told to gather in the mess hall. Emrys had been previously pulled to assist the on-site healer in improving curriculums and such.

The scouts sat in tense silence as they wait for whoever was speaking to them. The general made them wait for a full 5 minutes before he entered. As soon as he entered, the scouts sat straighter and were more rapt with attention.

"Cadets." He greeted sternly.

"Best greetings be with you, General."

"You! Tell me the 2nd law of the elven army!" He said harshly pointing to a scout on the first row.

"O-Our f-fellows," the scout stammered. Once you get to know the general, you'd realize how sweet and kind he was. But when necessary, he can be very stern. "Argo, make sure this blundering scout is made to do punishment laps tomorrow. You! Help him out!" Argo was really his apprentice, though not formally. Argo had the right qualities to be the leader of the protectors of the village. With parents like Verbo, Triana's village chief, and Julianna, a council member, Argo grew to be a strong and assertive leader. Everyone from his class respected and looked up to him. The general was actually surprised that Argo's age didn't deter people from respecting him.

"Our fellows are our brothers to which we put full trust; for in the face of battle, they will be our only source of support. All for one, one for all." The second scout said.

"Exactly, all for one and one for all. Why did I see a lone person bringing back a kill. Moreover, you all laughed at him as he arrived! Is that in accordance with the 2nd law? How can he trust you? How can you claim all for one and one for all? You! Care to explain?" The general asked. He was randomly pointing to people, paying attention to their reactions to the things he said.

"In the same bane, isn't he violating the rule as well?"

"Elaborate."

"For one he's not here."

"As per my orders."

"For another, he refuses to heal when he clearly has the ability to do so."

"As per your trainers' orders. Tell me, how exactly can you learn to heal yourselves if he heals it for you? What will you do if you're injured in the battlefield while he's engaged by a hostile?"

No one had an answer to that.

"Any other reason?"

"Why is he here? We all worked hard through elven school to get into the army. Why is a kid here?"

"Fool! Have you been sleeping in your history class? This village would have ceased to exist years ago if he hadn't helped!" The General exclaimed. He was a warrior at the time of the guerilla attack. He wasn't about to give Emrys an easier time, but Emrys did have his respect.

"He, at barely 12 years old, endured harsh training from an elemental master to prepare for a guerilla invasion in two days and even forgave the master despite Lady Julianna, Master Valera's and

practically the whole village's protests. He, at barely 12 years old, single-handedly defeated a basilisk lurking around the village. The village would have been decimated were it not for him. He has done more for this village than any of you in your short lives. He has the respect of the Chief and the Chiefs of many other villages. This is how you repay him? By ostracizing him and ridiculing him! Even if he hadn't done all those things, as a member of your battalion you should have included him! All for one and one for all! Correct? As punishment, you will all go hunting again tomorrow. Individually! Your officers will time you and the number of minutes you take will be the number of laps that you will do the next day! Dismissed!" The general ordered.

Argo wondered if it would be effective to leave it like that. It might just increase the animosity directed at Emrys. Poor Emrys. What the hell were his officers doing anyway? Why didn't they see the discord and stop it?

During the weekends, when Emrys wasn't in training, he was at home, either training with Valera, helping around the house and the wing, learning more healing or taking care of his nephew care of his sister Liana. Liana had married two years ago and now had a one and a half year old son called Jovane.

"Jio!"(Uncle!) Jovane exclaimed as he jumped on Emrys' bed, effefctively waking Emrys.

"Sorry, Ciruwen. Mum can't look after him today. Jia Valera is still in Humbee and Dad's busy, of course." Liana said apologetically. Emrys came home late last night from the barrack and she was sure he was tired.

"No worries misorela(sister). Have a safe trip!" Emrys greeted.

Emrys and Jovane was in the backyard. Jovane was running around playing with a ball while Emrys watched with amusement.

"Jio!" Jovane exclaimed as he ran towards Emrys, the ball in his hand.

"Jovie!" Emrys answered as he lifted up Jovane.

"I wa~nt to pwei wid da bewds!" Jovane said with big round eyes.
Emrys laughed. Children are just plain cute.

"Let's try calling them. Remember how?"

"Yeshir!" Jovane said with a salute.

"One, two!"

"Tweet tweet!" Jovane shouted.

"Tweet tweet?" Jovane tried again.

"Tweet twe~eet" Jovane tried again.

"Tweet tweet tweet?" and again.

Jovane started tearing up.

"What's wrong Jovie?" Emrys asked, concerned with his charge's sudden stillness.

"Da bewds down't wyk me.[sob]"

"That's not true," Emrys replied.

"Den wai down't dei cam?"

"Maybe they're busy." Emrys offered. Just then they saw a red hummingbird.

"See. They like you," Emrys said. The bird chirped for a bit and Emrys translated.

"She apologizes for taking a long time. She was taking care of her fledglings that just hatched. She can't stay for long but invited us to see. Do you want to go?"

"too swee weetle beibee bwedes?"

"Yup."

"Yay!" Jovane beamed.

"But you can't be too loud, ok? They need their sleep," Emrys said while Astera the hummingbird nodded.

"Yesh Jio," Jovane said in a whisper making Emrys smile again for the nth time in amusement. Emrys let the hummingbird ride on the top of his head much to the amusement of Jovane who kept trying to stifle his chuckles all the way to the hummingbird's nest.

"Jio, I fink Astera wyks hew nyoo hoome."

"Hush you," Emrys protested making Jovane chuckle even more.

When Emrys finished basic training, he was asked to join their version of an army. Since they lived in peaceful times and he was still a scout, it only meant going on patrols and keeping predators away. Emrys agreed. He also taught healing at the barracks. When he wasn't on duty, he learned craftsmanship and enchantment from a Triana elder. He was cold, but not ruthless. His words were very calculated. No word was wasted on him.

Emrys's trip wasn't as eventful as the previous one. But Emrys had never felt so happy ever since his last visit to the village.

The time to return came fast and it was with a heavy heart that Emrys left his family, for the second time.

"Wew is Jio gowing?" Jovane asked. Emrys wanted one last hug and so took him from Liana.

"He's going to his family. He'll be back."

"Bawt, I fot we wew fameewee? Wai you heb to go? Mwe no want you two goo!" Jovane exclaimed with a sob. He was holding on to Emrys for dear life. It was only his age and Emrys' training that prevented Emrys from suffocating.

"I'll be back," Emrys replied. In about 90 years.

"Nooo!" Jovane exclaimed clinging to Emrys' neck. Emrys didn't quite know what to do with a crying nephew.

"Jovane," Liliana pleaded.

"Jovane, I'll be back. When I come back, you'll be much older. But you'll still be my little Jovane."

"I dawn't wand yoo two goo.[Sob]"

"I promise I'll write to you."

"Nooo[sob]." At this point most of the villagers were crying too. Emrys had tears in his eyes. "Pweease stei."

"I wish I could."

"Den stei. You no need go." Jovane pleaded. The portal was starting to light up.

"I really have to go. I will miss you a lot." Specially since I'll miss most of your life. When I come back you won't be little anymore. Why am I going back again?

Suddenly Jovane was hit by a spell by Julianna.

"You have to leave or you'll miss it." Julianna said taking Jovane from Emrys, who was also reluctant to let go.

"We'll be waiting," Julianna said. Emrys nodded and with one last look at his nephew, his family and his village, he stepped through the portal.

When he came back to his room he immediately went to his communicator and wrote a message. Actually, there was already a message.

Hey Emrys,

Jovane is still upset, mostly with mom for making him "sweep at such a cwooshul toim". How he learned the word crucial is beyond me. Don't worry, they'll make up. He asked me to tell you that he misses you and that he'll learn to write and read soon so you can both communicate directly. He asked me to remind you to write often. I wonder what you've done to make him dote on you so much. I think he likes you more than he does us. I'm torn between being please and being offended.

Anyway, stay safe mifratello(brother).

Lots of love,

Lianna.

Hi everyone,

I got back safe and will hit the bed soon. I miss you already. Take care everyone.

Emrys

Jovie,

I miss you mineveu. Don't be too mad at mum Julianna. I had to leave. I look forward to your messages!

Don't forget to help Astera take care of his chicks. Ask your mum or dad to help you. I'm sure mum Julianna is willing to help as well.

Take care love,

Emrys

The Queen wanted to spend time with Emrys and so ignored the fact that he needed royal lessons. Camilla, Charles, Philip also visited.

"Have you visited your estates?"

"No."

"I think you should. You know? See if they need repair and such," Charles suggested. "You might also want to touch base with your solicitors."

The Queen sighed. He didn't want Emrys to work right now. This was supposed to be his one week vacation. Besides, he's only 11!

Emrys looked eager, as if he was reminded of something. The next morning, he found himself in the offices of Tripe and Solder. They

informed him that they were halfway done with the warding of the estates. He asked his solicitors to convince Gringotts to speed up. They also informed him that the new wing of St. Mungo's was to be finied by the next month. Daily Prophet had already been bought as well. Also, Remus had set up his foundation and had been given the promised million as per Emrys' wishes. ."

"Anything else you want us to do?" Tripe and Solder asked.

"Not as of the moment other than to continue with the investments. Do you know of a shop where I can buy enchanted objects?"

"What do you need?"

"Protection. My grandmother and her aide has been attacked. They lost memories of an event."

"Ah. You'll want to go to Gambols, just at the border of knockturn and diagon alley."

"Thank you."

Emrys went with Liam to Gambols and was surprised with the assortment of things he was able to buy.

"Emrys!" Someone called out. Emrys turned and saw Sirius Black and Remus Lupin. Emrys wanted to run, but couldn't.

"Sirius Black and Remus Lupin, right?" He said.

"Yup!" Sirius said cheerily. "How have you been? Where have you been?"

"I've been great. I've been in LSM."

"Not Hogwarts?" Remus asked.

"No." Emrys replied. Sirius was eyeing Liam.

"Emrys who is this?"

"This is Liam. He is my protector, my guide and my assistant."

"Good afternoon gentlemen. If you would excuse us, Master Em-Harry needs to check up on his estates."

"Estates?" Remus asked.

"I acquired the Potter Inheritance. Got adult status and all that." Emrys replied.

"Oh. Emrys, I don't know if anyone told you. I'm your godfather. I was wrongfully accussed and was in Azkaban for a few years. Now that I'm out, I can take custody of you!" Sirius said ecstatically.

"Thank you, I really appreciate it but I'm fine the way I am. Besides I am mostly in school."

"But I could take care of you. Help you and all. We can spend the summer together."

"I'm sorry, but I have already committed to helping out at St. Mungo's. They need more people and are preparing for what is coming. I suggest you do too." Emrys said.

"Emrys, why do you sound so political and sound so old?" Sirius asked.

"I had to grow up fast. What are you doing nowadays?"

"I'm helping Remus with the Moonlight foundation. We're helping werewolves cope."

"Be careful. I imagine you'd be in the thick of the upcoming chaos."

"What chaos?" Remus asked.

"You don't know?" Liam asked. They shook their heads.

"Fudge is an idiot. The time of peace given as a gift by my parents is coming to a close. Voldemort has been resurrected," Emrys replied.

"Who told you this?" Sirius accused.

"Not important. You can ask the headmistress, if you wish." Emrys said with a nod before finally disappearing.

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Hi Jio!

You lied! You said you is coming back, but u is not! Jovane misses yous. Yous shoud rite mor ofen. 1 leter a yir is not enaf! Ar you prawd op me? I can rite now! I can reed two!

Astera died yesterday. I'm helping Atlas now. He Astera son. He have 5 litel bewdies. They cute! You shoud swee dem!

I love you!

Jovane

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Hi Jio!

You really should write more. Mom is worried and so is grandmum Valera and grandmum. Yes, I've forgiven her, ages ago! It's your fault for not believing me.

Oh right, they asked me to tell you that Grandmum Valera is now staying here permanently. She's always sad. I asked mum why she's always sad. Mum told me that there was a war waged against the Humbee. Humbee lost first, but they had a revolution and won their village back. She lost many of her friends and she even lost her eyesight. Grandmum Julianna was researching for a way to heal her, but Grandmum Valera stopped her and said it couldn't be helped since she wasn't just blind, she literally had no eyes! It was scary just thinking about it. She wouldn't talk to anyone about it. I'm worried about Grandmum Valera. Mum just said to be strong for her.

I'm so amazed! Yesterday, we talked about you in history class! Did you really kill a basilisk? Did you really single-handedly save the village? Most of my classmates look up to you as a hero! They look up to me as a hero too, by association. Apparently, I just have to since I'm the nephew of the basilisk slayer and the general. Did he tell you yet? Jio Argo is now the general. The previous one died and we had a sending off for him. It was so magical with so many swirling colours!

I'm worried though. I don't think I'm as brilliant as you, or mum, or Jio Argo, or grandmum Valera, or grandmum Julianna. I can't kill basilisks! I can't heal people! I'm not a hero! What do I do?

Love you always!

Jovane

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They visited the castles. Most of them were kept up by house elves who were very excitable. Emrys was glad for the head house elf who were usually composed but eagerly awaiting and hoping for his stay, the only exception being the head house elf of the Potter Mansion.

"Master Potter, sir! You've come back! Tippy is happy you is coming back. We shall prepare your room in a hurry sir.! Ah... We is bad elves not being ready for master's return!" Tippy said as she snapped her fingers and barked orders.

"Tippy, calm down." Emrys tried. He was ignored. "Tippy."

"Tippy."

"TIPPY!" Tippy flinched.

"I apologize Tippy. Tippy, I'm not going to stay here. We were just looking at all the houses I owned. I applaud you for keeping the Potter Mansion in good shape. Now can you talk to me about the wards?" a more subdued Tippy talked to Emrys about the Mansion's wards.

Emrys was glad to note that his houses, ahem castles, were well warded. He asked his solicitors to add them to the list of homes Gringotts was to ward.

"They'll take less time because of they already existing strong wards."

By request, Liam made the necklaces Emrys bought from Gambols into portkeys and gave them to his family after he added a drop of his blood.

"If you are ever in grave danger, just hold the pendant and say Family and Tradition. You will be transported to Potter manor." He gave one each to Prince Philip, the Queen, to Loen and to Liam.

"Thank you, Emrys. Stay safe at St. Mungo's. I'll be expecting you for dinner next Sunday," The Queen said.

The necklaces had the added protection of immunity from some magics, including semi-strong wards against mind magic.

"Emrys, this is my friend, Amelia Famsie. She'll be your supervisor for the week and will be one of the supervisors on rotation for the duration of the conference. Amelia, meet Emrys James Potter."

"A pleasure to meet you Madam Famsie." Emrys greeted politely with an extended hand. Amelia had her eyebrows up but took the handshake.

"You're very young. How old are you?"

"I'm turning twelve next month," Emrys said as if one year would make a difference. Technically, with the two years in Elshora, he really was thirteen, turning fourteen?

"Sean, are you sure about this?"

"He's entering Healing 5 and yes, I'm sure. You know how strict the LSM system is." Yes, they let people accelerate as they wish. But it was because of that ability that they make the exams hard, on purpose.

"He's twelve, his magic hasn't settled yet."

"He uses magic in a peculiar way. I did more study in it. It allows him to be in perfect control without needing a mature core. There's a new training facility right? Why don't you see his abilities for yourself."

They went to the new facility. There was a plaque outside saying, ST. Mungo's - Duke of Magic Wing. Emrys flinched. When he said donations were to be under the name of the duke, he didn't mean this. He would have wanted to have it as an anonymous donation. Sean stifled a chuckle. He knew of Emrys's status. Emrys sighed. They went to the training room and Amelia took a practice dummy and did spells that would cause it to simulate injuries.

She laid it down.

"How many minutes do you have to treat this patient?" She asked immediately. Emrys stayed calm and did diagnostics.

"I have 5 minutes worst case, 10 minutes at the most." She nodded as Emrys went to work.

Sean raised his eyebrows at Amelia. From the looks of it, this was past the level 5 Healing Class. It was in between Healing Complete and junior healer level. He did diagnostics of his own as diagnostics only worked for the person casting the spell. No scratch that, this IS junior healer exam level.

He frowned at Amelia. Emrys ran to the shelves. They were filled with potions. They weren't actually working potions. They were dummy potions. They didn't want to waste potions ingredients for dummies.

With a minute remaining, Emrys did a diagnostic spell again. He frowned as he saw blue lights on the wrists connected to a red pulsing glow on the heart. He looked around looking for a lightning source and found none. The window was open and so he took a chance and sent a charge on the dummy, effectively eliminating the red blue glow and surprising the two full mediwizards.

They didn't say anything. Instead, Emrys was led to a pensieve.

"This recorded the training session. Inside, you'll see the patient with a permanent diagnostic scan that can be seen by those watching. We'll watch it together."

Sean watched amazed at Emrys's speed and efficiency. He treated the dummy's wound in an order only a full mediwizard would use. Plus that last thing he did...

"How did you know what to do about the last ailment? I added it, just to see what you'd do. It's a new unidentified disease and how come your spark worked? We tried that. We tried everything."

"It has to be pure lightning, not made from magic but from nature," Emrys replied. "I...I have experience with it."

"How? When?" Amelia asked.

"You'll confine me to the mental ward if I told you." Emrys mumbled soft enough not to let Amelia hear, but Sean apparently heard.

"Emrys, we're just interested. We won't confine you to the mental ward." Sean said.

Emrys looked at him for a long time then sighed.

"One night I wandered through a forest. They told me they were elves. I stayed for a year and learned a lot of things. I apprenticed with their healer for a couple of months. One time, warriors started flooding into the wing with Basilisk bites. I extracted the venom as procedure and they ended up with the same condition as the dummy. We didn't know what it would do until one warrior decided to do some magic. The magic he did activated the blue rings which tugged on the magic on his heart and made it explode. I found out later from a book that the silver thread connecting the blue and the red glows could be broken by a lightning strike."

"But we tried that and ours didn't work!"

"Um... the lightning I used was pure."

"How did you conjure a pure lightning?"

"Um... i'm elemental." Emrys said.

"Sorry didn't catch that," said Amelia.

"I think he said he's an elemental. Did you learn that with the elves as well?" Sean asked.

"Yes." Emrys said shyly.

Thanks for all the reviews! Still here! I just can't update as quickly as before because I'm running out of pre-written chaps. Plus I'm not satisfied with these. (Yet I still uploaded them. Sigh.) Sorry, I just don't have the time to rewrite them (because when I write, I need a mind that's totally blank). But at the same time, I don't want to leave you hanging until I'm totally free (ahem after I graduate – Oh, I just remembered... Reading Week!)

Please review! ^_^

Sorry for the long wait!

Caution: Very raw.

Disclaimer: Don't own anything... any problems are caused by school-induced madness... Real Life is AU.

Amelia was impressed enough that she allowed Emrys to work. Amelia made the first test deliberately hard to gauge Emry's decision making. A healer is expected to defer decisions, if he or she is unsure of what to do; granted the time. It took additional tests to confirm that Emrys had the ability to "give up" with healing a patient. She tested him more and figured that he was at least somewhere between intermediate and full healer. Half the time he worked in the wards and in the emergency room. The other half, he spent with the potions master after he got wind of his outstanding newts and owls. The potions master did not have enough helpers as he was strict and didn't let just anyone to help him. He asked Emrys to help. Emrys was very open to the idea and tried to get permission from Amelia. Amelia, at first didn't agree but Emrys was persistent. She reluctantly agreed as she wasn't able to dissuade Emrys.

Just then a catastrophe. On the last day of the Healing convention, Voldemort attacked. It was his first public attack.

"Mediwizard Jones!" one of the volunteers exclaimed. "Hogsmeade has been attacked!" Jones was the supervising mediwizard that time. There was one other full mediwizard and about 3 others who have mediwizard status and 5 with healer status. There were about 5 volunteers including Emrys.

"Numbers?"

"About 100 injured."

"Heiffen, take Potter, Callalilly, Hugo and Mincer with you and go. Call if you need more help," Jones ordered. Heiffen was the other full mediwizard. Callalilly was a volunteer, Hugo was a full healer and Mincer was an intermediate mediwizard.

Just as they were packing their materials another call came.
"Mediwizard Jones! Diagon Alley has been attacked. About 300 injured."

"Damn."

"Heiffen, change of plans. Go to Diagon Alley, take all the volunteers and Fellows (junior mediwizard). Jagger, you're in charge of Hogsmeade," Jones said. He couldn't leave since the hospital had to be manned by one full mediwizard at all times. Jagger was an intermediate mediwizard.

"Take Cadence, Coda, Staff and Ale with you."

The healers took their orders and supply and left after Jones instructed them to immediately return to St. Mungo's once the situation has cleared in their assignments.

Heiffen's team arrived in Diagon Alley. Shops were burning and many bodies littered the ground.

"Luisa, Jerry,(volunteer and healer) you're on triage. Callalily, Hugo, Potter, secure an area and set up a medical tent. Do you have your minder with you Potter?"

"Yes. Liam's right here." Emrys said motioning to the now visible Liam.

"Liam, help them. How much healing do you know?"

"Basics. Cuts and bruises and other minor maladies."

"Alright. Send all level 1s to Liam." Heiffen shook his head. 10 people to treat 300 potentially life-threatening ailments. He and the others who weren't occupied went out to start finding and healing those in critical condition.

Thanks to magic, they managed to build and organize the tent within a few minutes. It was just in time as the first few patients came in.

Suddenly, they heard pops. Liam went into defensive position. "I'll check it out."

A few seconds later, he yelled, "It's alright. They're aurors."

The most senior auror, a guy by the name of Kingsley Shacklebolt entered the tent.

"Tell me you did not just arrive," Emrys muttered darkly, not looking up from what he was doing.

"We apologize. We were held up at Hogsmeade." He said, not minding that he was talking to a 12-year old who seemed to be scolding him.

"How's Hogsmeade?" Hugo asked.

"It's secure, but there's a lot of injured and several dead. Diagon Alley looks to be worse, though. Do you need help?"

"Well, we keep getting patients. If your guys could help heal the level ones?" Hugo offered. They had a lot of level ones, but then again, they also had a lot of level 2s, 3s and even 4s.

Just then the aurors were called again.

"What's happening?" Emrys asked.

"The Healing convention is being attacked."

"What? GO!" Emrys said as he panicked.

"Potter!" Hugo called out seeing Emrys's distress.

"Potter!" He tried again. Emrys was going on overdrive.

"Potter!"

"Huh? What? Sorry."

"Stop panicking. We need you to be here, helping out as fast as you can. Once we clear Diagon Alley, we can go back to St. Mungo's and possibly help out at the Healing convention. Don't worry, healers are tough." Hugo said as he rubbed Emrys's back to soothe him. Emrys steeled himself as he realized that panicking was not going to help. He has made a lot of healer and mediwizard friends and were worried about them. He buried them at the back of his mind and started to work diligently.

He noticed Snape lying on a bed with level three injuries. He healed him and was about to make him sleep but his hand was grabbed by the Professor, well ex-Professor.

"I want to help. So do my newfound apprentices." He was setting up his new shop in Diagon Alley when the attack happened.

"Professor, I healed you, but you're not completely recovered."

"I know that, but I'll be fine. You need more people to assist right?"

"Yes."

"Then get every able body here to assist. We can help. We have at least intermediate healer training. I have full healer status," said Snape.

"Ok. I'll ask." Emrys replied. Hugo, as the most senior, in the tent went to Snape. They argued, but Snape eventually won. He and his apprentices were allowed to help heal. He also got two of his apprentices to brew more healing potions.

"Thank you Professor." Emrys said.

"Least I could do." Emrys didn't say anything but went back to work. The Professor was right. They sped up. Eventually, they got more volunteers. The civilian volunteers helped administer potions under the direction of either Hugo or Professor Snape.

They finished 3 hours after arriving. Heiffen and the others who didn't do tent work had went back to St. Mungo's with the critically ill.

They went back to St. Mungo's to find chaos. Half healed healers and mediwizards were helping heal others.

"Hugo, Callalily, Potter! How's Diagon Alley?" Jones asked. He was tending to a healer that had a gaping cut, deep enough that you could see the bone. It was cursed. It had to heal the muggle way, so Jones was stitching it closed.

"Cleared. Need help?"

"I'm fine here. Go to Ward C. They need the most help there." He said. The three took off running.

"Go and help anyone. Don't bother waiting for orders. Everyone's too busy. Even the house-elves seem swamped." Hugo said. The house elves usually handed healers potions and materials, or moved patients out, or helped stir potions or other small errands. They were doing that but were also helping hold some instruments because of the sudden lack of them due to the sheer volume of patients.

House elves. Emrys suddenly found inspiration.

"Tippy!"

"What can Tippy be doing for Sir Potter sir?" She asked as she appeared with a pop.

"Can you get more house elves here. I need you to help out. Just ask the healers nicely what they need help with."

"Yes sir!"

Emrys then went to the first patient he saw. As usual he did diagnostics. The man couldn't breathe, had multiple lacerations and was losing blood, fast. Emrys fixed his breathing by removing a suffocation curse. Then, Emrys gave him blood replenishing. He also had burns which Emrys applied a salve on to. He closed the lacerations, grateful that they weren't cursed. He did another diagnostic and found nothing. He spelled the bed green, indicating that the patient could be moved to another ward.

"Emrys!" exclaimed Callalily. She motioned him over and said, "I don't know what to do. He seems cursed. Curses aren't my forte."

"I'll handle it." Emrys said.

"Thanks." Callalily said as she went to another patient.

Emrys did a diagnostic and managed to hold his shock in. The man was a death eater. He still had to heal him since it was a healer's duty, but the curses proved tricky. They were layered and intertwined. It wasn't life threatening as of yet, other than the fact that

the man was in constant pain. Emrys also noticed a dormant curse connected to the layered curses. Emrys decided to heal others first. The man's case was more complicated and needed a lot of time.

It is strange. Why would a death eater have these curses on him? No one from the 'light side' could have done this to him in the heat of the battle, Emrys thought.

He ordered a house-elf to let him know if a healer decides to take on his case. Emrys healed 5 others before deciding to go back to the death eater. He felt guilty letting the man suffer.

Emrys carefully blasted the silver glow connecting the dormant curse to the layered curses. It was a mistake.

Cutting off the silver glow activated the dormant curse. It was a crucio beyond anything Emrys has ever seen. The screams of the patient called the attention of Amelia, who only obtained minor injuries.

"What happened?"

"I tried taking out a curse and it activated a dormant one."

"Didn't you do a diagnostic?"

"Of course I did. I know I probably should've asked someone higher, but it looked like the blue red thing from the dummy."

"No use blamestorming," Amelia said. She helped Emrys take off the layer of curses and when they were done, only the crucio was left. They took that out easily. It took them an hour and a half to finish.

"Here. Give him this. Next time, when you meet something complicated, ask a second opinion, no matter how busy everyone is," Amelia scolded as she handed the new and improved crucio potion care of Snape and Lily. Emrys gratefully took the potion and administered it to the unconscious death eater. He left him there, not asking the elves to take him away. He needed to be monitored, all of the patients requiring the Crucio recovery potion. Emrys went on to work with other patients. In another four hours, the team of medics managed to clear the room. They lost 50 civilians, 10 mediwizards

and 11 healers from complications, or lack of time and resources or because of plain tricky curses. Emrys took it hard. The count didn't include anyone who died on the scene. 70 dying in the hospital was, to him, unacceptable.

After everything that's happened, all recovered healers, trainees and mediwizards had a debrief to talk about what went wrong and how they can improve.

"We don't have enough people for this kind of emergency. We weren't prepared. That's really what the conference was about. Sadly, we were interrupted," one of the healers commented.

"Move forward a month from now. If the attack had happened then, do you think we would have been prepared?"

"No." Heiffen asserted. "We are lacking in human resources when it happened. Most of the healers were at the convention. We were going to ask for everyone's help, but the attack on the convention prevented that. My team was sent to Diagon Alley. We had to rely on civilians to help us heal level 1s and sometimes 2s. We were lucky that a lot of the injuries were minor enough that we could focus on the more severe injuries. I don't think we'll be lucky next time. We have a lot of healers, but we also need cursebreakers, more potions masters, more specialists and generally more people."

"Any suggestions? Healers need training."

"Accelerated training. There's more than a month left to summer. Maybe the students from LSM would agree to accelerated training to finish off their healing classes and apprentices can go on accelerated learning too." Jones replied.

"The new building has only so much space. Even if we do train them, we don't have money to hire them. Money we don't have."

Emrys spoke up. Everyone looked at him. "How much do you need?"

"At least 2 million galleons." The elder said.

"Consider St. Mungo's four million galleons richer. I would suggest approaching some of the Hogwarts students for training. If Hogwarts

is attacked, they'd need healers." I should probably talk to Professor McGonagall about making the Hogwarts curriculum more aggressive.

"Just how is St. Mungo's four million galleons richer?" One of the healers arrogantly asked.

"Anonymous donation," Emrys replied coldly. How thick can the healer be? The healer was going to retort but was silenced with a glare from one of the elders.

"We've wanted to do that for years, but they don't have enough knowledge to pursue healing until they're in 6th year. We'd be wasting our resources if we train 7th years who are graduating soon anyway."

"Not even basic healing?" Emrys asked.

"I guess we can teach them that."

"How about we find some teachers who can conduct accelerated classes on the prereqs for the summer, and then during the year, ask Professor McGonagall if she'd agree to St. Mungo's sending someone to teach healing." one of the healers suggested.

"What year do you suggest we take for the accelerated classes?"

"All of them. The more healers we have, the better, after all. From my experience, there are only certain topics that's required from the prerequisites. If you just take all of those, then I think it would be fine if you do all ages." Emrys said.

"The reason they're kept in different units in LSM is because of the complexity. A first year cannot do them. They're too complicated." One of the healers protested.

"Uh, technically I'm still a first year. I haven't started second year yet. But in any case, if they can't do it, then remove them from the program. But filtering potential students when they could help is a bad idea. Invite them all, then filter. Besides, I think you'd mostly get dedicated students who'd work hard. They wouldn't sign up for summer courses otherwise." Emrys replied.

"I'd also advise to invite certain members of the public." Liam piped.

"Certain members?"

"People we can trust. You're essentially letting them into St. Mungo's, even if it's only for training. Security is crucial," said Liam. "You're not going to employ all of them either. You just want someone with the knowledge on a possible scene."

The meeting went on and on. In the end, they were able to make several recommendations for improving the way they handled emergency situations. They also agreed on accelerated healer's training including the accelerated prereq classes. They also somehow managed to rope in aurors. They would be required to attend training. They were doing it hush-hush, though, since the minister was vehemently denying Voldemort's return. Emrys went to his solicitors after to facilitate the transfer of money.

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Emrys went to his much needed sleep after everything was settled.

He awoke to hear sirens blaring.

"What's happening?" Emrys asked. Liam was already up and was inconspicuously setting himself up as a guard for Emrys.

"St. Mungo's is under attack."

"We need to evacuate!" Jones said.

"Where? The other building has also been destroyed!" Amelia protested. Emrys racked his brain then remembered he had a lot of properties.

"I know of a place. Liam, can you make portkeys to Helga's?"

"I need your blood," Liam said. The wards wouldn't allow anyone to portkey in without Emrys' permission via his blood, or physical contact to the portkey.

"Just do it. I'll give you blood later. Make as much as possible. Can we bring everyone to one place? It will be easier to portkey that way. Where are the aurors?"

"They're coming!" Amelia fumed. "We'll bring everyone to Hyperward. It's the largest ward."

"Ok, I'll help Liam with the portkeys."

"You can make portkeys?" Amelia asked.

"Long story. I learned it from the same place that I learned lightning from." Amelia just nodded and went to work.

"Let's do this on the run. Let's stay at the Hyperward so we can transport while we make portkeys." Emrys suggested.

"I personally, don't think we'd be able to transport everyone." Liam said glumly.

"We'll do what we can," Amelia said.

They came into a busy hyperward. Liam brought a box of syringes that they were using for the portkeys.

"Callalily!" Emrys exclaimed. She went over.

"I want you to prick me with these syringes and hand them over to the healers. Tell them to make sure the patients touch the syringe as well and then say."

"Prick you?"

"Yes. Don't worry about me. Is everyone here?"

"No. Some healers are still transporting." She said.

"I'll leave the portkeying to you." Emrys said as he finished another portkey. They only had five for now and each one could transport 10 at the most, if they squish their fingers together.

"Here use this," Callalily said as she handed them a box of tubes. The tubes were long. They abandoned the syringes and started using the tubes. Emrys was in hypermode. He could hear the commotion getting closer and closer to them.

"Cut me so my blood drips on the tube. The password is Emrys Arthur."

Jones took over the scheduling and made some junior healers go first with the more fragile patients and some visitors.

Five minutes later, they could hear a loud bang. The deatheaters were very near.

Emrys stopped working and instead started chanting. He was planning on erecting a light ward. It wasn't strong but it will buy them time, specially because it's tied with his magic through blood. Elvish lessons are very handy.

He kept it up as the room slowly dwindled away. Every death eater started blasting a spell toward Emrys. The minor ward eventually fell. A banishing curse hit Emrys and the next thing he knew, he was unconscious.

Emrys woke up in a comfy bed and tried to stand.

"Easy there, you lost a lot of blood, you have magical exhaustion and you got hit with a curse that won't let us heal you magically." Amelia said.

"Casualties?" Emrys asked.

"We weren't able to get 20 patients and lost 5 more healers of varying levels."

"Loopy!" Emrys called out. "Did you close off the castle?"

"Yes sirs, Master Emrys sir! We closed it off after we called several house elves to help us here sirs. Did we does wrongs sir?"

"No, Loopy. That's excellent."

"Stop worrying. We can handle it." Amelia assured. Emrys nodded. His time at the village and his status as a royal made him mature faster than a normal kid would. He felt like an adult, sometimes.

"We really need to stop being surprised by Voldemort. I really don't get how he managed to do simultaneous attacks. Are there really that many death eaters?" Emrys said.

"I don't know. I can only guess that yes, he has that many death eaters. I wonder how, as well." Amelia said. At this rate, the ministry is going to fall, soon." Amelia predicted. Emrys shuddered. Yes, the ministry was incompetent, but the ministry falling is not something that would be helpful right now.

"Liam!" Emrys called out after some thinking. As expected, Liam came to him.

"I need you to go to Tripe and tell them to assert my hold on the Daily Prophet. I mean, tell the Prophet there's a new boss. Then, I need you to threaten the minister. If he doesn't make it public, I will. But leave my name out for now, will you?"

"Yes, your highness. Anything else?"

"Bring Professor McGonagall here and Professor Faustina here please. Maybe you could bring the head of the Dept of Magical law Enforcement here too," Emrys said. Helen Faustina is the headmistress of LSM.

"Amelia Bones," Amelia, the healer, supplied.

"ARG! This wasn't supposed to happen! We were supposed to have 20 years of peace!" Emrys fumed in his head. "Bring Loopy, she can let them into the wards."

Loopy bowed to Emrys and left with Liam.

Amelia forced Emrys to go back to sleep. Emrys didn't want to but was won over with, "You own the castle. We need you fully rested in case another emergency occurs!"

Liam came back with Amelia, Professors McGonagall and Faustina, and Amelia Bones in tow. Emrys was awake, writing a message to his elven family. He continued the communication. He found that they were quite worried when years passed without his messages. He felt bad for making them worry and so he wrote messages to

them as often as he could. He couldn't help being unconscious though.

The elves prepared a meeting room. Emrys was joined by the heamistresses, Bones, Amelia, Jones and other elder full mediwizards.

"Welcome to Helga's Sanctuary. I chose this location since Helga was a known herbologist. We could use the supplies," Emrys said.

"Helga? As in Helga Hufflepuff?"

"Yes. Don't ask how. It involves a long story and answers which I myself aren't aware of." Emrys said.

"Are you really an eleven year old?" Amelia blurted unexpectedly.

"Technically, I'm thirteen, but that's a long story too." Emrys replied.

"I assume we're here to plan?" Professor Faustina asked.

"Yes, Professor. Before St. Mungo's was attacked, the healer council was able to agree on developing accelerated healing and healing prerequisite classes. We are lacking in manpower. I, personally, was dismayed at how little common wizards knew about healing." Emrys explained

"You know LSM is already at full capacity." Faustina replied.

"I know. I'm not criticizing anyone other than the wizards and witches who allowed themselves to be defenseless and stagnant." Emrys replied. "We're here to plan, not blamestorm."

"Now, that St. Mungo's has been decimated, we can't hold the classes there. Emrys doesn't know this. We were hoping we could hold the classes at either Hogwarts or LSM." Amelia said. Apparently, she was the spokesperson for the council.

"Will this be open to my students?" McGonagall asked.

"Yes. That's really why healing prerequisite classes were brought to the table." Amelia replied.

"All the classes will be run like LSM classes. It will be completely self-guided. Instructors will be there to answer questions, but they will not set a target date and anyone not meeting the target date will be removed from the program." Jones explained.

"The only problem we have is that all the training dummies have been destroyed in the attack."

"There's a room at Hogwarts that provides whatever you need. I have yet to find it."

"Have you asked the house-elves, Professor?" Emrys suggested.

"Good idea. I'll talk to them then." McGonagall replied.

"We just need teachers, then."

How did I get roped into teaching? Emrys wondered. Emrys was tested over the weekend and was awarded junior mediwizard status. His promotion was met with protest but the protest suddenly quieted when he was given a pop test in front of everyone. He passed with flying colours. Somehow he was given the task of teaching a class.

Emrys remembered the death eater. He asked Loopy to find him and a few minutes later, Emrys was led to one of the rooms. The man was awake, reading a book.

"Hello. Who are you?" He asked.

"The question is who are you, deatheater?" Emrys spat. The man flinched at being called deatheater. He didn't reply though.

"Black?" Emrys asked after staring at the man who, he realized, looked like Sirius Black. He was shocked. It was Sirius' brother?
"How are you related to a Sirius Black?"

"He's my brother. Name's Regulus."

"So, give me one reason not to kill you." Emrys challenged.

"I don't think you can really kill me. I'd prefer to die actually, thank you."

"Why were you tortured by Voldemort and his minions?"

"How-?" Regulus stuttered. He sighed and slightly chuckled. "I should have known. Healers were always too smart for their own good. To answer your question, he had an artifact that I stole and hid. I wanted to destroy it, but didn't know how."

"What artifact?"

"How do I know you're not dark yourself?"

"Hedwig!" Emrys called out. Hedwig came out and landed on Emrys.

"Neat way to prove you're light. Fine, then. I had a locket. That's all I'm going to say."

"Horcrux," Emrys mumbled.

"What did you say?" He demanded as he took Emrys from his collar.

"It's one of the horcruxes."

"How did you know that?" Regulus demanded, preparing to obliterate Emrys. He was starting to think Emrys was dark for no one but the dark really ever knew about the horcruxes.

"My mother told me. You might want to put me down. Loopy is not very happy with you right now. My orders are the only one stopping her from blasting you or something worse."

"I told you, I'm ready to die," Regulus said as he released Emrys.

"I believe you."

"You do?"

"Yeah, you feel like you're being honest. Anyway, what do you want to do now?"

"Die."

"Will you stop it with the doom and gloom? You're affecting me. Surely a part of you want revenge or something. Help us." Emrys pleaded.

"I'll think about it."

"Thank you. Just ask for Harry Potter when you finally decide." Emrys said. He left, not seeing how surprised the ex-death eater was.

Before "classes" started, Emrys dropped by for dinner at the castle. He immediately got enveloped in a hug by his grandmother and his aunt and uncle.

"Can you fit us in your busy schedule more often?" Camilla huffed in annoyance.

"I'm sorry Aunt Camilla. I didn't mean to ignore you or anything. It's just that Voldemort attacked."

"What and you didn't tell us?" the Queen demanded.

"I'm sorry, it was a busy time. As you know, Voldemort attacked." Emrys said with a hidden rolling of his eyes. He never would have imagined his grandmother to be such a bad listener.

"Why weren't we informed of this?" Charles asked.

"To put it bluntly, the minister is insecure. He's keeping it even from the public. I imagine it will be harder to keep it quiet, with the fall of St. Mungo's and pressure from Liam and the press."

"Fall of St. Mungo's?" Grandmother voiced.

"Liam?" Camilla asked. "Your butler?"

"I ordered him to threaten the minister with a smear campaign if he continued to be idiotic. I own the paper. I don't know how, but somehow Liam managed to acquire many damning evidence against the prime minister. Anyway, Voldemort attacked. St. Mungo's fell. If the ministry doesn't get their act together, it will fall soon too. Good thing their head of law enforcement is actually reliable. Plus, I think Voldemort's laying low, right now."

"St. Mungo's was a statement. He'll be laying low and recruiting." Charles said in agreement. Emrys gave a nod.

"Anyway, Helga's Sanctuary, one of the properties I own, is being used as the replacement for now. All the healers are there. We've also planned accelerated classes. We lost a lot of healers in the attacks."

"What's your role in all this? Are you assuming Dukeship?" the Queen asked.

"Not yet. I think I can do more without assuming Dukeship. If I did, everyone would be too busy trying to kill me, trying to outdo me and impeach me or trying to suck up to me. No. I'm a junior mediwizard. That's two levels below full mediwizard. Medi wizards are the wizarding equivalent of doctors. I've been assigned some classes and I'll also be doing rounds."

"Classes? What classes are you taking?" Camilla asked.

"Healing and u, I'm actually teaching."

"But you're only 12," Charles said, gobsmacked. Emrys was already teaching, at only 12!

"I know. That's what I told them, but they wouldn't listen."

"That's great, Emrys but don't forget you're only just turning 12. I expect you back here on July 31st." The Queen demanded.

"Yes, Grandma. I'll talk to my super to take the day off." Emrys replied. Really, a birthday while there's a war brewing? He doubted he'd have much fun on his birthday.

"Are you only training in healing?" Charles asked.

"The aurors, wizard police, will be in the Sanctuary pending clearance from me. There's a spell that healers use to diagnose their patients. Somehow, it also shows me if the person has the mark of Voldemort. So, I'll test them. My phoenix will also test them as well. They'll start training there, less interference from the ministry. The accelerated classes will be held at Hogwarts."

"Phoenix?" Charles asked in amazement. He only ever saw phoenixes in books.

"Hedwig!" Hedwig appeared in a flash.

"C-can I touch her?" Charles asked like a kid in a candy store. Emrys motioned for him to approach Hedwig. Camilla and the Queen soon joined in. Hedwig seemed to enjoy the attention.

I like them, Emrys heard from Hedwig. Emrys chuckled.

The Queen said he'll inform the Prime Minister about Voldemort. Emrys also warned her that attacks on muggles might start. Emrys sighed. Too much work for a 11 year old (technically, 13).

He went to his solicitors just before he went back.

"I know it's short notice, but is it possible to arrange for a meeting with the goblin warders?" Emrys asked.

"Of course. May I ask what's wrong? Are the Gringotts wards not to your satisfaction?" Solder asked.

"It's not that. I want an additional ward to one of my castles, but I don't know how to go about doing it. I don't even know if it's possible."

Tripe and Solder did what he asked and contacted Gringotts who sent a representative through.

"Good Day Mr. Potter, or should I say Duke? How may I be of service?"

"Please call me Emrys. Anyway, I'm turning one of my properties into a public place, but at the same time, I don't want intruders."

"Ah. I see. You need a trust ward. We used it on the castles we already warded. I take it, this is a different one?"

"Yes. It's part of the list I've added."

"You want it done immediately?"

"Yes, please. It's Helga's sanctuary."

"What is it being used for?"

"It's temporary St. Mungo's. It might turn into temporary Auror Academy as well. This trust ward, what is its extent?"

"It won't allow any deatheaters or anyone wanting to seriously harm or kill anyone inside."

"Will that affect the auror academy?"

"Not unless they want to seriously harm or kill their comrades or anyone inside. The ward can distinguish between wanting to be better than everyone else and wanting to harm someone."

"Alright. Please put up the wards as soon as possible. Do you need us to leave or anything?"

"I need you to take out everyone you think might be affected by the ward. I don't know if St. Mungo's have death eater patients or spies. Other than that, I just need you to be here when we do it. We'll need access to the wards through your blood."

Within a week, the wards were up and running at full power. Regulus was moved to Grimmauld Place since he still had the Dark Mark. Emrys talked to him everyday and found him to be trustworthy enough to be offered the Dark Mark Remover potion. Regulus declined saying he decided to go after the Horcruxes. Apparently, you needed a dark mark to access some of them semi-safely.

The day after, students started pouring into Hogwarts. They scheduled the classes such that healers only had to go to Hogwarts for a day or two, depending on how many classes they were taking and teaching. (Hogwarts = training ground for general public; Helga's = St. Mungo's and extra training for aurors)

"Emrys!" Exclaimed several familiar voices. Emrys was then enveloped in a hug from Sarah, Anna and Jeremy.

"Welcome!" Emrys exclaimed as he returned their hugs.

"We've heard about the attacks! We were so worried about you!" Anna said.

"Thank you. I'm sorry for making you worry. Anyway, come, let's walk to your quarters."

First - fourth years were going to be housed at the Hufflepuff Dorm. Healers/part-timers were to be housed at the Slytherin Dorm. Fifth to seventh years were to be housed at the Gryffindor dorms, while the adults were to be housed at the Ravenclaw dorms.

"I would love to catch up, but I have to continue playing greeter. I suggest you study the books laid on your bed. The classes will run LSM style. If you can prove you can, you pass and move on."

"What level are you in?" Jeremy asked.

"Yeah, it would be so fun to have a class together!" Sarah exclaimed happily.

"Um, technically, I do not have classes with you. Sorry. I hope you realize how serious the situation is, though. We are at war. Class together would be fun, but stay focused and serious, alright?"

"I knew that!" Sarah exclaimed adamantly. Anna was in deep thought trying to figure out what Emrys meant.

"I know. I just had to say it." Emrys replied sadly. He was sad about not being able to have fun with his friends due to the war. Voldemort is just like Dudley. He drives my friends away! Emrys thought bitterly.

"Emrys!" another set of voices shouted. Emrys looked up to see Draco, Hermione and Neville.

"Hi guys, you here for training?"

"Yes and I'll be helping out Uncle Severus." Draco replied.

"Oh, I did not know Professor Snape was involved."

"He is helping out."

"How about you guys?"

"I'm taking the accelerated academics stream and helping out in potions." Hermione said excitedly.

"I'm helping the Herbology team and studying as much as I can. I don't think I can take the accelerated lessons." Neville replied.

"Nonsense. You can do it. Anyway, you three need to be at the entrance of the great hall tonight after dinner."

"Why?"

"The Potions and Herbology teams aren't at Hogwarts." Emrys replied. He knew that telling them about Helga's castle would make their conversation longer than it should with Hermione at the other end.

"What about you? What classes are you taking?" Hermione asked. Draco started to laugh, "Do you really have to ask? I'm pretty sure he's finished all of them." Emrys blushed but remarked, "I see you're getting along better," effectively distracting the trio. Draco lost his smile and indignantly said, "We do not!"

Emrys just shook his head.

Emrys knocked on Severus' door.

"Good evening Master Severus."

"Master?"

"It's your rightful title as a potions master, is it not?" Emrys asked.

"That is correct. I am surprised you knew about the custom. Most everyone just calls me Severus, Professor, or a dingy bat or some other insult."

"I don't understand. You seem nice enough not to warrant any name calling."

"We first met under unfortunate circumstances. I daresay you would have probably hated me had we met normally," he drawled. Severus Snape what the heck are you doing, associating amiably with the

spawn of your arch-enemy? he thought. He tried pushing it to the back of his head as much as possible.

"How come?" Emrys asked.

"I terrorize my students." Snape replied almost proudly.

"Ah." Emrys replied. "I think I understand. Potions is indeed a dangerous art when taken lightly." Severus raised an eyebrow.
"Anyway, how may I be of assistance? I'm sure you didn't come here for idle talk." Severus said.

Emrys took out the contents of his bag. There were several potions vials and a parchment.

"To obtain entry to the potions mastery program, I need the approval of a potions master by making the potions on the entrance list. I was hoping you could be that potions master for me."

Severus was surprised. He was at that level?

"I find it hard to believe that such a young boy like you produced these potions."

"That's what those parchments are for. I performed the log spell. It recorded everything that I did, when I did it, who was in the room etc."

Snape nodded. He himself had used the same spell numerous times before. It was part of the standard protocol for the Society of Potioneers. In the British Magical Domain you can make a potion, submit it to the ministry for testing and voila, ready for sale. However, in the international community, you had to document your research thoroughly.

He read over the parchment and increasingly became impressed. Emrys made sure he was alone by doing it in the empty classroom, locking the door and erecting some wards. When did he learn wards? More importantly, how did his core not explode? One of the benefits of the log was that it recorded everything. Any potions master reading the log could gain insight to the work habits of the potioneer. Emrys was very methodical, almost obssesive compulsive.

"Where did you learn potions?"

"I bought the book you suggested to me and several others. At first, some potions blew up, but eventually I got the hang of it. It's just like cooking, except there's no explosions in cooking. Then, I completed my potions units in school. I also helped Master Giovane in the first part of the summer."

That's impossible! There's no way he could memorize all those potions in one year. Severus thought.

"Recite the recipe for dreamless sleep for me." Snape ordered. Emrys complied. Severus went through many other potions until he was satisfied.

"Just how old are you?" Severus blurted out.

"Technically 13, but that's a long story." Emrys said.

"I remember your mother telling me that as well. Did you go to the elven realm too?" he asked. Emrys replied with a shocked face. That made Severus almost chuckle. Almost.

"I'm assuming you did, judging from your face. I didn't believe her at first, but eventually I did."

"What made you finally believe my mum?"

"She was so insistent on it. Plus, she learned so much in a day. I know she's brilliant but she can't be that brilliant, is what I thought. She actually brought me to the elven realm one time. I've never been back ever since."

"Oh."

"Explain to me one other thing. How did your core stay intact with those ward creation?"

"Was it supposed to?"

"Your magic is not mature enough to handle such power draw." Severus explained. Emrys thought.

"I use magic differently. I think that's why. It's actually what the theory of magic class is all about."

"Ah, the class you're teaching?"

"Yes. I actually don't know what to expect. I am prepared content-wise, but I'm afraid, I'd lose control of the class. They'd probably think I'm not qualified to teach. I'm glad I grew in the time that I spent with the elves, but I don't think I grew enough."

"Expect skepticism, certainly. As for handling the class, start as stern as possible."

"Will that work on adults?"

"Maybe. If all else fails, kick them out of the class. It will show the rest of the students that you're quite serious. What are you planning to do for your feature potion?" Severus asked. Apart from brewing the listed potions and taking the exams, mastery candidates had to 'create' something new in their field.

"I was planning on searching for a cure for lycanthropy. I was actually going to ask you if I could borrow your notes as well."

Severus raised his eyebrows. It was an ambitious venture. One that even he haven't completed. "Come back next week, I'll have my notes by then."

"Thank you very much Master Snape." Emrys said with restrained joy. Severus nodded.

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Emrys was supposed to teach just one course(Theory of Magic). But when the elders asked for a demo, he delivered a very good one. So good, they gave him two other classes to teach.

"But, Mediwizard Amelia knows more than I do. Surely, she'd be more qualified." Emrys protested.

"Mediwizard Amelia is a very skilled and gifted mediwizard. But you are better than her at teaching." The elder replied calmly.

"Emrys, they're right. It's been a long time since I've been in school. Concepts that are second-nature to me, would surely be hard for first timers. You've earned your JMed status rightfully. You don't have to hide it, nor shy away from it." Amelia replied.

"So will you accept the two other courses?" an elder asked. Emrys looked at them for a while, as if saying 'you're bonkers', but he did eventually accept. So now, he's stuck with teaching an introductory class on theory of magic that will be taken by virtually everyone from Hogwarts and St. Mungo's, Healing I and Healing II.

The elves have done an excellent job with making huge classrooms. Instead of a gothic stone room, they had a modern room with "muggle" lights powered by magic, whiteboards and markers powered by magic. What separates it from a normal classroom were the sofas and bean bags that were scattered on the floor.

The students piled in. They were amazed at their own diversity. Students of all ages were attending. They naturally grouped into themselves, save for some first years who went into their cliques.

Ten minutes into the hour, Emrys entered.

"Welcome to Theory of Magic."

"Are you the assistant? Where's the Professor?" asked a healer.

"What a show-off!" A red haired first year exclaimed.

"Ron!" scolded an older woman.

"Emrys my love!" said a seductive voice. Emrys wanted to puke.

"SILENCE!" Emrys shouted with the help of magic.

"I am the instructor. I'm not trying to show off and if you're not going to concentrate, I can kick you out of this course and consequently, this whole summer program. This course will teach you how to better use magic and will speed up your learning. Voldemort's back. We need all hands on deck ASAP."

"That's a lie! He's not back!" Shouted someone from the back. It was a hogwarts student with red hair as well.

"Percy!" The older woman seem to have her hands full. Emrys saw two other redheads who looked alike throw paper at 'Percy'.

"It's alright, Mrs..."

"Weasley, Molly Weasley."

"Thank you Mrs. Weasley. Anyway, I won't argue with you since attacks on St. Mungo's can't seem to pursuade you. If you wish to leave, the door is open. Frankly, if I were in your place, I'd relish the chance to do advanced study whether there's a threat or not." Emrys said in a tone that left no room for argument. He was channeling his "official persona" that he adapted from watching his royal family.

"Now, any other objections?"

"How can you teach us? You're probably not even a first year!" one of the Hogwarts students said.

"Idiot. He's going into second year and he took some OWLs and NEWTs already!" Mischa exclaimed. Figures, she had to protect her fiance; never mind that she became his fiancee illegally.

Emrys raised his right hand to ask for silence.

"I was going to start my presentation with my credentials, as suggested by Full Mediwizard, St. Mungo's elder, Amelia Famsie, my supervisor. Anyway, you may or may not know that LSM has a different way of schooling. We are allowed to advance whenever we want by doing challenge exams. I advanced far enough that I was allowed to take my OWLs and NEWTs. I have my OWLs in DADA, Potions, Charms, Transfiguration and History and my NEWTs in DADA, Potions and History. This summer, St. Mungo's was attacked and lost several healers. As a result, a need for speedy training arose. I am a Junior Mediwizard through testing; though, I don't have the same amount of experience as junior mediwizards traditionally do. I've spent the past summer here training and helping treat people." His speech spurned whispers among the Hogwarts students and "special" commonfolk personally invited by Amelia Bones, McGonagall and several healers. Emrys have been

delivering his theory of magic classes even before the extra helpers arrived. The healers thought it would be a good idea since it would decrease his class size.

"This course will only last for a week, after which, feel free to ask me questions if needed; just ask for Tipsy and I'll be notified. Students from LSM might be able to answer your questions as well. They know this stuff already."

"A few rules," Emrys started trying to hide his anxiety. A few rules towards people older than him, some of them more than twice his age.

"If someone else is speaking, please don't interrupt. Raise your hand, I'll call you next. Ask questions the same way, though don't be offended if I tell you to see me after class instead. I'll do so if the questions are irrelevant for the class. Yes, I'm Harry Potter, but please call me Emrys. Don't ask why, it's a long story. Everyone is equal no matter where you're from or how old you are. One last thing: In case of an emergency, such as a mass attack, the healers and mediwizards in this room will have to leave. That includes me. Feel free to browse the library, or go to the kitchens or anything like that, but please stay out of our way. If you wish to help, please inform a Full mediwizard soon. You can identify them by the three crosses on the shoulder of their robes. Some of you might have been invited here for that sole purpose. Please, contact a full mediwizard as well just so they know you're here." Mediwizard robes were blue. Emrys' had one cross on his sholder to signify his junior mediwizard status. (It's the same as generals with stars on their shoulder).

Without furder ado, Emrys went into the theory of magic.

Emrys was surprised by the response. Some students were falling asleep. He took note of them. Hermione, Draco and Neville were rapidly taking notes. Mischa and her goons were staring at Emrys the whole time. The adults, on the other hand were just full of attention. When Emrys went into the practical part, he realized that it was 1 versus 300. He needed assistants. Much to everyone's dismay, he stopped the practical part after fifteen minutes and went back to lecture.

"I apologize. I didn't really realize the size of this class until I saw all of you. Maybe I should just kick out those about to fall asleep." He half-joked. "I'll get some assistants for tomorrow, or ask them to modify the schedule. Anyway, moving on."

After class, he was met with a crowd of people, wanting to ask questions.

"Ok, there's too many of you even now." Emrys joked with a smile. "Let's do this logically, those with classes for the next period raise your hands please." The healers raised their hands. "Sorry to everyone else, but I think I should take their questions first. If you need to leave, don't hesitate. I will be available for the next two hours, so feel free to pick my brains."

Emrys was glad to see Hermione, Draco and Neville put their hands down. Mischa and Ron didn't put their hands down, though.

He answered the healers' questions dutifully until they had to really leave. One time though, he was interrupted by Mischa.

"Really Emrys! Is this the proper way to treat your fiancee? I demand you answer my question before these low-lifes!" Emrys sighed. Who invited her anyway? Oh right, I did. Emrys thought miserably, remembering his suggestion that no student be left out.

"If you can't follow instructions then obviously, you can't be here. I don't have to answer you, since technically I'm Emrys the instructor right now, not Emrys your fiancee. Technically, you're not even my fiancee. Maybe this is the way I prefer to treat my fiancee until she learns her manners. Please leave the classroom and don't come back until the next time you have class." Emrys said steadfastly not caring if people would start thinking of him badly. Seeing what happened to Mischa, Ron didn't put his hand up anymore and even left the classroom as well. He went back to answering questions.

"Don't worry, I'll be around. Feel free to ask me for answers anytime, as long as I'm not with a patient."

Once everyone was satisfied, Emrys went out to get some lunch.

"What was that all about?" A voice demanded. Emrys turned to his right and true enough, his annoying fiancee was right there.

"How dare you embarrass me in front of everyone!"

"I didn't need to. You already did that for yourself." Emrys said with no hint of any care in his voice. He started walking but was blocked by Mischa again.

"I'll tell the Queen!"

"See if I care. Besides, she's not happy with you at the moment anyway. I doubt she'll listen."

"Oh I'm sure she'll listen," she said maliciously then left.

He was able to do the practicals the next day. He asked his LSM friends and several of them volunteered since they didn't have any classes.

"So we do have class together after all!" Jeremy exclaimed. He, Anna and Sarah were in Emrys' Healing I class. "I just can't believe you didn't tell us you were teaching it!"

"I was afraid you'd go and sabotage my class," Emrys retorted.

"I'm hurt," Jeremy joked. Emrys missed this. He missed being with his friends. He missed having a semblance of childhood.

As expected sparks flew between Mischa and Emrys' friends. What's worse is that she did it in class, not after class.

"I told you to stop hanging out with these losers didn't I? How dare you let them teach! They're not qualified for anything!"

Sarah and Anna had to restrain Jeremy from harming Mischa, even if they did want to do Mischa in themselves.

"Who are you to tell me anything?"

"I am your fiancee!"

"And I teach this class. A class, I might add, you need to pass if you want to stay for the rest of the summer! Cease and desist or leave!"

You're not helping! We're at war and all this drama is not something anyone needs!"

"When are you going to start treating me right?" Mischa demanded. Just then a slap was heard. It was Hermione. Emrys was surprised.

"Will you shut it? We're trying to study here. If the material is above your mental capacity, then shouldn't you leave instead of embarrassing your royal pompous arse? You're embarrassing Hogwarts."

"Go Hermione!" Neville cheered. Draco tried to hide a smile of pride. Hermione blushed after realizing what she just did.

Royal arse? Never knew Hermione had it in her, Emrys thought. Thoroughly embarrassed, Mischa did leave. She left for good to Emrys' relief.

On Friday evening, they had an elder's meeting. emrys was invited, seeing as it was his castle they were using as St. Mungo's II. He attempted to say they didn't need to include him just because it was his castle, but they replied, "That's precisely why we need you there."

"Firstly, anyone fail your class?" Amelia asked.

"Lady Mischa, Lady Stefania and Lady Emma from Hogwarts have left the program," Emrys said with restrained contempt. He was still angry at how Mischa treated his friends.

"Now, to the issue. As you perfectly know, we're housing the patients at Helga's Castle. Recently, a reporter named Rita Skeeter made it public that St. Mungo's survived and she's now accusing us of kidnapping our patients. We've received letters from family members, some friendly, some hostile, demanding to see their relatives. We're also being sued for those that didn't survive the attacks. We'll handle the latter, but is there anyway, we can let visitors into Helga's Castle?"

Frankly, Emrys didn't want other people to enter, but he trusted the Goblin wards.

"There are wards at Helga's that will prevent anyone with malicious intents to enter. I still want the location to be kept secret. Is there a way to control the Floo Network or something?"

"You can have a one-to-one Floo connection. It will probably be easier for the healers as well. You can also add a password and change the name of the destination. So instead of saying Helga's Castle, they'll say something else."

"Liam can you arrange it?" Emrys asked.

"As you wish, your highness." Emrys sighed in annoyance. When did the titles return?

"And can you see why it was published without permission?" Liam bowed in response and left the room.

"Permission?" Amelia asked.

"I own the Prophet. I get advanced copy of every issue. I didn't get this."

"Isn't that curtailing the right to speech?" one of the mediwizards assisting the elder protested.

"I let them publish their opinions as long as it is written well and is actually based on facts. Had I known, I would've delayed the article and brought it up with the council." Emrys reasoned.

"Anyway, not to burden you with any more work, but we thought that you and several others would benefit from learning from aurors." Amelia said.

"We need a hybrid team of healers and duelers. That way our medic team can be protected from attacks. Besides, healers are required to know how to duel to a certain extent anyway. We need more skilled duelers as healers though," one of the male elders explained. Emrys nodded in reply.

"Most of the patients are stabilized so we need less healers on duty. You're still always on-call, but what I'm trying to say is that you're not needed as a healer as much as we did before. Concentrate on your lessons." Emrys reluctantly agreed.

"While we're on the topic of schedules, can I have the 31st off?" Emrys asked.

"Yes, you may. We all need to rest at some point. Just make sure to have someone cover your class." Amelia replied. Emrys nodded. Callalily has already offered to cover his classes that day. Emrys only had Basic healing to teach that day. Callalily was well qualified.

The next week, Emrys started to teach his other classes along with more Theory of Magic classes to people who wanted smaller classes. They technically passed already, but wanted more instruction. Emrys was teaching Potions, Healing I and Healing II now that his Theory of Magic class is over. Now that he was off-duty, he could take on more classes. As such, he had 6 classes of Potions, 6 Healing I, 3 Healing II, about 2 hours of Theory of Magic drop-in classes and 8 hours of combat lessons from aurors. His first potions class was a disaster. They were a mixed group, with students from LSM and Hogwarts of all-ages. There were several who were serious about potions, while the others, disenfranchised by Snape's teaching methods, took it less seriously. Several explosions later, the class saw why Emrys was a respected teacher.

"WHAT WERE YOU THINKING! It's not the time for house or school rivalries and yes Mr. Weasley, I saw you drop a Dungbomb on Ms. Rosewood's cauldron and yes Jeremy I saw you retaliate. If I hadn't been brewing myself, I would have been able to stop you, but alas I was brewing a potion that patients actually need! I'm disappointed in you first years, especially in you upper years. Instead of stopping them, you follow their example and fight amongst yourselves! With this attitude, I wouldn't be surprised if Voldemort won and killed, or worse, enslaved us all! I'll be back in ten minutes. When I come back, I expect this lab to be cleaned or else I'll get the lot of you kicked out of the program!"

The door slammed harshly making everyone wince.

"Come on you lot. We better clean up or Professor Potter will have our hide," said one of the twin red-heads without malice.

"No offense, but I'm surprised that this whole time we've been here, you guys have actually been serious," Hermione told them.

"Dad works for the Ministry. He tells us things. We know how bad it is. It's bad enough that our brother Charlie, a dragon breeder in Romania, is trying to convince Mum and Dad to move us all away from England. Mum and Dad wouldn't hear of it though. We still want to make a joke shop, but I think we'll do that after all this is over," they said, taking turns with their sentences. It usually annoys Hermione, but their overall seriousness won her over.

"Now, if only Ron grew up and started to act responsibly..."
Hermione said.

Emrys nervously waited in an office close to the lab. He didn't know if he did the right thing. He might just end up with a class full of miscreants who would refuse to clean up the lab, forcing him to make do with his promise and kick them all out of the program, consequently losing possible talent.

No, don't think that. Anna and Hermione are there. They'll be the voice of reason.

Emrys nervously went back to the classroom and inwardly sighed in relief upon seeing a tidied up classroom.

"Very good. Now are we all ready to go back to class?"

Everyone agreed though Emrys could see that Ron was totally sulking. He let it go.

Emrys had a dinner meeting with the St. Mungo's elders, Amelia Bones, Professor McGonagall, Professor Faustina, Severus Snape and several other adults including Remus Lupin and Sirius Black. They were basically planning a rouge operation defying all Ministry edicts that are counter-intuitive and are purely based on the notion that Voldemort isn't alive and general inaction. Despite, Liam's threat, the Ministry still continued in its incompetency. Fudge was still an idiot. The public somehow still believed him. Daily prophet was seized unlawfully. Emrys still owned the company but he could do nothing against the hit wizards and unspeakables guarding the premises and the equipment. They only published Ministry-approved stories. Emrys technically had the support of the aurors, but does he really want a civil war in addition to a terrorist threat? The elders advised him not to; at least not yet.

"Do you think we should open the combat exercises with the Aurors to other students?" Emrys asked.

"They're too young," Professor McGonagall said. Uh, what about me? Emrys thought. Maybe I should come out of the closet. I need to talk to Grandma.

"You'd let them be powerless because of their age?" Emrys challenged. "I'm technically of their age, yet you allow me to sit in this council of sorts."

"That's different." she protested.

"How? Last time, I was included because one of my castles were involved."

"You're included now because you own the Daily Prophet."

"And so isn't that a testament to what people my age can do? I'm not saying turn them into an army. What I'm saying is give them the means to defend themselves."

"That's why we have DADA."

"No offense but I've taken your owls and even your NEWTS. In no way can Owl grads stand against fully grown wizards who've studied outside school. Newts grads, maybe, but not really. In LSM we have duelling classes. Our curriculum is also more advanced. A third year can defend themselves. A fourth year can defend multiple persons. We can defend ourselves. Can you say the same of Hogwarts students?" Emrys challenged. Sirius and Remus were looking at him in awe and slight suspicion. Who are you and what have you done to Emrys Potter? were ringing in Sirius and Remus' heads.

"You insolent child!" exclaimed someone.

"Kingsley!" Amelia Bones exclaimed in return.

"It's alright Kingsley. The boy has a point and we did ask him to be here." Minerva said.

"Rather than argue about whether the system is flawed or not, why not just focus on the fact that we need to prepare?" Amelia Famsie (the healer) commented. "Amelia, what do you think?"

"I think training kids is a wise idea. Adults can't always be there, specially in schools. DMLE is already stretched thin with Hogsmeade, Diagon Alley, Knockturn Alley, MoM and Azkaban on our to-guard list; not to mention the calls we get for anything related to magical disturbance. Even if we get Hit Wizards and Unspeakables into the mix, it's not enough. The truth of the matter is, magical law enforcement is a small group. There are probably more healers than there are magical law enforcers; partly because St. Mungo's is only subsidized and not a main arm of the Ministry and therefore has more freedom," Bones commented.

"Can you spare some aurors to train everyone here?" Amelia Famsie asked.

"Well, I don't think they have to be aurors. I might be able to find someone who can persuade Moody to teach. Sirius, I know you're retired and I know you don't want your old job back, but would you be agreeable to teaching?"

"It would be my pleasure my fair lady," Sirius said in full theatrics mode.

"Mr. Lupin, I know that you have reservations what with your condition, but we need all hands on deck. Can we rely on you to help teach?" Amelia Bones again asked. Remus gracefully accepted. She did the same with Severus.

"What condition were they talking about Mr. Lupin?" Emrys asked once they convened for lunch. He already knew, but felt that Remus would be more comfortable with him if he admitted it himself. Remus shifted. "I'm a werewolf."

"Oh. I'm sorry to hear that. It must be hard on you," Emrys replied.

"It has its moments."

"Emrys, you have to live with me!" Sirius whined.

"I'm sorry Mr. Black, I'm quite happy where I am. I'd be happy to know more about you and Mr. Lupin, but living with you is not an option," Emrys said.

"H-he... Remus! He called me Mr. Black!" Sirius exclaimed, highly appalled.

"I apologize. I seem to have offended you."

"Don't mind him, he's just being immature," Remus replied.

"If you would excuse me, I have a class in a few minutes. I look forward to your classes," Emrys finally said.

"What's he doing here?" Sirius demanded. Emrys and his friends were in the duelling class taught by Sirius and Remus. Sirius was demanding a reason for why Draco Malfoy was in their class. Subconsciously, Emrys moved in front of Draco.

"I'm here to learn Professor Black." Draco said humbly.

"Go back to your deatheater father." Sirius spat. The room gasped.

"Sirius!" Remus scolded. Draco hung his head and was clearly sad.

"That was uncalled for Professor." Emrys said in defense.

"His father is a deatheater. His father helped Voldemort murder many innocents, possibly including your parents and the rest of the people who lived in Godric's Hollow!" Sirius said.

"The sins of the father shouldn't be passed on to the son. By the same logic, shouldn't we be weary of you?" Emrys challenged. For the second time, Remus and Sirius thought, who are you and what have you done to Harry Potter?

"I am different."

"How so?"

"I left my family. I left the dark. Can you say the same for Malfoy?"

"I honestly don't know. But I think he deserves the chance," Emrys exclaimed.

"Thank you Emrys, but I don't want to cause trouble. I'll just, take my leave," Draco meekly said and went to leave with his bag in tow. Emrys held on to his arm to stop him from leaving. "No, stay! You have as much right to stay here as everyone else."

"Please. It's alright. I'll just go and help Uncle Severus." Draco said. He even pulled Emrys' arm off with his other hand. Emrys watched him leave, helpless. It was just so unfair for him.

"I hope you're happy!" Emrys retorted and walked out of the classroom. His dormates soon followed, as did Draco's. Well, Blaise Zabini, since he was the only one who was invited. After Emrys' dormates walked out, the rest of the LSM students soon followed. Pretty soon, Remus and Sirius were left with only Gryffs, Huffles and Ravens.

"You're an idiot. Why'd you do that? You shouldn't have left the class!" Draco told Emrys exasperatedly. After walking out, Emrys went to his room to study. He was housed with the healers at the Slytherin rooms. Sarah, Anna and Jeremy told Draco what happened and Draco immediately went to see Emrys.

"It was unfair! He can't judge you by your father!" Emrys exclaimed. They were seated in the Slytherin common room with Anna, Sarah, Jeremy and Blaise.

"Emrys, did you not think that it would create a rift between you and the adults? or maybe between LSM and Hogwarts?"

"I don't care. He's basically doing the same thing as Voldemort, except with a different target. Tell me honestly, are you planning on following your father?" Emrys asked.

"Of course not!" Draco replied indignantly. Draco looked around, noting that there were many people in the room and try as they might not to, they still looked very interested in his answer.

"Can we talk somewhere private?"

"Sure." Emrys said as he brought Draco to his private quarters. He did leave his trunk so that the people they were leaving behind would be occupied.

Draco took a seat on the bean bag near the window, while Emrys sat on the floor, leaning against the bed.

"Sorry, I just didn't feel comfortable talking to everyone."

"I'm surprised you feel comfortable talking to me," Emrys replied.
"You seem out of character, actually."

"How so?" Draco asked, leaning forward with interest.

"You're less arrogant. The you that I met at Hogwarts would probably have argued with Professor Black, or something."

"Would you have defended that me?"

"I'd hope so. After all, Everyone deserves the benefit of the doubt," Emrys replied.

"Thank you. To tell you the truth, I've been living with Uncle Severus since the end of school. Living with him allowed me to re-examine my life. Once I looked close enough, I felt like we were more similar than alike."

"Why are you living with Professor Snape?" Emrys asked, genuinely curious. Draco's face fell, became solemn and hardened.

"My father sold my mother to Voldemort."

"Sold?" Emrys asked in shock.

"Voldemort didn't want to accept him back in his ranks without an offering. He was going to offer me but mother pleaded for my life. They got into a huge duel. Mother told me to run away to Uncle Severus. I didn't want to leave her, but she ordered one of the elves bonded to her to take me away..."

Draco activated a portkey given to him by his Uncle Severus when he was much younger. He arrived at Severus' living room with

Dobby, the house-elf in tow. He didn't even have time to gather any belongings.

He was met by Severus who pointed his wand at the intruder. Once Severus saw that it was only Draco, he lowered his wand.

"Draco, what happened?" Severus asked with worry. He wasn't affiliated with the death eaters anymore, but Draco was still his godson.

"Father w-wanted to..." Draco started but broke down. He tried to stay strong for as long as he could, but even Malfoys had a breaking point. His mother had always been close to him, protecting him as much as she could from Lucius. She didn't outwardly show it, but she was still a mother who would do anything for her son.

Severus went to Draco and enveloped him in a hug. Draco didn't even notice being given a potion. The next thing he knew, he was on a bed and the sun was up.

Draco went down to the dining hall to see Severus drinking his coffee.

"Good morning Draco."

"You drugged me."

"You seem like you needed it."

"Thank you."

"I still don't know what happened." Severus stated. He wanted to know what happened. Draco hesitated. Severus waited patiently. Eventually, Draco opened up.

"F-father wanted to gain his position back in the Dark Lord's ranks. To get in, he had to make a 'sacrifice' as per the Dark Lord's orders. He was going to offer me to become the Dark Lord's new death eater," Draco spat. "Mother intervened and pleaded for my life. Ultimately, they dueled. Mother told me to leave and even forced a house-elf to bring me elsewhere. We got out of the manor and I used the portkey you gave me for my seventh birthday."

"You do realize that I'm a death eater, right?" Severus tried. Technically, he wasn't anymore. Draco's eyes widened and suddenly went to his wand. Severus was faster. He summoned Draco's wand easily.

"None of that, this morning." Severus said as he lifted his sleeve. "I'm not a death eater anymore. I was just trying to see if you were the least bit interested in becoming someone's minion. I also want it to be a reminder of what not to do. How did you know that I wouldn't bring you to the Dark Lord? It's not a secret that I was a death eater."

"I just assumed. You were just so different from all the other death eaters I've met."

"Next time, don't assume, is that understood?"

"Yes sir."

Just then an owl came. Draco recognized it as the Malfoy owl. He was going to jump at the letter but was pulled back by Severus.

"You don't know if it's cursed." Severus said. Trusting that Draco wouldn't jump after the letter, he performed curse detection spells on the letter. Once he was sure it was clean, he took it from the owl who promptly left. He gave it to Draco as it was rightly his. Draco read it and suddenly broke down and left the room. Severus picked up the letter and read.

My insolent son,

Just letting you know what happened to your petulant mother. I beat her in the duel, as expected. I then bound her and delivered her to the Dark Lord. The Dark Lord bound her to him using an ancient ritual. She will forever be compelled to obey the Dark Lord. Defying his orders would lead to excruciating pain. Being more than 20meters away from him would cause her excruciating pain and as such, he brings her everywhere he goes. Expect to meet a brother or a sister soon. I'm sure the Dark Lord won't waste such an opportunity. Just remember that you could have saved her from this fate had you come with me willingly. You chose your freedom in exchange for hers.

Have a nice life, my insolent son. I assure you it will be short. Don't let us capture you or you will suffer the same fate as your mothers'.

With love,

Lucius Malfoy.

Severus crumpled the paper and burnt it in the fireplace. He went to look for Draco and found him vomitting in the bathroom.

"Draco..."

"He-he- His own wife!"

"I know Draco. I'm sorry."

"Father, no, Lucius. Lucius brought me to a revel the first day back. It was so disgusting. How could they do that? And now all I can imagine is a revel with my mom as their victim. Uncle Sev what do I do? It's all my fault!"

"It's not. Your mother is a great mother who sacrificed herself for you. She did it willingly. The only thing you can do is to honour her by living as she would want you to."

"I don't know what she wanted me to be."

"She wanted you to be yourself, that I am sure of."

"How?"

"Simple. We've talked a lot. Yes, behind Lucius' back. We would send letters talking about life in general. We've talked about you. We've talked about how she didn't want you to be a death eater kissing the hem of a half-blood's robes. She thought it was degrading and hypocritical. Live your life as you would want to. I know for a fact, that you don't want to be your father."

"Definitely not." Draco said with a firm resolve. He would get revenge against those that harmed his mother.

By the time he was finished, Draco's voice was cracking. He turned to look away from Emrys.

"Draco?"

"Just give me a second," Draco said trying to stop his tears.

"I'm sorry about your mother. Professor Snape is right. It's not your fault, you know?" Emrys said. "Should I leave?" Emrys asked. Draco didn't answer. Emrys left to give Draco some space.

He went back to the living room.

"What did you do to him?" Blaise asked.

"Nothing. We just talked."

"Where is he?" Blaise demanded.

"He's still in my room. Feel free," Emrys said motioning to his room. Blaise indeed went.

"What happened?" Anna asked.

"We talked. I have more reason to believe him now, not that I doubted him." Emrys replied.

"What reason?" Jeremy asked.

"Don't take this the wrong way, but I can't tell you. It's his secret to tell."

"Alright. If you say so," Jeremy said.

The next day, everyone went back to Sirius' and Remus' class, dragging a reluctant Draco along. To their surprise, the class was opened by an apology from both Remus and Sirius. Sirius still looked suspicious but was no doubt persuaded by Remus. Draco accepted their apologies and made peace. Emrys and those who walked out the previous day also apologized for the disturbance, but didn't actually apologize for walking out. They still think they were right about protesting.

Sirius and Remus' classes were actually fun. They were put into pairs, with the only rule that they had to be from the same school.

Jeremy paired with Sarah while Anna paired with Emrys. Neville paired with Hermione while Draco paired with Blaise Zabini. The Weasley twins paired with each other, of course. There were a total of 35 pairs in total in the class. The aim of the class was to improve team work.

"In combat, you're not dueling. You're not fighting just one person, you're possibly fighting many. It's always good to do so in pairs or more. That way, you can watch each other's back. Now, we are going inside the main room. In the main room, there is a corridor with several doors. Pick one. The doors will be your starting point. The goal of the exercise is to be the last pair standing. Yes, you're all duelling each other. You will have five minutes in your respective starting points before the game starts. You can use this time to strategize or anything of the sort. Questions?" Remus asked.

"Are we allowed to use potions and such?"

"Yes. You're also allowed healing spells," Sirius replied.

"No fair. Potter knows advanced healing! He's practically the instructor!" Ron whined.

"Life's not fair. The hostiles you will encounter in real life will have way more experience than you." Remus replied gently.

"Are we allowed to use any spell?" one of the twins asked.

"Yes. No dark arts, though. Nothing you can't reverse, either." Sirius added, knowing the twins' penchant for experiments.

"Are we allowed to split up?" Emrys asked.

"Yes."

"Can we revive those who have already fallen?"

"Yes."

"Even if they're not our partner?"

"Sort of." Sirius replied.

"If they are your partner then you can revive them as much as you want. If they are from a different pair, then they can only be revived once. If they fall again, they can't be revived by a non-group member."

"So basically, the only rule is no dark arts and nothing we can't reverse? Oh and no reviving someone who's not your partner twice?"

"Yes. Any other question?"

"No."

"Alright. Pick your starting positions." Remus said as Sirius handed out pendants that were mini-portkeys that would activate if the pair died 'twice'.'

Emrys and Anna managed to pick the cornermost portion of the room. In the ante-chamber, they were given a map of the whole place. Emrys committed it to memory, as did Anna. Well, they both tried with the meager 5 minutes that they were given.

"We will probably be a huge target." Emrys admitted.

"I figured as much. Don't worry, we won't go down so easily," Anna said, fire burning in her eyes. Sometimes, her competitive mode just blazes on and makes her a force not to be reckoned with. They planned a route that will take them through all the starting points. At first, Anna thought that it was reckless and they could potentially be ambushed or cornered, but Emrys replied saying, "It would be better than being sitting ducks. They could corner us here too."

Anna gave the wonderful idea of setting traps. They would walk through and leave traps behind them so that they will be alerted of anyone on their backs. It would buy them time.

The first team they encountered were an unknown Ravenclaw pair from Hogwarts. They knew quite a bit of spells but their execution was weak. Anna and Emrys easily subdued them. To take them out of the game, Emrys hid them behind some cardboard boxes that were part of the obstacle course. The next they met were the twins.

"My dear brother, I believe someone has finally trespassed our territory," a twin said.

"I concur my fellow brother. I am quite excited to see how they end up looking after going through all those traps." Emrys and Anna were better than that. They easily avoided all the traps laid by the twins. They were quite obvious, at least to Anna and Emrys. Emrys wasn't taking any chances, though. He thoroughly checked every corner of the hallway and deactivated those that they couldn't avoid.

They were greeted with the shocked faces of the twins who hesitated for a split second before attacking the duo vehemently.

"Coloris noir!" Fred shouted. The spell would blind the victim.

"Lumos!" Emrys countered.

"Due stupefiosa!" Anna shouted as Emrys shouted, "Petrificus totalis!" towards George. They dodged the spells well. Emrys realized they had to step it up. The twins weren't like the other Hogwarts students who relied on brute force. The twins were actually going about it with a plan.

"Stupefy! Accio wand! Expelliarmus!" Anna said in succession. She managed to hit Fred with a stupefy but George managed to revive him. Suddenly, Anna was hit from the side, out of nowhere. Emrys immediately went to her, erected a shield and revived her. They saw who attacked. It was Ron and Dean Thomas.

"Ready Anna?" Emrys asked. The shield that he erected was two-way. There was no way they could fire spells towards their attackers without letting the shield down.

"You betcha." Anna replied in a rare moment of absurdity that made Emrys smile.

"3, 2, 1," Emrys counted. As if on cue, the two pairs attacked. What they didn't know was that the shield made spells bounce. Ron and Dean were taken down by their own Flipendos while the twins had to dodge their own barrage of spells. Emrys laughed.

"Gotcha!" Emrys replied as he lowered the shield. They immediately went to attack mode and managed to subdue Ron, Dean and Fred.

George was about to revive him when suddenly he was hit by an unknown source. The source continued firing and Anna and Emrys had to duck for cover. Emrys made hand signals to Anna telling her that they should continue along their path; or at least not wait like sitting ducks waiting for the assailant to emerge.

A few minutes later they encountered Neville, Hermione, Draco, Blaise, Sarah and Jeremy. Immediately, the two erected shields.

"Hi Emrys," Draco said mischievously as the other three sent spells surreptitiously. There was a spell you could cast that would make the light turn invisible.

"Nope, not going to work," Emrys replied as he performed a spell that made the spells visible again. "You forget I taught you that," he told Sarah and Jeremy.

"Doesn't hurt to try," they replied.

"So how many have you taken out?"

"2 and a half." Emrys replied, still alert.

"2 and a half?" Jeremy asked.

"Yup. Someone took out George. I don't know who." Emrys replied. He could see the glint in Draco's eye. "It was you then."

"I was kinda disappointed you two didn't come out to play." Draco whined.

"I think we're smarter than that."

"Not smart enough apparently. Attack!" Draco yelled. Suddenly, twenty other pairs came out. Immediately, Emrys and Anna summoned boxes to block the spells. Emrys then took Anna's hand and immediately ran with her, blasting a whole area to make a path.

"I guess you were right. We should have stayed in our corner. At least we wouldn't have had to watch our backs." Emrys said as they ran, looking for a corner. They passed through the twins' ex-lair and were surprised to see that it was empty. Fred, George, Dean and Ron were revived.

"Any tricks up your sleeve?"

"Hmm." Emrys thought. He summoned several boxes and made a barricade with small holes. "Perfect!"

"What is?"

"Here. You insert your wand here and fire spells." Emrys said.

"But they can just blast the boxes."

"I know. But it should buy us time. I have a feeling that the 20 that were part of the ambush had previously been 'killed' by Draco's team, Hermione's team or Sarah's team. I wouldn't be surprised if all of them have been previously killed."

"That's about ten unaccounted for."

"True. We'll worry about that later."

"Do we have an escape route?" Anna asked. Emrys shook his head.
"Not really."

"Ok, I'll think about a contingency plan while we wait."

They didn't have to wait long.

"Anna," Emrys whispered. "They're here."

"If we want to win against them, we need to use spells that will take out multiple teams."

"2 Stupefy maxima then luminatrix?" Emrys asked.

"Yeah, good idea." Anna said. She took out a pin from her hair and transfigured them to sunglasses.

"Thanks." Emrys said. He suddenly got inspiration and handed Anna a potion. "Pepper - up."

"Thanks!"

They felt re-energized after drinking the pepper up. They couldn't say the same about the others.

The pair stuck their wands and waited. Emrys mouthed, "three, two, one. Fire! Stupefy Maxima!"

Emrys and Anna managed to take down 10 pairs with their combined Stupefy maximas. They did it again, but was disappointed that only 3 pairs got hit. They were right in their assumption, though. Most of the teams have already 'died'. Out of the 6 that got hit, only 1 wasn't portkeyed out.

The students were transported to the '2nd floor'. It had a glass floor that allowed everyone to see what was going on in the '1st floor' where all the excitement were.

The two donned on their sunglasses and Emrys did the luminatrix. The luminatrix was like Fred's coloris noir, except it brought light, not darkness. The blindness from it lasted longer. It had the desired effect. Everyone was immobilized. They couldn't open their eyes and Anna had an easy time stunning them all. Emrys was on defense.

Suddenly, "Stupefy!" Emrys just barely avoided the red light. He looked at the source and saw Sarah and Jeremy wearing sunglasses as well.

"Figures," Emrys said.

Anna, Emrys, Jeremy and Sarah battled it out. They used to do this at LSM too, during the weekends. It was their idea of 'fun', sometimes.

About ten minutes later, a buzz rang.

"That's enough you four. Class is over." Remus called out.

The four indeed stopped and went up.

"Very good. You've done this before?"

"Yes in DADA at LSM and during the weekends when we have nothing else to do," Sarah said.

"We'll dissect the session next class. Please be there," Remus said. The four nodded.

They dissected the session fine and everyone admitted that they learnt a lot, both in spells and strategies. They all agreed that having it once a week would be beneficial.

A week later Ronald Weasley was nowhere to be found resulting in a hysterical Molly Weasley and worried father and siblings. A few days later they received a letter.

Mom, dad, brothers and sisters,

By the time you read this I will have gone far away. I don't approve this support-Emrys-Potter thing you have. He is an obnoxious prat that wants the glory all to himself, just like he did a year ago. Did you see how he treated his fiancee? Utterly disgusting.

I won't tell you where I am. I am safe, mother. Safe from Potter, safe from Voldemort and safe from all of you. You don't want nor need me anyway. You have 5 other sons and your beloved daughter. Now you have Potter too.

May we never cross paths ever again,

Ron.

About two weeks into the training program, the students were deemed ready for healing classes. It meant new classes to teach for Emrys.

They held the classes at the Room of Requirement. Minerva was finally able to locate it with the help of a house-elf.

"Welcome to Healing 101." Emrys started. "As mentioned previously, this class will run like it does in LSM. For those who don't know, we basically run on a do-it-yourself basis. For the first two days, I will teach you basic healing theory. It's basic, just enough to do the job properly. However, I suggest you read the manual fully on your own if you wish to pursue healing in the future." Emrys said. Gone was the meek little boy who was worried about getting his class' respect.

He has proved to himself time and time again that his class, at least this pool of students, respected him.

Two days later...

"Congratulations on finishing the theory part. I'm going to test you on it." Emrys suddenly said. He could almost laugh as he saw panic in them. Really, the theory part was all about ethics and what not to do (like, adding water to acid instead of the other way around). Anyone could pass as long as they went to class and listened. There was nothing to memorize.

And indeed everyone passed.

"Congratulations on passing. Now, I want you to pair up." Emrys said. Immediately everyone paired up.

"Anyone not have a partner?" Emrys asked. He suddenly saw his three friends in a group. Hermione paired with Neville and Draco paired with Blaise Zabini.

"You three can't be in a group," Emrys said.

"But then one of us don't have a partner."

"Hmm." Emrys thought. He didn't expect the class to be uneven.

"Is it doable alone?" Anna asked.

"Perhaps I should explain that. Each of you will be provided with a dummy each where you can practice the spells on your list. If you don't understand anything, feel free to ask. The purpose of being in pairs is so that you can ask each other in case I'm otherwise preoccupied. Also, at the end of the mini-units, you will be asked to heal a dummy with various injuries as a team of two. You could technically do it alone, Anna."

"I'll do it alone then."

"Alright. At least for practice, you can make your groups larger, only for practice." Emrys said instantly revising his plan. The dummies worked like the LSM dummies. You had to do a spell right multiple times then you're given a mini-quiz. The test at the end of the mini-

units were more complicated, looking at the order in which you healed injuries and other complications.

Emrys was amused when he saw the Sarah, Jeremy, Anna, Hermione, Neville, Draco, Blaise and the twins group together. Ever since Ron left, the twins became more aggressive in wanting to improve. They worked harder and were more focused than ever before. They still played pranks and such, but there was something in them that changed. Their vigour pushed the rest of the group harder. It wasn't a surprise, therefore, when his friends finished the mini-unit earliest, despite there being some adults in the room. As promised they got tested in pairs. Sarah and Jeremy made a mistake in the order. Their patient went into critical condition but they were able to salvage the patient with potions. Hermione and Neville did better thanks to Hermione's obsessive compulsive desire to analyze things and do things in an organized way. Emrys did warn her that sometimes, you have to be impulsive. You may not have time to dissect things in a real emergency. Draco and Blaise did well, though they missed a couple of bruises.

"If you have time to heal the minor injuries, heal them too," Emrys advised. The twins did it perfectly. Anna ran out of time, but that was to be expected since she was alone. At least, her patient didn't die.

Emrys told them that they passed (no one died), so they were allowed into the next level (not unit)

"Very good everyone! Class is dismissed." Emrys bid. He also told them when the room was available for more practice.

He really disliked big parties. His past 12th birthday was a disaster, in his opinion. It was a let's-suck-up-to-the-new-royal event for many. It was a let's-cling-to-Emrys for Mischa, who thankfully wasn't able to tell the world that they were engaged. The Queen somehow managed to persuade her into thinking that it was a dangerous move. Emrys was just grateful to get away at the end of the evening. He didn't even open his presents yet. When he came back to Hogwarts, he was greeted by a surprise party by his friends. Thankfully, it wasn't an exercise in sucking up, for anyone. After all, only Blaise, Draco, Mione, Neville, Sarah, Anna and Jeremy were present. They dragged him to a room that they decorated with the help of the elves. Food was courtesy of the elves as well.

"Sorry, we were going to cook, but in no uncertain terms were we allowed to. Hogwarts house elves are vicious when their territory is invaded," Jeremy said. Emrys just shrugged it off and gave him a hug of thanks. "You didn't have to. Thanks for arranging this party."

"We figured you would need some air from that stuffy party," Sarah exclaimed as she hugged Emrys. She told Emrys how weird and awkward she felt at the last royal ball she attended (Me To We Event). Emrys admitted that he too felt awkward most of the times. He just wasn't cut for upper class socializing.

He gave everyone a hug. He needed a hug after that horrible night with Mischa and all that fake fondness.

"I apologize for not having a present. I did not realize it was your birthday. I should really have remembered," Draco ranted. Emrys just gave him a brotherly hug.

"I don't expect any presents. Besides, you just met me a few months ago. Your friendship is present enough. Thank you for being my friend," Emrys said. Draco tried to suppress his glee. He finally had a real friend who isn't Blaise!

Hermione, Neville and Blaise were going to express the same sentiments but Emrys stopped them first. "That goes the same for you three. I'm glad to have found friends at Hogwarts." Blaise felt awkward hugging Harry. Out of everyone in the room, he was the most unfamiliar with Emrys. He was technically friend by association. He was Draco's friend and so now was Emrys' friend.

"Here Emrys. I know you didn't expect any gift from us, but we managed to come up with something," Anna said. Emrys was curious. As far as he knew, Anna had already given him a present at the ball. She gave him a necklace that he was already wearing under his shirt. It was a locket with a picture of Lily and James Potter. She explained that she found it one time in one of her mom's jewelry boxes. Apparently, her mom and Lady Lily were best friends, before she went to Hogwarts. The locket was given to Lily by James in her third year. She only wore it once - when James gave it to her. After that, Lily showed it to Anna's mom and ranted about that "arrogant scoundrel who only knew how to be a stuffy aristocrat". She left the locket with Anna's mom and it has never been used since.

Emrys opened the present. It was a book of sorts. He was surprised that it was a book of pictures of the summer. There were pictures of Emrys teaching. There were pictures of him angry, sad, happy and even proud. He liked the last picture. Somehow, though he couldn't remember how, it was a group picture with him, Anna, Sarah, Jeremy, Draco, Blaise, Hermione, Neville and the twins. They looked like they were posing for a picture. But Emrys can't remember a time where he posed for any pictures with the lot.

"Fred and George had this brilliant idea of taking pictures of everyone. I think they were going to make joke postcards by somehow charming the pictures to act differently from their real counterparts. Anyway, they failed and told us about it. We asked them for the pictures, which they readily gave. Then, we compiled them," Anna said. "They also send their regrets. They went home tonight to their Burrow. They said that their mother insisted on having dinner together, as a family." He understood. The Weasleys were still worrying/grieving their lost brother/son. Emrys put down the book and hugged Anna.

"Woohoo! Go Emrys! Kiss her! Kiss her!" Jeremy chanted loudly. Emrys blushed and ended the hug abruptly. Anna blushed too and was immediately fascinated by the rug.

"Oh shut it! You're not helping!" Sarah retorted with a nudge to Jeremy. Boys!

The Hogwarts students were trying their best to stifle their laughter but were miserably failing. Unexpectedly, Draco laughed first.

"I apologize, it's just... you look like a tomato!" Draco said in between giggles.

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The end-of-summer party was held on Hogwarts grounds. They had a campfire, courtesy of Hagrid and some muggleborns who thought of the idea. The house-elves provided graham crackers, chocolate and marshmallows. Hermione had fun teaching them how to make smores. Draco reluctantly agreed that it tasted good. He still couldn't believe that muggle food tasted better than his home food. Emrys, on the other hand, didn't like roasted marshmallow on its own. He liked smores, though.

Fred and George, even at their young age, entertained everyone with their joke products. Suddenly, they heard explosions. The aurors were automatically alert and ordered everyone to evacuate to the castle.

"Everyone in, NOW!" screamed Mad-Eye Moody. Amelia Bones did manage to persuade him out of retirement. He taught the aurors and occasionally helped with the training of the young ones.

It was too late. The aurors and most of the adults got engaged in the battle, protecting the students who were also trying to send their own spells from the back.

Emrys and his friends were being shielded by Sirius, Remus and Snape. The three adults were outnumbered by the Death Eaters.

"Harry, go and bring your friends inside!" Sirius exclaimed.

"Stupefy! Accio Student!" Screamed a voice. Anna went flying toward the death eater.

"ANNA!" Emrys exclaimed and foolishly engaged the wizard in a battle. His friends foolishly helped too. Voldemort then emerged beside the death eater who summoned Anna.

"Stop, or she dies!" Voldemort exclaimed with a wand pointing to Anna. Emrys shot another spell at the death eater before reluctantly lowering his wand. "Ceasefire!" Voldemort exclaimed and all the death eaters stopped fighting. After another spell or two, the 'light' side stopped as well.

"What do you want?" Emrys exclaimed.

"A bargain. Your life, for hers," Voldemort exclaimed.

"Emrys no!" Liam exclaimed.

"Potter, don't you dare!" Moody exclaimed. Emrys started walking though. Voldemort, true to his word started floating Anna back. Some death eaters started to leave. Only the inner circle stayed - or at least everyone thought they were the inner circle.

"Why?" Emrys asked as he walked from his side to Voldemort's neck. "Simple. You exist," Voldemort replied as he grabbed Emrys by the neck. Well, he tried to. The next thing he knew, his hand was deteriorating. Emrys, realizing what happened, lunged on Voldemort and touched his face.

"ARGG! Get him off!" Voldemort demanded. However, the death eaters couldn't. Once Emrys lunged on Voldemort, the 'light' side started attacking again. With the previous retreat of the, assumedly, junior DEs, the DEs currently on the field were outnumbered.

"Retreat!" said a brave DE. If Voldemort survived, the DE wouldn't survive the ensuing torture from Voldemort. What was left was a kid wrestling a dark wizard with his hands on the dark wizard's face which was slowly crumbling too.

"Harry stop!" a voice shouted. It was Sirius.

"We need to expunge the soul. Killing him that way, would destroy his body but leave his spirit free," Remus said. Emrys immediately lifted his hands off of the wizard's face. Moody stupefied You-Know-Who. Emrys watched in fascination as Sirius, Remus, Moody, Amelia Bones and Minerva formed a star and started chanting. Voldemort disappeared into nothingness.

Sirius and Remus have been researching Horcruxes ever since they found out from Regulus. Regulus surprised Sirius when Sirius visited Grimmauld place. There was some fighting and duelling, but they did make up eventually as real brothers do.

"How did you-?" Emrys started but then fainted.

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He woke up to people talking. He didn't open his eyes yet. It was a neat trick, he figured out in the elven realm. If you pretend to sleep, you'll learn a lot of things.

"Anna, it's not your fault!" A voice that could only be Sarah reasoned.

"She's right. We all did our best, including you. It was just unfortunate that you got hit. But, with that many spells flying, it was so hard to see where the spells would go." Jeremy added.

"Anna, with all due respect, stop lamenting. You're acting as if he's dead already." Draco said.

"I'm not," Emrys finally said.

"Emrys!" Sarah and Jeremy exclaimed.

"You really need to explain this Emrys thing," Draco whined. Emily stayed back, almost afraid to go near Emrys.

"Anna, I agree. It's not your fault, you know," Emrys said. "You didn't ask me to accept that bargain. I decided to accept it wholeheartedly."

"I-I'm sorry." Anna said then ran from the hospital wing.

"Anna!" Emrys exclaimed.

"Should I go after her?" Liam asked. Emrys remained silent. Emrys was hurt that Anna left the room so abruptly and so callously. But he knew how Anna felt. He probably felt as guilty when he lost that patient in the elven realm. So he couldn't really blame her.

"I'll go," Sarah said.

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Sarah found Anna staring at the lake. She cautiously sat beside Anna who tried, but eventually broke down and threw herself sobbing at Sarah.

"It's all my fault! I keep ruining his life. First, I inspire the ire of Mischa! I made Mischa desperate enough to meddle in the affairs of the royals! And now, I almost killed him! Why can't I ever do anything right?" Anna asked.

Sarah just wrapped her arms around Anna. She had practice from the orphanage where she became an older sister to most of the other orphans.

"It's not your fault. I don't know what happened, but I'm pretty sure Emrys chose you over Mischa. Emrys decided to choose you, Emrys decided to save you in exchange for his life. You didn't do anything. Emrys did. There is nothing to be sorry for, other than running out of that room."

"I probably shouldn't have done that," Anna conceded.

"Yeah. We need to support Emrys. He's strong, but sometimes, we should allow him to be weak too. What do you say? Should we go back?" Sarah asked, hoping the answer was yes. Anna looked at the horizon for a few moments before finally saying, "I'm ready."

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Sarah and Anna entered to witness a man in black robes berate their friend.

"I would like to remind you that you still have your potions mastery to finish! Next time no more heroic stunts or I'll personally harvest your dead body for potions ingredients! Is that understood, Mr. Potter?" Snape said in his menacing Potions Master voice.

Emrys gulped. Now he knew what they meant by Snape being a scary Potions Master. "Yes, Potions Master Snape." Snape existed with a huff and with the billowing of his robes. What am I doing being worried by Potter? What does HE think he's doing? Maybe I'm wrong. Maybe he did inherit Potter's stupidity!

"I-I'm sorry for running out like that Ems," Anna started. With a nudge from Sarah, she starting moving closer, towards Emrys.

"I was worried you'd hate me for putting you in that perilous position," Anna continued. When she finally came to within Emry's reaching distance, she was pulled into a hug.

"You worried me. I was so worried they'd harm you. I was so worried you were beating yourself up over it. I'd give my life for any of my friends, especially for you," Emrys admitted shyly. Sarah and Hermione silently shooed everyone to give the, erm budding couple some space.

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Semi-Epilogue

The opening of classes was moved to the second week of September, giving the adults and the children some quiet time to themselves. Sirius and Remus briefly talked to Emrys. They told Emrys that they were indeed helping Regulus find and destroy the Horcruxes. They've destroyed the floating spirit from Voldy's original body and the spirit from the locket (I'm changing the horcrux list: Locket, original body, cup, diary, nagini, diadem, ring). They still had five to go.

Snape gave Emrys his werewolf files reluctantly. He wanted a real apprentice in Emrys, not some part-time apprentice who would only see him to report his progress. But, the kid was indeed a kid, so he couldn't do anything but to let Emrys go to LSM. He got his wish when the Potions Instructor at LSM resigned. He applied and got the job. Minerva asked him to stay at Hogwarts for a while, at least until they found a replacement. He did double-duty at LSM and Hogwarts(quadruple if you count St. Mungo's and Emrys' apprenticeship) until November when Minerva managed to find a potions master from France named Almond Pecan.

Emrys was going to continue to help out at St. Mungo's. Now that peace was back, he could finally finish the practicals experience requirement. The elders told him he didn't need to. But Emrys insisted, saying it just didn't feel right without it. He was going to use some weekends and the vacant period previously assigned to LSM's Healing 5, which he more than finished during the summer, much to the chagrin of Severus.

Throughout the year, Professor Faustina, headmistress of LSM, promised to help Professor McGonagall, headmistress of Hogwarts, make the Hogwart's curriculum more progressive, yet manageable. Her first suggestion was to find a replacement for a ghost named Professor Binns.

Ron Weasley was never found, but his family kept on hoping.

Dumbledore is still in Azkaban.

Hermione, Neville, Blaise, Draco and the Twins talked to Professor Faustina about transferring, but she sadly had to turn them away due to space restrictions. She did promise them, however, that when space opened, they'll be the first ones to be considered.

Amelia Bones, with some help from the Duke of Magic, managed to expand her training program. She's now able to sustain a larger DMLE.

Emrys, with the help of his solicitors, managed to find a property that eventually became St. Mungo's II. The patients held temporarily at Helga's castle were promptly transferred. As always, Emrys asked the goblins to ward it. The goblins were more than happy. Emrys was their most favoured customer.

Emrys, Sarah, Anna and Jeremy went to LSM happily. At the beginning of the year, they took the tests and managed to skip again.

Emrys Anna Sarah Jeremy

Transfiguration 7 7 7 7

Charms 7 7 7 7

DADA C 7 7 7

Potions C 6 6 6

Muggle History C 7 5 5

Magical History C 5 5 5

Math 5 4 5 4

Science 5 4 4 5

English 6 6 4 4

Music 4 3 5 3

Dance 6 6 4 3

Art 3 5 5 4

PhysEd 7 5 4 5

Sarah, Anna and Jeremy dropped Art and took Dueling instead.

Mischa, is still Mischa. But to her glee, she's still somehow engaged to Emrys.

Thank you all for staying with this story!

I don't know about a sequel. Even I'm sometimes confused with the rollercoaster ride. Plus I think my muse for this story needs a long rest to refresh so that the next one(if there ever is one) won't be such a monster. Plus my muse is leaning towards something else.

If you want to take any ideas from this story, extend it... etc... feel free.

Thank you for the 404 reviews. Thank you for the hits. Thank you for the 48 C2s. Thank you for 339 Favs and 544 Alerts. I can't obviously name you all.

Thank you for all the words of encouragement. Thank you for the criticisms. Thank you for everything! It was fun while it lasted!

The ideas that I had for a sequel:

- Dumbles would be more evil than Voldie... he has something worse than horcruxes
- Regulus and Sirius and Remus would be an awesome horcrux-fighting trio
- One of Harry's Hogwarts' friends would transfer to LSM
- Adventures of Potions Master Snape and his apprentice
- Adventures of LSM students under Snape
- Mischa's humiliation - finally their engagement is broken - because of something elvish and Anna related
- Ron is Dumbledore's lackey

Thank you to everyone who reviewed. In an ideal world, I would have responded to your reviews, I would have acted on your suggestions. I tried doing that. But I just really don't have the brainspace (time to me, is unlimited... it's just a matter of how many things you can juggle in your mind before you drop something).

Molto Grazie miei amici. Merci beaucoup mes amis. Maraming Salamat!